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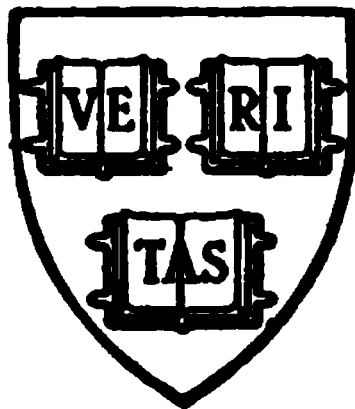
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THE
SACRED POETS
OF
ENGLAND AND AMERICA,

From the Earliest to the Present Time.

EDITED BY
RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS

A NEW IMPROVED EDITION

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE editor of this volume has done very little more than rearrange and combine the materials furnished in "Gems of the British Sacred Poets," published recently by a member of the University of Oxford, and in critical and very interesting "Lives of the English Sacred Poets," by Robert Aris Willmott, of Trinity College, Cambridge, which appeared under the direction of a committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He has, however, added some thirty authors not quoted in either of those works, among whom are Shirley, Baxter, Toplady, Wesley, Williams, Moultrie, and Mrs. Steele; and of our own country, President Dwight, John Quincy Adams, Bishop Doane, Mr. Hillhouse, Wilcox, Crosswell, Norton, Whittier, and Cox; and he has carefully revised the selections from earlier and later English authors, making such changes as he thought would enhance the value of the work.

The religious poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is eminently worthy of study, and it is little known. "Its characteristic qualities," observes Mr. Willmott, "were fervor of sentiment, and melody of language; the fervor often degenerating into fantastic enthusiasm, the melody often running into grotesque extravagance of rhythm and expression. That intellectual eyesight to which criticism has given the name of Taste, seldom attains to its perfect vision either in the youth or the manhood of literature. Homer undergoes the polishing refinement of Virgil, and Pindar catches a sweeter note from his Latin imitator, and the orator of the Bench is supplied in the Forum, before they assume the form of grace and shine with the subdued lustre, and speak with the harmonious accents of intellectual beauty. The file, however, when it ceases to polish begins to weaken, and modern poetry has declined in strength, while it has increased in flexibility. But the calm diffusion of light is more agreeable than the uncertain blazes of a livelier invention, and we can read a Grahame with satisfaction which the sublimer genius of Quarles will not always afford, and recollect the humble rhymes of Watts, when the more passionate songs of Herbert sound harshly upon the ear."

Mr. Willmott and the author of the "Gems from the Sacred Poets," (who is said to be Mr. Isaac Williams, the competitor of Mr. Keble for the professorship of Poetry at Oxford,) have performed an acceptable service to the readers of religious literature, by drawing from undeserved obscurity so many authors who had been forgotten, or were remembered only by the antiquary. "The ridicule of Dryden," says Mr. Willmott, "transmitted the name of Shirley to the contempt of posterity, and we have seen Pope and Butler embalming Quarles and Wither for perpetual disgrace. But as the dramatist has risen from the scorn of Dryden, so Quarles and his companions have shaken off the missiles of their satirists."

There is no poetry so rare as the poetry of devotion. It would be as difficult, however, for a true poet as for a true philosopher not to be imbued with the spirit of piety, and we find that sacred songs are among the finest productions of nearly all the great poets, whether they were technically religious or not.

The romance obtains a quicker popularity than the history, the melodrama than the tragedy, and the ballad a more general admiration than the ode. In this collection are many pieces without the highest attributes of poetry; but very few, it is believed, which have not the simplicity, harmony, and purity that will secure a welcome from every variety of readers.

The importance of having works of this description, to elevate the taste and deepen the religious sentiments, can hardly be too highly estimated. Poetry is the expression of beauty, and every thing truly good is beautiful. Devout reflections upon life, death, and the destiny of the soul, may by the poet be sung to men who would never hear them from another teacher, and thus a simple song be as the voice of the FATHER to an erring child, calling him into the way of life.

CONTENTS.

| | Page | | Page |
|---|------|---|-----------|
| GEORGE GASCOIGNE. | | An Apostrophe to the fallen Empires of the | |
| De Profundis | 9 | World | 74 |
| EDMUND SPENSER. | | The Triumph of the Church | 76 |
| Heavenly Love | 13 | WILLIAM DRUMMOND. | |
| From the Hymn of Heavenly Beauty | 21 | An Hymn of True Happiness | 79 |
| The Ministry of Angels | 22 | No Trust in Time | 83 |
| Wisdom, true Riches | 23 | Retirement | 83 |
| MICHAEL DRAYTON. | | The Nightingale | 84 |
| Moses meeting the Daughters of Jethro | 24 | Apples of Sodom | 84 |
| Virtue not Hereditary | 29 | Madrigal | 85 |
| SIR HENRY WOTTON. | | The Crucifixion | 86 |
| Farewell to the Vanities of the World | 30 | The Ascension | 87 |
| The Happy Life | 32 | GILES FLETCHER. | |
| BARNABE BARNES. | | The Interposition of Justice | 90 |
| Content | 33 | The Shame of not loving God | 91 |
| Prayer | 33 | "To whom else can we fly" | 92 |
| SIR JOHN DAVIES. | | Mercy | 93 |
| False and True Knowledge | 34 | The Speech of Mercy | 93 |
| The Soul | 40 | Christ and the Tempter upon Astræa | 98 |
| The Immortality of the Soul shown from the | | Christ and the Tempter upon the Mountain .. | 99 |
| Unsatisfying Nature of Earthly Enjoyments | 43 | Ambition and Vain-glory | 100 |
| The Worth of the Soul | 44 | The Remorse of Judas | 101 |
| FRANCIS DAVISON. | | Redemption | 102 |
| Paraphrase of Psalm xxiii | 45 | The Joys of the Redeemed | 104 |
| Paraphrase of Psalm lxxxvi | 46 | HENRY KING. | |
| Paraphrase of Psalm xlii | 48 | The Anniversary | 107 |
| JOSEPH BRYAN. | | The Dirge | 108 |
| Paraphrase of Psalm lxxv | 49 | Sic vita | 109 |
| JOHN DONNE. | | JAMES SHIRLEY. | |
| Sacred Sonnets | 50 | Death's Conquest | 110 |
| Ode | 52 | GEORGE WITHER. | |
| Hymn to Christ | 52 | Extract from a Prisoner's Lay | 111 |
| Hymn to God, my God | 53 | The Marigold | 112 |
| BEN JONSON. | | Psalm cxlviii | 113 |
| Eupheme's Mind | 55 | The Virtuous Man | 115 |
| The Good Life, Long Life | 57 | A Prayer for Seasonable Weather | 115 |
| THOMAS CAREW. | | Divers Providences | 116 |
| Pleasure | 57 | The Glory of Christ under the Figure of Solo- | |
| GEORGE SANDYS. | | mon | 117 |
| Deo Opt. Max | 59 | From a Poem on the Anniversary of his Mar- | |
| Hymn | 62 | riage Day | 118 |
| Psalm xli | 62 | From a Hymn for a Widower | 118 |
| Psalm xlii | 63 | Prayer for his Wife and Children, written in | |
| Psalm cxxxvii | 65 | Newgate | 119 |
| Psalm xc | 66 | ROBERT HERRICK. | |
| Hannah's Thanksgiving | 67 | Litany to the Holy Spirit | 120 |
| The Lamentation of David over Saul and | | To Blossoms | 121 |
| Jonathan | 69 | To Daffodils | 122 |
| SIR JOHN BEAUMONT. | | FRANCIS QUARLES. | |
| A Dialogue between the World, a Pilgrim, | | Prayer for Divine Inspiration | 123 |
| and Virtue | 70 | The World | 124 |
| PHINEAS FLETCHER. | | Glorying in the Cross | 125 |
| Invocation | 73 | "False world, thou liest" | 126 |
| | | Delight in God only | 127 |
| | | Fleeing from Wrath | 129 |
| | | The New Heart | 130 |
| | | The Shortness of Life | 132 |

| | Page | | Page |
|---|------|---|------|
| The Pilgrim..... | 133 | The Wreath..... | 202 |
| The Long-suffering of God..... | 134 | Sundays..... | 202 |
| The Last Trumpet..... | 134 | The Retreat..... | 203 |
| The Brevity of Life..... | 135 | Childhood..... | 204 |
| Age..... | 136 | The World..... | 204 |
| Vain Boasting..... | 138 | Peace..... | 206 |
| Farewell those Eyes..... | 138 | Looking Back..... | 207 |
| Nothing Perfect on Earth..... | 139 | GEORGE HERBERT. | |
| Jerusalem in Ruins..... | 139 | The Collar..... | 209 |
| Mercy tempering Justice..... | 140 | Virtue..... | 210 |
| Hope in God..... | 140 | The Quip..... | 210 |
| Decay of Life..... | 140 | Business..... | 211 |
| The Martyr Ridley..... | 142 | Peace..... | 212 |
| THOMAS HEYWOOD. | | Grace..... | 214 |
| Search after God..... | 143 | THOMAS RANDOLPH. | |
| RICHARD CRASHAW. | | An Eclogue..... | 214 |
| A Hymn..... | 146 | RICHARD BAXTER. | |
| Chorus of the Shepherds of Bethlehem..... | 148 | Wisdom..... | 218 |
| The Martyrs..... | 149 | A Psalm of Praise..... | 222 |
| On a Prayer-book sent to Mrs. R..... | 160 | The Valediction..... | 226 |
| PATRICK CAREY. | | JOHN QUARLES. | |
| Christ in the Cradle, in the Garden, and in his Passion..... | 154 | Hymn..... | 231 |
| WILLIAM HABINGTON. | | SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE. | |
| Laudate Dominum de Cœlis..... | 156 | The 114th Psalm paraphrased..... | 232 |
| Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam..... | 157 | The Sinner's Fate..... | 235 |
| Non Nobis Domine..... | 159 | THOMAS FLATMAN. | |
| Quid Gloriaris in Malicia..... | 160 | Hymn for the Morning..... | 236 |
| Via Tuas Domine Demonstra Mihi..... | 161 | For the Evening..... | 236 |
| Versa est in Luctum Cythara Mea..... | 163 | A Thought of Death..... | 237 |
| EDMUND WALLER. | | REV. JOHN NORRIS. | |
| Love..... | 165 | The Infidel..... | 238 |
| Love of God to Man..... | 166 | Superstition..... | 239 |
| The Scriptures..... | 167 | ISAAC WATTS. | |
| JOHN MILTON. | | The Day of Judgment..... | 241 |
| Adam's Morning Hymn..... | 169 | Hope in Darkness..... | 242 |
| Hymn on the Nativity..... | 171 | Divine Judgments..... | 244 |
| On the Massacre in Piedmont..... | 177 | The Hebrew Bard..... | 246 |
| On his Blindness..... | 178 | A Survey of Man..... | 248 |
| JEREMY TAYLOR. | | A Summer Evening..... | 249 |
| The Wise Men coming to Worship Jesus.... | 179 | THOMAS PARNELL. | |
| Immanuel..... | 180 | A Night-piece on Death..... | 250 |
| Of Heaven..... | 180 | A Hymn to Contentment..... | 252 |
| SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE. | | EDWARD YOUNG. | |
| Conscience..... | 181 | The Poet compares himself to a Traveller ... | 255 |
| HENRY MORE. | | Immortality..... | 256 |
| The Philosopher's Devotion..... | 182 | The World..... | 257 |
| False and True Religion..... | 184 | Death..... | 258 |
| ABRAHAM COWLEY. | | Man's Immortality proved by Reference to Nature..... | 259 |
| From "The Garden"..... | 185 | Misery of Unbelief..... | 260 |
| The Ecstasy..... | 186 | No Spiritual Substance Annihilated..... | 261 |
| ANDREW MARVELL. | | Reasons for Belief..... | 262 |
| The Emigrants..... | 189 | Contemplation of the Heavens..... | 264 |
| A Drop of Dew..... | 190 | Life, Death, and Immortality..... | 266 |
| HENRY VAUGHAN. | | Pleasure..... | 268 |
| The Pursuit..... | 192 | Gambling..... | 269 |
| The World..... | 193 | Resignation..... | 269 |
| The Bee..... | 195 | ROBERT BLAIR. | |
| The Shepherds..... | 197 | A Schoolboy, at Night, in a Churchyard..... | 270 |
| The Garland..... | 199 | A rich Man surprised by Death..... | 271 |
| The Dwelling-place..... | 200 | JAMES THOMSON. | |
| Heaven in Prospect..... | 200 | A Hymn on the Seasons..... | 272 |

CONTENTS.

7

| | Page | | Page |
|--|------|---|------|
| CHARLES WESLEY. | | The Hour-glass. | 353 |
| Judgment | 276 | Lord of all Worlds. | 353 |
| JAMES MERRICK. | | Why should I fear in Evil Days | 355 |
| The Ignorance of Man | 277 | WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. | |
| Name Dimittin | 278 | Intimations of Immortality, from Recollections of Early Childhood | 356 |
| The Providence of God | 279 | Ode to Duty | 359 |
| CHRISTOPHER SMART. | | The Laborer's Noonday Hymn | 363 |
| Invocation | 282 | Thought on the Seasons | 364 |
| The Final Judgment | 283 | Apostrophe to the Deity | 365 |
| The Ant and the Bee | 284 | To the Supreme Being | 366 |
| Goodness of God | 285 | Jehovah the Provider | 367 |
| God in Man | 288 | Latimer and Ridley | 367 |
| David | 289 | Exiled Reformers | 367 |
| WILLIAM COWPER. | | New Churches | 368 |
| The Repentant Sinner | 290 | The Kirk of Ulpha | 368 |
| The Millennium | 292 | The World is too much with us | 369 |
| Acquaint thyself with God | 295 | JAMES MONTGOMERY. | |
| The Happy Man | 297 | The Grave | 370 |
| Hope | 300 | The Stranger and his Friend | 374 |
| On a Bill of Mortality | 301 | On the Loss of Friends | 375 |
| Religion not adverse to Pleasure | 302 | Christ the Purifier | 376 |
| The Enchantment Dissolved | 303 | Life, Death, and Judgment | 377 |
| Retirement | 304 | What is Prayer | 377 |
| JOHN LOGAN. | | The Day after Judgment | 378 |
| The Complaint of Nature | 305 | Hallelujah | 380 |
| The Prayer of Jacob | 308 | JAMES HOGG. | |
| NATHANIEL COTTON. | | The Covenanter's Scaffold Song | 381 |
| Life | 309 | A Hebrew Melody | 382 |
| JAMES GRAHAME. | | SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. | |
| The First Sabbath | 314 | From "Religious Musings" | 384 |
| The Sabbath as a Day of Rest | 316 | A Christmas Carol | 388 |
| A Spring Sabbath Walk | 317 | ROBERT SOUTHEY. | |
| A Summer Sabbath Walk | 318 | Love | 390 |
| An Autumn Sabbath Walk | 320 | Affliction | 391 |
| A Winter Sabbath Walk | 321 | Remembrance | 391 |
| JAMES BEATTIE. | | WILLIAM HERBERT. | |
| The Hermit | 323 | Hymn to Death | 393 |
| From an Elegy on the Death of a Lady | 324 | C. C. COLTON. | |
| ANNE STEELE. | | Life | 396 |
| A Morning Hymn | 325 | REGINALD HESER. | |
| Resignation | 327 | The Passage of the Red Sea | 398 |
| AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY. | | Thou art gone to the Grave | 401 |
| Hymn | 328 | Hymn on the Creation | 401 |
| JOHN SCOTT. | | Hymn to the Seasons | 402 |
| The Song of Zion | 329 | The Followers of Christ | 402 |
| The Tempestuous Evening | 330 | The Raising of the Widow's Son | 403 |
| HANNAH MORE. | | Epiphany | 404 |
| Reflections of Hezekiah in his Sickness | 331 | Missions | 405 |
| Faith in Humble Life | 336 | BERNARD BARTON. | |
| Morning Hymn | 336 | Human Life | 406 |
| ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD. | | Spiritual Worship | 407 |
| An Address to the Deity | 338 | The Pool of Bethesda | 408 |
| Hymns | 340 | Time's Takings and Leavings | 410 |
| Love to God | 342 | Power and Benevolence | 411 |
| For Easter Sunday | 343 | HENRY KIRKE WHITE. | |
| TIMOTHY DWIGHT. | | The Christian's Progress | 412 |
| The Country Pastor | 345 | Hymn | 413 |
| Prediction to Joshua relative to America | 349 | Sonnet | 414 |
| JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. | | Faith | 414 |
| To a Bereaved Mother | 351 | Lines written on a Survey of the Heavens | 415 |

| | | | |
|---|-------------|---|-------------|
| JOHN PIERPONT. | Page | JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN. | Page |
| My Child | 417 | The Restoration of Israel | 482 |
| Her Chosen Spot | 419 | The Pneuma | 483 |
| Jerusalem | 420 | Part of the Nineteenth Psalm | 484 |
| GEORGE CROLY. | | W. B. O. PEABODY. | |
| The Stars | 424 | Hymn of Nature | 486 |
| Jacob's Dream | 425 | Death | 488 |
| A Dirge | 426 | Autumn Evening | 489 |
| ANDREWS NORTON. | | HERBERT KNOWLES. | |
| Written after the Death of Charles Eliot | 428 | The Three Tabernacles | 490 |
| Hymn | 430 | GEORGE W. DOANE. | |
| Fortitude | 431 | The Voice of Rama | 492 |
| Funeral Hymn | 432 | The Waters of Marah | 493 |
| RICHARD H. DANA. | | "What is that, Mother" | 494 |
| Island of the Bucaniers | 433 | A Cherub | 495 |
| The Ocean | 434 | Lines by the Lake-side | 496 |
| Daybreak | 435 | The Christian's Death | 496 |
| Intimations of Immortality | 437 | JOHN KEBLE. | |
| The Little Beach-bird | 438 | Morning | 497 |
| WILLIAM KNOX. | | Autumn | 499 |
| Mortality | 439 | The Flowers of the Field | 500 |
| Youth and Age | 441 | Address to Poets | 502 |
| The Atheist | 442 | The United States | 503 |
| To-morrow | 443 | ROBERT POLLOK. | |
| JAMES A. HILLHOUSE. | | Byron | 505 |
| Close of the Vision of Judgment | 444 | Praise | 509 |
| Hadad's Description of the City of Jerusalem | 446 | Pride | 511 |
| Evening Music of the Angels | 447 | JOHN MOULTRIE. | |
| HENRY HART MILMAN. | | The Three Sons | 512 |
| A Funeral Anthem | 448 | To the Rev. Dr. Chalmers | 514 |
| Hymn to the Saviour | 449 | GEORGE W. BETHUNE. | |
| The Crucifixion | 451 | To my Mother | 515 |
| The Judgment | 452 | Night Study | 517 |
| The Merry Heart | 453 | Lines written on seeing Thorwaldsen's bas-relief representing Night | 518 |
| BISHOP MANT. | | WILLIAM CROSWELL. | |
| Christian Consolation on the Death of Friends | 454 | The Synagogue | 520 |
| True Knowledge | 457 | The Clouds | 521 |
| The Lord's Day | 457 | The Ordinal | 522 |
| The House of God | 457 | Christmas Eve | 524 |
| The Village Church | 458 | The Death of Stephen | 525 |
| The Church Bells | 458 | The Christmas Offering | 526 |
| Social Worship | 459 | JOHN G. WHITTIER. | |
| Prayer | 459 | Palestine | 526 |
| FELICIA HEMANS. | | The Female Martyr | 528 |
| The Aged Patriarch | 461 | SIR ROBERT GRANT. | |
| Christ stilling the Tempest | 462 | Lines | 531 |
| A Domestic Scene | 463 | Trust in the Saviour | 532 |
| The Better Land | 464 | Prayer | 532 |
| The Hour of Death | 465 | WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. | |
| Hymn of the Mountain Christian | 466 | "Blessed are they that Mourn" | 534 |
| LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY. | | "No Man knoweth his Sepulchre" | 535 |
| Barzillai the Gileadite | 468 | The Future Life | 535 |
| Death of an Infant | 470 | ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE. | |
| The Church Bell | 470 | Hymn to the Redeemer | 537 |
| The Tree of Love | 471 | American Missions | 539 |
| Death of a Friend | 472 | Right glad was I | 540 |
| "Lord, remember us" | 472 | Berkeley | 541 |
| CARLOS WILCOX. | | Old Churches | 542 |
| The Sabbath | 475 | The Heart's Song | 543 |
| God's Omnipresent Agency | 476 | The Chimes of England | 544 |
| Rousseau and Cowper | 477 | ISAAC WILLIAMS. | |
| The Cure of Melancholy | 479 | Translation of the Ancient Hymn, "Dies Ira, Dies Illa" | 546 |
| Live for Eternity | 481 | | |

THE
SACRED POETS
OF
ENGLAND AND AMERICA

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

THIS poet, who was born in 1540, is very justly placed among the worthies of early English poetical literature. He was bred to the law, but quitted it, and served with distinction against the Spaniards. His principal work is "The Fruits of War," which relates to the adventures of his voyage. In his youth he was a profligate, but he lived to amend his ways, and became a wise and good man. He died in a religious, calm, and happy frame of mind, in 1577. The writings of Gascoigne are more the result of observation than of creative genius. For the age in which he lived, the verse is uncommonly smooth, flowing, and unaffected.

DE PROFUNDIS.

FROM depth of dole, wherein my soul doth dwell,
From heavy heart, which harbors in my breast,
From troubled sprite, which seldom taketh rest,
From hope of heaven, from dread of darksome hell,
O gracious God, to thee I cry and yell:
My God, my Lord, my lovely Lord, alone
To thee I call, to thee I make my moan.
And thou, good God, vouchsafe in grace to take
This woful plaint
Wherein I faint;
Oh! hear me, then, for thy great mercy's sake.

Oh! bend thine ears attentively to hear,
Oh! turn thine eyes, behold me how I wail!
Oh! hearken, Lord, give ear for mine avail,
Oh! mark in mind the burdens that I bear;
See how I sink in sorrows everywhere.
Behold and see what dolours I endure,
Give ear and mark what complaints I put in ure;¹
Bend willing ears; and pity therewithal
My willing voice,
Which hath no choice
But evermore upon thy name to call.

If thou, good Lord, shouldst take thy rod in hand,
If thou regard what sins are daily done,
If thou take hold where we our works begun,
If thou decree in judgment for to stand,
And be extreme to see our 'scuses² scanned;
If thou take note of every thing amiss,
And write in rolls how frail our nature is,
O glorious God, O King, O Prince of power!
What mortal wight
May thus have light
To feel thy power, if thou have list to lower?

But thou art good, and hast of mercy store,
Thou not delight'st to see a sinner fall,
Thou hearkenest first, before we come to call,
Thine ears are set wide open evermore,
Before we knock thou comest to the door;
Thou art more prest to hear a sinner cry
Than he is quick to climb to thee on high.
Thy mighty name be praised then alway,
Let faith and fear
True witness bear,
How fast they stand which on thy mercy stay.

¹ Use.² Excuses.

I look for thee, my lovely Lord, therefore
For thee I wait, for thee I tarry still,
Mine eyes do long to gaze on thee my fill,
For thee I watch, for thee I pry and pore,
My soul for thee attendeth evermore.
My soul doth thirst to take of thee a taste,
My soul desires with thee for to be placed.
And to thy words, which can no man deceive,
Mine only trust,
My love and lust,
In confidence continually shall cleave.

Before the break or dawning of the day,
Before the light be seen in lofty skies,
Before the sun appear in pleasant wise,
Before the watch, (before the watch, I say,)
Before the ward that waits therefore alway,
My soul, my sense, my secret thought, my sprite,
My will, my wish, my joy, and my delight,
Unto the Lord, that sits in heaven on high,
With hasty wing
From me doth fling,
And striveth still unto the Lord to fly.

O Israel ! O household of the Lord !
O Abraham's sons ! O brood of blessed seed !
O chosen sheep, that love the Lord indeed !
O hungry hearts ! feed still upon his word,
And put your trust in Him with one accord.
For He hath mercy evermore at hand,
His fountains flow, his springs do never stand ;
And plenteously He loveth to redeem
Such sinners all
As on Him call,
And faithfully his mercies most esteem.

He will redeem our deadly, drooping state,
He will bring home the sheep that go astray,
He will help them that hope in Him alway,
He will appease our discord and debate,
He will soon save, though we repent us late.
He will be ours, if we continue his,
He will bring bale¹ to joy and perfect bliss ;
He will redeem the flock of his elect
From all that is
Or was amiss
Since Abraham's heirs did first his laws reject.

EDMUND SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER was born in London about 1553. He was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He has been styled, by way of pre-eminence, the DIVINE POET OF ENGLAND. This may, perhaps, be somewhat incorrect ; his writings have, however, a pure, elevating, and beautiful spirit of humanity ; and his " Divine Hymns," it has been well remarked, are indeed divine. Spenser was made Secretary of Ireland, and he obtained a grant of lands forfeited in the county of Cork. On the breaking out of Tyrone's rebellion, he was obliged to abandon his home so abruptly, that one of his children perished in the flames which consumed his dwelling. He died shortly after, it is said of a broken heart, in 1599 ; and was buried, by his own desire, near the tomb of Chaucer, in Westminster Abbey. Spenser himself describes his great poem, " The Fairy Queen," in a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, as a continual allegory, or dark conceit ; the aim of " all the book" being " to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." An edition of all the works of Spenser has recently been published in Boston, edited with great taste and judgment by Mr. George Hillard of that city. There is a discriminating article upon Spenser in the thirty-second volume of *The Quarterly Review*, by the author of " The Christian Year."

¹ Misery.

HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love! lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy heaven's height,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy sovereign might,
Far above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly hymn may sing
Unto the God of Love, high heaven's King.

Before this world's great frame, in which all things
Are now contained, found any being place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas¹ wings
About that mighty bound which doth embrace
The rolling spheres, and parts their hours by space,
That high Eternal power, which now doth move
In all these things, moved in itself by love.

It loved itself because itself was fair,
(For fair is loved,) and of itself begot,
Like to itself, his eldest son and heir,
Eternal, pure, and void of sinful blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of love's dislike, or pride, was to be found,—
Whom He therefore with equal honor crowned.

With Him He reigned before all time prescribed,
In endless glory and immortal might,
Together with that Third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most Almighty Sprite,
Whose kingdom's throne no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much less my trembling verse
With equal words can hope it to rehearse.

¹ Eyas, young, newly fledged; a young hawk not fit for flight.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure lamp of light,
Eternal spring of grace and wisdom true,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren sprite
Some little drop of thy celestial dew,
That may my rhymes with sweet infuse imbrue,
And give me words equal unto my thought,
To tell the marvels by thy mercy wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powerful grace,
And full of fruitful love, that loves to get
Things like Himself, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of power so great,
Yet full of beauty, next He did beget
An infinite increase of angels bright,
All glist'ning glorious in their Maker's light.

To show the heaven's illimitable height,
(Not this round heaven which we from hence behold,)
Adorned with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gems of shining gold,
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternal bliss,
And be partakers of those joys of his.

There they in their trinal triplicities
About Him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies
When He them on his messages doth send,
Or on his own dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of his light,
And carol hymns of love both day and night.

Both day and night is unto them all one,
For He his beams doth unto them extend,
That darkness there appeareth never none;
Nor hath their day, nor hath their bliss, an end,
But there their timeless time in pleasure spend;
Nor ever should their happiness decay
Had they not dared the Lord to disobey.

But pride, impatient of long-resting peace,
Did puff them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they 'gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in God's own seat without commission :
The brightest angel, e'en the child of light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

The Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming ire,
And with his only breath them blew away
From heaven's height, to which they did aspire,
To deepest hell and lake of damned fire,
Where they in darkness and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next offspring of the Maker's love,
Next to Himself in glorious degree,
Degenerating¹ to hate, fell from above
Through pride, (for pride and love may ill agree,)
And now of sin to all ensample be.
How then can sinful flesh itself assure,
Sith purest angels fell to be impure ?

But that eternal fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodness unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and empty place
In his wide palace, through these angels' fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to install
A new and unknown colony therein,
Whose root from earth's base groundwork should begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to naught,
Yet formed by wondrous skill, and by his might,
According to an heavenly pattern wrought,
Which He had fashioned in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathed a living sprite

¹ Degenerating.

Into his face most beautiful and fair,
Endued with wisdom's riches, heavenly, rare.

Such He him made, that he resemble might
Himself as mortal thing immortal could ;
Him to be lord of every living wight
He made by love out of his own like mould,
In whom He might his mighty self behold ;
For love doth love the thing beloved to see,
That like itself in lovely shape may be.

But man, forgetful of his Maker's grace,
No less than angels whom he did ensue,¹
Fell from the hope of promised heavenly place
Into the mouth of death, to sinners due,
And all his offspring into thraldom threw,
Where they forever should in bonds remain
Of never-dead, yet ever-dying pain.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
Made of mere love and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accursed
In that deep horror of despairing hell,
Him wretch in dole² would let no longer dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeem
And pay the price, all³ were his debt extreme.

Out of the bosom of eternal bliss
In which He reigned with his glorious sire,
He down descended, like a most demiss⁴
And abject thrall, in flesh's frail attire,
That He for him might pay sin's deadly hire,
And him restore into that happy state
In which he stood before his hapless fate.

¹ Follow.² Sorrow.³ Although.⁴ Humble.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
 Therefore in flesh it must be satisfied ;
 Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpass,
 Could make amends to God for man's misguide,
 But only man himself, whose self did slide :
 So taking flesh of sacred virgin's womb,
 For man's dear sake He did a man become.

And that most blessed body, which was born
 Without all blemish or reproachful blame,
 He freely gave to be both rent and torn
 Of cruel hands, who, with despiteful shame
 Reviling Him that them most vile became,
 At length Him nailed on a gallow-tree,
 And slew the just by most unjust decree.

O blessed well of love ! O flower of grace !
 O glorious morning star ! O lamp of light !
 Most lively image of thy father's face,
 Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
 Meek Lamb of God before all worlds belight,¹
 How can we thee requite for all this good ?
 Or what can prize that thy most precious blood ?

Yet naught thou ask'st in lieu of all this love
 But love of us, for guerdon² of thy pain.
 Ay me ! what can us less than that behove ?
 Had He required life of us again,
 Had it been wrong to ask his own again ?
 He gave us life, He it restored lost ;
 Then life were least that us so little cost.

But He our life hath left unto us free,
 Free that was thrall, and blessed that was banned,³
 Nor aught demands but that we loving be,
 As He himself hath loved us aforehand,
 And bound thereto with an eternal band

¹ Named.² Reward.³ Cursed

Him first to love that was so dearly bought,
And next our brethren to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amiss,
Us wretches from the second death did save ;
And cast the food of life which now we have,
Even He himself in his dear sacrament,
To feed our hungry souls unto us lent.

Then next we love our brethren that were made
Of that self mould and that self Maker's hand
That we, and to the same again shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land,
However here on higher steps we stand.
Which also were with self-same price redeemed
That we, however of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet sith that loving Lord
Commanded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake and for his sacred word,
Which is his last bequest He to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake,
Knowing that whatsoe'er to them we give
We give to Him by whom we all do live.

Such mercy He by his most holy reed'¹
Unto us taught, and to approve it true,
Ensampled it by his most righteous deed,
Showing us mercy (miserable crew !)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren, thereby to approve
How much Himself that loved us we love.

¹ Counsel.

Then rouse thyself, O Earth ! out of thy soil,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swine,
And dost thy mind in dirty pleasures moil,
Unmindful of that dearest Lord of thine :
Lift up to Him thy heavy-clouded eyne,¹
That thou in sovereign bounty mayst behold,
And read through love his mercies manifold.

Begin from first where He encradled was
In simple cratch,² wrapped in a wad of hay
Between the wilful ox and humble ass ;
And in what rags, and in how base array,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When Him the silly shepherds came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence read in the story of his life
His humble carriage, his unfaulty ways,
His cankered foes, his fights, his toil, his strife,
His pains, his poverty, his sharp assays,
Through which He passed his miserable days,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being maliced both of great and small.

And look, at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betrayed, and false accused ;
How with lies, scornful taunts, and fell despites
He was reviled, disgraced, and foul abused ;
How scourged, how crowned, how buffeted, how
bruised ;
And lastly, how 'twixt robbers crucified,
With bitter wound through hands, through feet, and side !

Then let thy flinty heart, that feels no pain,
Empierced be with pitiful remorse ;
And let thy bowels bleed in every vein

¹ Eyes.² Manger.

At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torn and mangled with malicious force ;
And let thy soul, whose sins and sorrows wrought,
Melt into tears, and groan in grieved thought.

With sense thereof, while thy so softened spirit
Is inly touched and humbled with meek zeal,
Through meditation of his endless merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weal,
And to his sovereign mercy do appeal ;
Learn Him to love that loved thee so dear,
And in thy breast his blessed image bear.

With all thy heart, with all thy soul and mind,
Thou must Him love, and his behests embrace ;
All other loves with which the world doth blind
Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thyself unto Him full and free,
That full and freely gave Himself to thee.

Then shalt thou feel thy spirit so possessed,
And ravished with devouring great desire
Of his dear self, that shall thy feeble breast
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeal through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee die,
And all earth's glory on which men do gaze
Seem dust and dross in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compared to that celestial beauty's blaze,
Whose glorious beams all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes and lumining the sprite.

Then shall thy ravished soul inspired be,
With heavenly thoughts, far above human skill ;
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' idea of his pure glory present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirit shall fill
With sweet enragement of celestial love,
Kindled through sight of those fair things above.

FROM THE HYMN OF HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

BUT whoso may, thrice happy man him hold,
Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his own beloved to behold ;
For in the view of her celestial face
All joy, all bliss, all happiness have place :
Not aught on earth can want unto the wight,
Who of herself can win the wishful sight.

For she out of her secret treasury
Plenty of riches forth on him will pour,
E'en heavenly riches, which there hidden lie,
Within the closet of her chastest bower,
Th' eternal portion of her precious dower,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be but those whom she
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receive,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceive,
And sweet contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the sprite ;

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an ecstasy,
And hear such heavenly notes and carolings

Of God's high praise, that fills the brazen sky,
And feel such joy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And only think on that before them set.

Nor from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things, remain ;
But all that erst seemed sweet seems now offence,
And all that pleased erst now seems to pain ;
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gain,
Is fixed all on that which now they see ;
All other sights but feigned shadows be.

And that fair lamp, which useth to inflame
The hearts of men with self-consuming fire,
Thenceforth seems foul and full of sinful blame ;
And all that pomp to which proud men aspire
By name of honor, and so much desire,
Seems to them baseness, and all riches dross,
And all mirth sadness, and all lucre loss.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satiety,
That in naught else on earth they can delight,
But in th' respect of that felicity,
Which they have written in their inward eye,
On which they feed, and in their fattened mind,
All happy joy and full contentment find.

Ah, then, my hungry soul ! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And, with false beauties' flattering bait misled,
Hast after vain deceitful shadows sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee naught
But late repentance, through thy follies' prief ;¹
Ah ! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief,

¹ Proof.

And look at last up to that Sovereign Light,
From whose pure beams all perfect beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly sprite,
Even the love of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things ;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possessed,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth forever rest.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

And is there care in heaven, and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move ?
There is,—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But, oh ! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro
To serve to wicked men, to serve his wicked foe !

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succor us, that succor want !
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
They for us fight, they watch, and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward :
Oh ! why should heavenly God to man have such regard !

WISDOM, TRUE RICHES.

—In vain do men
The heavens of their fortune's fault accuse,
Sith they know best what is the best for them ;
For they to each such fortune do diffuse
As they do know each can most aptly use.

For not that which men covet most is best,
 Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse ;
 But fittest is, that all contented rest
 With that they hold : each hath his fortune in his breast.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
 That maketh wretch¹ or happy, rich or poor ;
 For some that hath abundance at his will,
 Hath not enough, but wants in greater store ;
 And other, that hath little, asks no more,
 But in that little is both rich and wise ;
 For wisdom is most riches : fools therefore
 They are which fortune do by vows devise,
 Sith each unto himself his life may fortunize.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THIS poet was born at Harshull, in the county of Warwick, about the year 1563. We can only discover these facts concerning his life :—that in boyhood he was placed as page with some honorable person,—that he studied at Oxford,—that Sir Henry Gooden, of Polesworth, was his patron,—that in his latter days, Sir Walter Aston, of Tixal, Staffordshire, loved his company, and was his friend ;—and that he was made Laureate, to which office, at that time, there was no emolument attached. His principal works are the “Poly-Olbion,” “The Barons’ Wars,” “England’s Heroic Epistles,” “Legends,” and “Minor Poems,” among which is “The Birth and Miracles of Moses,” all of which bear abundant proofs of erudition and genius. He died in 1631.

MOSES MEETING THE DAUGHTERS OF JETHRO.

To Midian now his pilgrimage he took,
 Midian, earth’s only paradise for pleasures ;
 Where many a soft rill, many a sliding brook,
 Through the sweet valleys trip in wanton measures ;

¹ Wretched.

Where as the curled groves and flowery fields
To his free soul so peaceable and quiet,
More true delight and choice contentment yields
Than Egypt's braveries and luxurious diet :

And wandering long he happened on a well,
Which he by paths frequented might espy,
Bordered with trees where pleasure seemed to dwell,
Where, to repose him easily, down doth lie :

Where the soft winds did mutually embrace
In the cool arbors nature there had made,
Fanning their sweet breath gently in his face,
Through the calm cincture of the amorous shade :

Till now it nighed the noon-stead of the day,
When scorching heat the gadding herds do grieve,
When shepherds now, and herdsmen every way,
Their thirsting cattle to the fountain drive :

Amongst the rest seven shepherdesses went
Along the way for watering of their sheep,
Whose eyes him seemed such reflections sent
As made the flocks more white that they did keep :

Girls that so goodly and delightful were,
The fields were fresh and fragrant in their view,
Winter was as the spring-time of the year,
The grass so proud that in their footsteps grew :

Daughters they were unto a holy man,
(And worthy, too, of such a sire to be,)
Jethro, the priest of fertile Midian,
Few found so just, so righteous man as he.

But see the rude swain, the untutored slave,
Without respect or reverence to their kind,
Away their fair flocks from the water drave ;
Such is the nature of the barbarous hind.

The maids, perceiving where a stranger sat,
Of whom those clowns so basely did esteem,
Were in his presence discontent thereat,
Whom he perhaps improvident might deem ;

Which he perceiving, kindly doth entreat,
Reproves the rustics for that offered wrong,
Averting it an injury too great ;
To such, of right, all kindness did belong.

But finding well his oratory fail,
His fists about him frankly he bestows ;
That where persuasion could not late prevail,
He yet compelleth quickly by his blows.

Entreats the damsels their abodes to make,
With courtly semblance and a manly grace,
At their fair pleasures quietly to take
What might be had by freedom of the place.

Whose beauty, shape, and courage they admire,
Exceeding these the honor of his mind ;
For what in mortal could their hearts desire
That in this man they did not richly find ?

Returning sooner than their usual hour,
All that had happened to their father told :
That such a man relieved them by his power,
As one all civil courtesy that could :

Who full of bounty, hospitably meek,
Of his behavior greatly pleased to hear ;
Forthwith commands his servants him to seek,
To honor him by whom his honored were :

Gently receives him to his goodly seat,
Feasts him, his friends and families among,
And with him all those offices entreat,
That to his place and virtues might belong :

Whilst in the beauty of those goodly dames,
Wherein wise nature her own skill admires,
He feeds those secret and unpiercing flames,
Nursed in fresh youth and gotten in desires :

Won with this man, this princely priest to dwell,
For greater hire than bounty could devise ;
For her whose praise, makes praise itself excel,
Fairer than fairness, and as wisdom wise :

In her, her sisters severally were seen,
Of every one she was the rarest part,
Who in her presence any time had been,
Her angel eye transpierced, not her heart.

For Zipporah, a shepherd's life he leads,
And in her sight deceives the subtil hours ;
And for her sake oft roves the flowery meads
With those sweet spoils to enrich her rural bowers.

Up to Mount Horeb with his flock he took,
The flock wise Jethro willed him to keep ;
Which well he guarded with his shepherd's crook,
Goodly the shepherd, goodly were the sheep :

To feed and fold full warily he knew,
From fox and wolf his wandering flocks to free.
The goodliest flowers that in the meadows grew,
Were not more fresh and beautiful than he.

Gently his fair flocks lessowed he along,
Through the trim pastures freely at his leisure,
Now on the hills, the valleys then among,
Which seem themselves to offer to his pleasure ;

Whilst feathered sylvans from each blooming spray,
With murmuring waters whistling as they creep,
Make him such music to abridge the way,
As fits a shepherd company to keep.

When, lo ! that great and fearful God of might
To that fair Hebrew strangely doth appear,
In a bush, burning visible and bright,
Yet unconsuming, as no fire there were :

With hair erected, and upturned eyes,
Whilst he, with great astonishment admires,
Lo ! that Eternal Rector of the skies
Thus breathes to Moses from those quickening fires :

“ Shake off thy sandals,” saith the thundering God,
“ With humbled feet my wondrous power to see ;
For that the soil where thou hast boldly trod,
Is most select and hallowed unto me :

“ The righteous Abraham for his God me knew,
Isaac and Jacob trusted in my name,
And did believe my covenant was true,
Which to their seed shall propagate the same.

“ My folk that long in Egypt had been barred,
Whose cries have entered heaven’s eternal gate,
Our zealous mercy openly hath heard,
Kneeling in tears at our Eternal State ;

“ And am come down, then, in the land to see,
Where streams of milk through fruitful valleys flow,
And luscious honey dropping from the tree,
Load the full flowers that in their shadows grow :

“ By thee my power am purposed to try,
That from rough bondage shalt the Hebrews bring,
Bearing that great and fearful embassy
To that monarchaïc and imperious king.

“ And on this mountain, standing in thy sight,
When thou returnest from that conquered land,
Thou hallowed altars unto me shalt light,
This for a token certainly shall stand.”

VIRTUE NOT HEREDITARY.

THAT height and godlike purity of mind
Resteth not still where titles most adorn ;
With any, not peculiarly confined
To names, and to be limited doth scorn :
Man doth the most degenerate from kind,
Richest and poorest, both alike are born ;
And to be always pertinently good,
Follows not still the greatness of our blood.

Pity it is, that to one virtuous man
That mark him lent, to gentry to advance,
Which, first by noble industry he wan,
His baser issue after should enhance ;
And the rude slave not any good that can
Such should thrust down by what is his by chance.
As had not he been first that him did raise,
Ne'er had his great heir wrought his grandsire's praise.

You that but boast your ancestor's proud style,
And the large stem whence your vain greatness grew ;
When you yourselves are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious thing dare actually pursue,
That all good spirits would utterly exile,
Doubting their worth should else discover you,
Giving yourselves unto ignoble things—
Base, I proclaim you, though derived from kings.

Virtue, but poor, God in this earth doth place,
'Gainst this rude world to stand upon his right ;
To suffer sad affliction and disgrace,
Not ceasing to pursue her with despite :
Yet when of all she is accounted base,
And seeming in most miserable plight,
Out of her power new life to her doth take :
Least then dismayed, when all do her forsake.

That is the man of an undaunted spirit,
 For her dear sake that offereth him to die ;
 For whom when him the world doth disinherit,
 Looketh upon it with a pleased eye ;
 What's done for virtue thinking it doth merit,
 Daring the proudest menaces defy ;
 More worth than life, howe'er the base world rate him,
 Beloved of heaven, although the world doth hate him.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THIS elegant writer was born in Kent, in 1568. He was appointed to several public offices in the reign of Elizabeth ; but after a while he fell into disgrace, and then he lived abroad, till the accession of James I., when he was appointed ambassador to Venice. He was the author of a variety of works, chiefly upon political subjects ; of some of a religious character, and of a few poetical pieces of great beauty. He died in 1640.

FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles ;
 Farewell, ye honored rags, ye glorious bubbles ;
 Fame's but a hollow echo ; gold, pure clay ;
 Honor, the darling but of one short day ;
 Beauty, the eye's idol, a damasked skin ;
 State, but a golden prison to live in,
 And torture free-born minds ; embroidered trains,
 Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins ;
 And blood allied to greatness is alone
 Inherited, not purchased, nor our own :
 Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
 Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill ;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke ;
I would be rich, but see men too unkind
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind ;
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, while the ass goes free ;
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud ;
I would be poor, but know the humble grass,
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass :
Rich, hated ; wise, suspected ; scorned, if poor ;
Great, feared ; fair, tempted ; high, still envied more.
I have wished all ; but now I wish for neither—
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair,—poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would Beauty's queen entitle me "the Fair,"
Fame speak me Fortune's minion ; could I vie
Angels with India ; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bowed knees, strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs ; be called "Great Master,"
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster ;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, in all superlatives ;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leisure,
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts, welcome, ye silent groves,
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves :
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome Spring ;
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.

Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears.
Then here I'll sit and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy ;
And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it but in heaven again.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

BARNABE BARNES.

BARNABE BARNES.

THIS Poet, who was flattered by his friends with the title of "Petrarch's Scholar," was a younger son of Dr. Richard Barnes, bishop of Durham, and was born about the year 1569. He left Oxford without a degree, and afterwards accompanied the expedition sent into France under the Earl of Essex, in 1591. He was then a little more than twenty-one years of age, and in the four years of his absence he wrote his "Divine Centurie of Spiritual Sonnets," first published in 1595.

C O N T E N T.

AH! sweet Content, where is thy mild abode?
Is it with shepherds and light-hearted swains,
Which sing upon the downs and pipe abroad,
Leading their flocks and calling unto plains!
Ah! sweet Content, where dost thou safely rest?
In heaven with angels which the praises sing
Of Him that made and rolls at his behest,
The minds, and parts of every living thing!
Ah! sweet Content, where doth thine harbor hold?
Is it in churches with religious men
Which praise the Gods with prayers manifold,
And in their studies meditate it then?
Whether thou dost in heaven or earth appear,
Be where thou wilt, thou wilt not harbor here.

P R A Y E R.

Unto my spirit lend an angel's wing,
By which it might mount to that place of rest,
Where Paradise may me relieve oppressed:
Lend to my tongue an angel's voice to sing
Thy praise my comfort; and forever bring
My notes thereof from the bright East to West;
Thy mercy lend unto my soul distressed,

Thy grace unto my wits ; then shall the sling
Of righteousness that monster Sathan kill,
Who with despair my dear salvation dared ;
And, like the Philistine, stood breathing still
Proud threats against my soul for heaven prepared.
At length I like an angel shall appear
In spotless white, an angel's robe to wear.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

SIR JOHN DAVIES was born at Tisbury in Wiltshire, in 1570. He was educated at Oxford, and after having been called to the bar, he was expelled, and returned to the University. While here, he composed his principal work, a poem entitled "The Immortality of the Soul." A few years after he was sent to Parliament, and restored to his rank at the bar. He filled several judicial offices in Ireland, under James I., and was finally appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench, but he died before he could undertake the duties of the office. This happened in 1626. He was the author of several works upon historical and legal subjects, but is here noticed on account of his noble poem, "The Immortality of the Soul," which is remarkable for the clear and logical conduct of the argument, and, considering the age in which it was written, for the smooth and equable flow of the verse. Mr. Wilmot observes, "While Shakspeare was peopling the stage with picturesque pageantry, and Spenser, in the zenith of his reputation, was irradiating the intellectual atmosphere with the sunshine of his beautiful imagination, Davies struck into a path in which he had no forerunner, and cannot be said to have had any successor."

FALSE AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

WHY did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind,
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind ?

For when God's hand had written in the hearts
Of the first parents all the rules of good,
So that their skill infused, did pass all arts
That ever were, before, or since the flood ;

And when their reason's eye was sharp and clear,
And (as an eagle can behold the sun)
Could have approached the eternal light as near
As th' intellectual angels could have done ;

E'en then to show, the spirit of lies suggests,
That they were blind because they saw not ill ;
And breathed into their uncorrupted breasts
A curious wish which did corrupt their will.

For that same ill they did desire to know,
Which ill being naught but a defect of good,
In all God's works the devil could not show,
While man their lord in his perfection stood.

So that themselves were first to do the ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain,
Like him that knew not poison's power to kill,
Until (by tasting it) himself was slain.

E'en so by tasting of that fruit forbid,
Where they sought knowledge, they did error find ;
Ill they desired to know, and ill they did ;
And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.

For then their minds did first in passion see
Those wretched shapes of misery and wo—
Of nakedness, of shame, of poverty,
Which then their own experience made them know.

But then grew reason dark, that she no more
Could the fair forms of good and truth discern ;
Bats they became, that eagles were before,
And this they got by their desire to learn.

But we, their wretched offspring, what do we?
Do not we still taste of the fruit forbid,
Whilst with fond fruitless curiosity
In books profane we seek for knowledge hid?

What is this knowledge, but the sky-stolen fire,
For which the thief still chained in ice doth sit?
And which the poor rude satyr did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it?

In fine, what is it, but the fiery coach,
Which the youth sought and found his death withal?
Or the boy's wings, which when he did approach
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas, when all our lamps are burned,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent;
When we have all the learned volumes turned
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament;

What can we know? or what can we discern,
When error chokes the windows of the mind?
The divers forms of things, how can we learn,
That have been even from our birthday blind?

When Reason's lamp, which (like the sun in sky)
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct and dead:

How can we hope that through the eye and ear
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infused in the first minds by grace?

So might the heir, whose father hath in play
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earnings of one groat a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that dived most deep and soared most high,
Seeking man's powers, have found his weakness such :
" Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much."

For this the wisest of all mortal men
Said, he knew naught, but that he naught did know ;
And the great mocking-master mocked not then
When he said truth was buried deep below.

For how may we to other things attain,
When none of us his own soul understands ?
For which the devil mocks our curious brain,
When " Know thyself," his oracle commands.

For why should we the busy soul believe
When boldly she concludes of that and this, .
When of herself she can no judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is ?

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know and how therewith to do ;
But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of Nile ;
But of that clock within our breasts we bear,
The sable motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own soul.

We study speech, but others we persuade ;
We leech-craft learn, but others cure with it ;
We interpret laws which other men have made,
But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly,
Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?

No, doubtless; for the mind can backward cast
Upon herself her understanding's light;
But she is so corrupt and so defaced,
As her own image doth herself affright.

As is the fable of the lady fair,
Which for her sin was turned into a cow,
When thirsty to a stream she did repair,
And saw herself transformed, she knew not how:

At first she startles, then she stands amazed;
At last with terror she from thence doth fly,
And loathes the watery glass wherein she gazed,
And shuns it still, though she for thirst doth die:

E'en so man's soul, which did God's image bear,
And was, at first, fair, good, and spotless pure,
Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all sights her own sight least endure:

For e'en at first reflection she espies
Such strange chimeras, and such monsters there,
Such toys, such antics, and such vanities,
As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear;

And as the man loves least at home to be
That hath a sluttish house, haunted with sprites,
So she, impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself and in strange things delights.

For this few know themselves: for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent and pain;
And seas are troubled when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire :

As spiders touched, seek their web's inmost part ;
As bees in storms back to their hives return ;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart ;
As men seek towns when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately plucked me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught ;
Hath made my senses quick and reason clear,
Reformed my will and rectified my thought.

So do the winds and thunder cleanse the air ;
So working lees settle and purge the wine ;
So lopped and pruned trees do flourish fair ;
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go ;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, powers within, can kill ;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know myself hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all ;
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span ;
I know my sense is mocked in every thing ;
And to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

THE SOUL.

THE lights of heaven (which are the world's fair eyes)
Look down into the world, the world to see ;
And as they turn or wander in the skies,
Survey all things that on this centre be.

And yet the lights which in my tower do shine,
Mine eyes which view all objects nigh and far,
Look not unto this little world of mine,
Nor see my face wherein they fixed are.

Since nature fails in us no needful thing,
Why want I means my inward self to see ?
Which sight the knowledge of myself might bring,
Which to true wisdom is the first degree.

That power which gave my eyes the world to view,
To view myself infused an inward light,
Whereby my soul, as by a mirror true,
Of her own form may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest eye discerneth naught
Except the sunbeams in the air do shine ;
So the best soul with her reflecting thought
Sees not herself without some light divine.

Oh! Light which makest the light, which makes the day!
Which settest the eye without, and mind within,
Lighten my soul with one clear heavenly ray,
Which now to view itself doth first begin.

For her true form how can my spark discern,
Which, dim by nature, art did never clear,
When the great wits, of whom all skill we learn,
Are ignorant both what she is, and where?

One thinks the soul is air; another, fire;
Another, blood diffused about the heart;
Another saith the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our souls are harmonies;
Physicians hold that they complexions be;
Epicures¹ make them swarms of atomies
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think our general soul fills every brain,
As the bright sun sheds light in every star;
And others think the name of soul is vain,
And that we only well-mixed bodies are.

In judgment of her substance thus they vary,
And thus they do in judgment of her seat;
For some her chain up to the brain do carry,
Some thrust it down into the stomach's heat;

Some place it in the root of life, the heart;
Some in the river, fountain of his veins;
Some say she's all in all, in every part;
Some say she's not contained, but all contains.

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom show,
While with their doctrines they at hazard play;
Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
To mock the lewd,² as learned in this as they.

¹ Epicureans.

² Ignorant.

For no crazed brain could ever yet propound,
 Touching the soul, so vain and fond a thought ;
But some among these masters have been found,
 Which in their schools the self-same thing have taught.

God, only wise, to punish pride of wit,
 Among men's wits hath this confusion wrought ;
As the proud tower whose points the clouds did hit,
 By tongues' confusion was to ruin brought.

But Thou, which didst man's soul of nothing make,
 And when to nothing it was fallen again,
"To make it new, the form of man didst take,
 And God with God becamest a man with men."

Thou that hast fashioned twice this soul of ours,
 So that she is by double title thine,
Thou only knowest her nature and her powers ;
 Her subtle form Thou only canst define.

To judge herself, she must herself transcend,
 As greater circles comprehend the less ;
But she wants power her own powers to extend,
 As fettered men cannot their strength express.

But Thou bright morning star, Thou rising sun,
 Which in these later times hast brought to light
Those mysteries, that since the world begun
 Lay hid in darkness and eternal night,

Thou (like the sun) dost with an equal ray
 Into the palace and the cottage shine ;
And showest the soul both to the clerk and lay,
 By the clear lamp of oracle divine.

This lamp through all the regions of my brain,
 Where my soul sits, doth spread such beams of grace,
As now methinks I do distinguish plain
 Each subtle line of her immortal face.

The soul a substance and a spirit is,
Which God Himself doth in the body make,
Which makes the man ; for every man from this
The nature of a man and name doth take.

And though this spirit be to the body knit
As an apt means her powers to exercise,
Which are life, motion, sense, and will and wit ;
Yet she survives although the body dies.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL SHOWN FROM THE UNSAT-
ISFYING NATURE OF EARTHLY ENJOYMENTS.

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly things ;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings :

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree ;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honor, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find ?
Who ever ceased to wish when he had wealth ?
Or having wisdom was not vexed in mind ?

Then as a bee, which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers with lustre fresh and gay,
She lights on that and this, and tasteth all ;
But pleased with none, doth rise and soar away :

So when the soul finds here no true content,
And like Noah's dove can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to Him that first her wings did make.

THE WORTH OF THE SOUL.

Oh ! ignorant, poor man ! what dost thou bear
 Locked up within the casket of thy breast ?
What jewels, and what riches, hast thou there ?
 What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest ?

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
 Like those which drowned Narcissus in the flood ;
Honor and pleasure both are in thy mind,
 And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean
 This worthy mind should worthy things embrace ;
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
 Nor her dishonor with thy passion base.

Kill not her quickening power with surfeitings ;
 Mar not her sense with sensuality ;
Cast not her serious wit on idle things ;
 Make not her free-will slave to vanity.

And when thou thinkest of her eternity,
 Think not that death against our nature is ;
Think it a birth, and when thou goest to die,
 Sing a like song as if thou wentest to bliss.

And thou, my soul, which turnest with curious eye,
 To view the beams of thine own form divine ;
Know that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
 While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of overweening, and compare
 Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train ;
Study the best and highest things that are,
 But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
 The glory of thy Maker's sacred name,
 Use all thy powers that blessed Power to praise,
 Which gives the power to be, and use the same.

FRANCIS DAVISON

Was the son of William Davison, the unfortunate secretary of Queen Elizabeth. After travelling on the continent, he turned his attention to poetry, and in 1602 he published the first edition of the "Political Rhapsody." He was one of the authors of a version of "Selected Poems," and Mr. Wilmot gives the following specimens by him.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXIII.

God, who the universe doth hold
 In his fold,
 Is my shepherd kind and heedful,
 Is my shepherd, and doth keep
 Me his sheep,
 Still supplied with all things needful.

He feeds me in fields which bin'
 Fresh and green,
 Mottled with Spring's flowery painting,
 Through which creep, with murmuring crooks,
 Crystal brooks,
 To refresh my spirits fainting.

When my soul from heaven's way
 Went astray,
 With earth's vanities seduced,
 For his namesake, kindly He,
 Wandering me
 To his holy fold reduced.²

¹ Be

² Reduced, *led back*.

Yea, though I stray through Death's vale,
Where his pale
Shades did on each side unfold me,
Dreadless, having Thee for guide,
Should I bide,
For thy rod and staff uphold me.

Thou my board with messes large
Dost surcharge ;
My bowls full of wine thou pourest,
And before mine enemies'
Envious eyes,
Balm upon mine head thou showerest.

Neither dures thy bounteous grace
For a space,
But it knows nor bound, nor measure ;
So my days, to my life's end,
Shall I spend
In thy courts with heavenly pleasure.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM LXXXVI.

SAVE my soul which Thou didst cherish
Until now, now like to perish,
Save Thy servant that hath none
Help, nor hope, but Thee alone !

After Thy sweet-wonted fashion,
Shower down mercy and compassion,
On me, sinful wretch, that cry
Unto Thee incessantly.

Send, O send, relieving gladness,
To my soul oppressed with sadness,
Which, from clog of earth set free,
Winged with zeal springs up to Thee.

Let thine ears which long have tarried
Barred up, be now unbarred,
That my cries may entrance gain,
And being entered, grace obtain.

For Thou, darter of dread thunders,
Thou art great, and workest wonders.
Other gods are wood and stone,
Thou the living God alone.

Heavenly Tutor, of thy kindness,
Teach my dulness, guide my blindness,
That my steps Thy paths may tread
Which to endless bliss do lead.

In knots to be loosed never,
Knit my heart to Thee forever,
That I to Thy name may bear,
Fearful love and loving fear.

Lord, my God, thou shalt be praised,
With my heart to heaven raised,
And whilst I have breath to live,
Thanks to Thee my breath shall give.

Mighty men with malice endless,
Band¹ against me helpless, friendless,
Using, without fear of Thee,
Force and fraud to ruin me.

But Thy might their malice passes,
And Thy grace Thy might surpasses,
Swift to mercy, slow to wrath,
Bound nor end Thy goodness hath.

Thy kind look no more deny me,
But with eyes of mercy eye me ;

¹ Unite.

O give me, Thy slave, at length,
Easing aid, or bearing strength.

And some gracious token show me,
That my foes that watch t' o'erthrow me,
May be shamed and vexed to see
Thee to help and comfort me.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XIII.

LORD, how long, how long wilt Thou
Quite forget and quite neglect me?
How long with a frowning brow
Wilt Thou from thy sight reject me?

How long shall I seek a way
From this range of thoughts perplexed,
Where my grieved mind, night and day,
Is with thinking tired and vexed!

How long shall my stormful foe,
On my fall his greatness placing,
Build upon my overthrow,
And be graced by my disgracing?

Hear, O Lord and God, my cries,
Mock my foe's unjust abusing,
And illuminate mine eyes,
Heavenly beams in them infusing.

Lest my woes too great to bear,
And too infinite in number,
Rock me soon, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
Into Death's eternal slumber.

These black clouds will overblow,
Sunshine shall have his returning,
And my grief-dulled heart, I know,
Into joy shall change his mourning.

JOSEPH BRYAN

Was apparently a contemporary of Davison. There is much beauty in the following

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM LXV.

DWELLERS beyond Thule's bands,
In fair lands,
At thy signs shall be affrighted.
Morn's bright gate, and ruddy west,
By their guest,
Are with light and heat delighted.
Furrows else ploughed, sowed in vain,
By thy rain
Are with blades and ears maintained.
Thou sendest rain into thy dales,
And the vales,
Pranking them with curious flowers ;
And the stiffened earth mak'st soft
With thy oft
Sweet and soft descending showers.
Thou dost speed the seedman's hand,
In the land
His dead-seeming seed reviving ;
And the tender bud, unless
Thou didst bless,
Blasts and frosts would keep from thriving.
There thy gracious showers still
Fall, and fill
With thy blessing barren places ;
And the lesser hills are seen,
Fresh and green,
Decked with Flora's various graces.

JOHN DONNE.

JOHN DONNE was born in London, in 1573. He entered Hertford College at the early age of eleven, and became a prodigy of learning. He was bred a Catholic, but early in life he became a Protestant minister. He died, Dean of St. Paul's, in 1631. Without being in the strictest sense a sacred poet, Donne is one of those writers who have shown their reverence of religion with the warmth and sincerity of genuine feeling. He is frequently rugged and obscure, yet he displays a depth of sentiment and an originality of thought, which entitle him to a rank among the truest poets.

SACRED SONNETS.

I.

THOU hast made me, and shall thy work decay ?
 Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste ;
 I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
 I dare not move my dim eyes any way ;
 Despair behind, and death before, doth cast
 Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh,
 Only Thou art above, and when towards Thee,
 By thy leave I can look, I rise again ;
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
 That not one hour myself I can sustain ;
 Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
 And Thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

THIS is my play's last scene ; here heavens appoint
 My pilgrimage's last mile ; and my race
 Idly yet quickly run, hath this last pace ;
 My span's last inch, my minute's latest point ;

And gluttonous death will instantly unjoint
My body and my soul, and I shall sleep a space ;
But my ever-waking part shall see that face
Whose fear already shakes my every joint :
Then as my soul, to heaven, her first seat, takes flight,
And earth-born body, in the earth shall dwell,
So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
To where they're bred, and would press me to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purged of evil,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

III.

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, your numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go
All whom the flood did, and fire shall, o'erthrow ;
All whom war, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's wo :
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space ;
For if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace
When we are there ; here, on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent ; for that's as good
As if Thou hadst sealed my pardon with thy blood.

IV.

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so ;
For those whom thou thinkest thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death ; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow :
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,

And poppy or charms, can make us sleep as well,
 And better, than thy stroke ; why swellest thou then ?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally ;
 And death shall be no more ; Death ! thou must die.

O D E .

VENGEANCE will sit above our faults ; but till
 She there do sit
 We see her not, nor them. Thus blind, yet still
 We lead her way ; and thus, whilst we do ill,
 We suffer it.

Unhappy he whom youth makes not beware
 Of doing ill :
 Enough we labor under age and care :
 In number, th' errors of the last place are
 The greater still.

Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
 As soon repent,
 (Strange thing !) perceive not ; our faults are not seen,
 But past us ; neither felt, but only in
 The punishment.

But we know ourselves least ; mere outward shows
 Our minds so store,
 That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
 But form and color ; only he who knows
 Himself, knows more.

H Y M N T O C H R I S T .

AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY.

IN what torn ship soever I embark,
 That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark ;
 What sea soever swallow me, that flood
 Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood ;

Though Thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto Thee,
And all whom I loved there, and who loved me ;
When I have put our seas 'twixt them and me,
Put Thou thy seas betwixt my sins and Thee.
As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
Where none but Thee, th' eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Not Thou nor thy religion, dost control
The amorousness of an harmonious soul ;
But Thou wouldst have that love Thyself : as Thou
Art jealous, Lord, so am I jealous now,
Thou lovest not, till from loving more, Thou free
My soul : who ever gives, takes liberty :
Oh ! if Thou carest not whom I love,
Alas ! Thou lovest not me.

Seal, then, this bill of my divorce to all
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall ;
Marry those loves which in youth scattered be
On Fame, Wit, Hope, (false mistresses,) to Thee.
Churches are best for prayer, that have least light :
To see God only, I go out of sight,
And to 'scape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night.

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD.

SINCE I am coming to that holy room
Where with the choir of saints for evermore
I shall be made thy music, as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then think here before.

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
 Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
 That this is my southwest discovery,
Per fretum febris, by these straits to die ;

I joy that in these straits I see my west ;
 For though those currents yield return to none,
 What shall my west hurt me ? as west and east
 In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
 So death doth touch the resurrection.

* * * * *

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
 Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place,
 Look, Lord ! and find both Adams met in me :
 As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
 May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So in his purple wrapped receive me, Lord,
 By these his thorns give me his holy crown,
 And as to others' souls I preached thy word,
 Be this my text, my sermon to mine own ;
 Therefore, that He may raise, the Lord throws down.

BEN JONSON.

THIS eminent poet was born in London in 1574. Though like many other poets of his day, Jonson too briefly and too rarely forsook the service of the profaner muse for that of religion, the religious poetry he has left behind him is of a very high order. He died in 1637.

EUPHEME'S MIND.

PAINTER, you're come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon ;
This work I can perform alone,
And give you reasons more than one.

Not that your art I do refuse,
But here I may no colors use ;
Beside, your hand will never hit
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle tow'ring in the sky,
The sun, a sea, or soundless pit ;
But these are *like* a mind, not *it*.

No ; to express a mind to sense
Would ask a heaven's intelligence ;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kin to whence it came.

A mind so pure, so perfect, fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine ;
And, so disdaining any tryer,
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the sphere,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all, and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions, when it will express
In speech, it is with that excess
Of grace and music to the ear,
As what it spoke it planted there.

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the air ;
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

But, that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
Itself to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossness ; there's the how, and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And stuck in clay here, it would pull
Us forth by some celestial flight,
Up to her own sublimed height ?

Or hath she here upon the ground,
Some paradise or palace found,
In all the bounds of beauty fit
For her to inhabit ? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so lofty form, so straight,
So polished, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from heaven.

Not swelling like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently as a cloud :
As smooth as oil poured forth, and calm
As showers, and sweet as drops of balm.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood
Where it may run to any good ;
And where it stays, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice and gums.

In action, winged as the wind,
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a bank, or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind and showers.

In thee, fair mansion, let it rest,
Yet know with what thou art possessed ;
Thou entertaining in thy breast
But such a mind, makest God thy guest.

THE GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be ;
Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere ;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night ;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

THOMAS CAREW.

THIS poet was born about 1577. He received his education at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where his genius and abilities early attracted notice. He was introduced to court, probably by his brother, and appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and sewer in ordinary to King Charles the First; which posts he retained till his death, in 1639. Carew was the author of miscellaneous poems, not, unfortunately, all of a religious nature; but those that are so, have great beauty and simplicity.

P L E A S U R E .

Bewitching syren ! golden rottenness !
Thou hast with cunning artifice displayed

Th' enamelled outside, and the honeyed verge
Of the fair cup, where deadly poison lurks.
Within, a thousand sorrows dance the round ;
And, like a shell, pain circles thee without.
Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their west decline,
Doth to a giant's spreading form extend
Thy dwarfish stature. Thou thyself art pain,
Greedy, intense desire ; and the keen edge
Of thy fierce appetite oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread ; but still the terror
And apprehension of thy hasty end
Mingles with gall thy most refined sweets.
Yet thy Circean charms transform the world.
Captains that have resisted war and death,
Nations that over fortune have triumphed,
Are by thy magic made effeminate ;
Empires, that know no limits but the poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away.
Thou wert the author of the first excess
That drew this reformation on the gods ;
Canst thou, then, dream those powers that from heaven
Banished the effect, will there enthrone the cause ?
To thy voluptuous den fly, witch, from hence ;
There dwell, forever drowned in brutish sense.

GEORGE SANDYS.

THIS poet was the seventh son of Edwin Sandys, archbishop of York, and was born at Bishopsthorp in 1577. He was matriculated at Oxford in his eleventh year, but Wood supposes he did not take a degree. In 1610, he set out on his travels, during which he visited the most interesting cities of Europe, and went to Egypt and the Holy Land. He was afterwards treasurer of the English Company in Virginia, but it is not known how long he remained in this country. He published an account of his travels, in London, in 1615, and from this time, except during his residence in America, he passed most of his time with his sister, Lady Wenman, in Oxfordshire. In 1636, he published his translation of the Psalms, which the editor of the "Gems of British Sacred Poetry" thinks "incomparably the most poetical in the English language," though at the present day scarcely known. Two years after he published his Paraphrase of Job and Ecclesiastes, a metrical version of the Song of Solomon, and a translation of a Latin tragedy of Grotius—the Passion of Christ. Sandys died in March, 1643.

. DEO OPT. MAX.

WRITTEN ON REVIEW OF GOD'S MERCIES TO THE AUTHOR IN HIS TRAVELS.

O THOU who all things hast of nothing made,
Whose hand the radiant firmament displayed,
With such an undiscerned swiftness hurled
About the steadfast centre of the world ;
Against whose rapid course the restless sun
And wandering flames in varied motions run ;
Which heat, light, life infuse ; time, night, and day
Distinguish ; in our human bodies sway :
That hungeſt the ſolid earth in fleeting air,
Veined with clear ſprings which ambient ſeas repair :
In clouds the mountains wrap their heavy heads ;
Luxurious valleys clothed with flowery meads :

Her trees yield fruit and shade ; with liberal breasts
All creatures she (their common mother) feasts.
Then man thy image hadst ; in dignity,
In knowledge, and in beauty, like to Thee :
Placed in a heaven on earth : without his toil
The ever-flourishing and fruitful soil
Unpurchased food produced ; all creatures were
His subjects, serving more for love than fear.
He knew no lord but Thee. But when he fell
From his obedience, all at once rebel,
And in his ruin exercise their might :
Concurring elements against him fight :
Troops of unknown diseases ; sorrow, age,
And death, assail him with successive rage.
Hell let forth all her furies ; none so great
As man to man. Ambition, pride, deceit,
Wrong armed with power, lust, rapine, slaughter reigned ,
And flattered Vice the home of Virtue gained.
The hills beneath the swelling waters stood,
And all the globe of earth was but one flood ;
Yet could not cleanse their guilt : the following race
Worse than their fathers, and their sons more base :
Their godlike beauty lost—sin's wretched thrall
No spark of their Divine original
Left unextinguished ; all enveloped
With darkness ; in their bold transgressions dead ;
When Thou didst from the earth a light display,
Which rendered to the world a clearer day,
Whose precepts from hell's jaws our steps withdraw,
And whose example was a living law ;
Who purged us with his blood, the way prepared
To heaven, and those long chained-up doors unbarred.
How infinite thy mercy ! which exceeds
The world thou mad'st, as well as our misdeeds :
Which greater reverence than thy justice wins,
And still augments thy honor by our sins.
Oh ! who hath tasted of thy clemency
In greater measure or more oft than I !

My grateful verse thy goodness shall display,
O Thou who went'st along in all my way,
To where the morning with perfumed wings
From the high mountains of Panchæa¹ springs,
To that new-found-out world, where sober night
Takes from th' antipodes her silent flight,
To those dark seas where horrid winter reigns,
And binds the stubborn floods in icy chains,
To Libyan wastes, whose thirst no showers assuage,
And where swoln Nilus cools the lion's rage.
Thy wonders in the deep have I beheld ;
Yet all by those on Judah's hills excelled :
There where the virgin's Son his doctrine taught,
His miracles and our redemption wrought !
Where I, by Thee inspired, his praises sung,
And on his sepulchre my offering hung.
Which way soe'er I turn my face or feet,
I see thy glory and thy mercy meet—
Met on the Thracian shores, when in the strife
Of frantic Simooms Thou preservedst my life ;
So when Arabian thieves belayed us round,
And when by all abandoned, Thee I found.
That false Sidonian wolf, whose craft put on
A sheep's soft fleece, and me Bellerophon
To ruin by his cruel letter sent,
Thou didst by thy protecting hand prevent.
Thou savedst me from the bloody massacres
Of faithless Indians, from their treacherous wars,
From raging fevers, from the sultry breath
Of tainted air, which cloyed the jaws of death ;
Preserved from swallowing seas, when towering waves
Mixed with the clouds and opened their deep graves ;
From barbarous pirates ransomed, by those taught,
Successfully with Salian Moors we fought. •
Then broughtest me home in safety, that this earth
Might bury me, which fed me from my birth.

¹ A fabulous country of antiquity whence frankincense was said to be procured. It here signifies Arabia.

Blest with a healthful age, a quiet mind,
 Content with little, to this work designed,
 Which I at length have finished by thy aid,
 And now my vows have at thy altar paid.

H Y M N .

WRITTEN AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IN JERUSALEM.

SAVIOUR of mankind, Man, Emmanuel !
 Who sinless died for sin ; who vanquished hell ;
 The first-fruits of the grave ; whose life did give
 Light to our darkness ; in whose death we live :—
 Oh ! strengthen Thou my faith, convert my will,
 That mine may thine obey ; protect me still,
 So that the latter death may not devour
 My soul, sealed with thy seal. So in the hour
 When Thou, (whose body sanctified this tomb,
 Unjustly judged,) a glorious judge shalt come
 To judge the world with justice, by that sign
 I may be known and entertained for thine.

P S A L M X L V I .

God is our refuge, our strong tower,
 Securing by his mighty power,
 When dangers threatened to devour.

Thus armed, no fears shall chill our blood,
 Though earth no longer steadfast stood,
 And shook our hills into the flood.

Although the troubled ocean rise,
 In foaming billows to the skies,
 And mountains shake with horrid noise ;

Clear streams purl from a crystal spring,
 Which gladness to God's city bring,
 The mansion of th' Eternal King.

He in her centre takes his place :
What foe can her fair towers deface,
Protected by his early grace ?

Tumultuary nations rose,
And armed troops our walls enclose,
And his feared voice unnerved our foes.

The Lord of hosts is on our side ;
The God by Jacob magnified ;
Our strength on whom we have relied.

Come, see the wonders He hath wrought,
Who hath to desolation brought
Those kingdoms which our ruin sought.

He makes destructive war surcease ;
The earth, deflowered of her increase,
Restores with universal peace.

He breaks their bows, unarms their quivers,
The bloody spear in pieces shivers,
Their chariots to the flame delivers.

Forbear, and know that I the Lord
Will by all nations be adored—
Praised with unanimous accord.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side ;
The God by Jacob magnified ;
Our strength on whom we have relied.

PSALM XLII.

LORD ! as the hart embossed with heat
Brays after the cool rivulet,
So sighs my soul for thee.

My soul thirsts for the living God :
When shall I enter his abode,
And there his beauty see ?

Tears are my food both night and day ;
While, Where's thy God ? they daily say ;
My soul in plaints I shed ;
When I remember, how in throngs
We filled thy house with praise and songs ;
How I their dances led.

My soul, why art thou so depressed ?
Why, O ! thus troubled in my breast ?
With grief so overthrown ?
With constant hope on God await :
I yet his name shall celebrate,
For mercy timely shown.

My fainting heart within me pants :
My God, consider my complaints ;
My songs shall praise thee still,
Even from the vale where Jordan flows ;
Where Hermon his high forehead shows,
From Mitzar's humble hill.

Deeps unto deeps enraged call,
When thy dark spouts of waters fall,
And dreadful tempest raves :
For all thy floods upon me burst,
And billows after billows thrust
To swallow in their graves.

But yet by day the Lord will charge
His ready mercy to enlarge
My soul, surprised with cares ;
He gives my songs their argument :
God of my life, I will present
By night to thee my prayers :

And say, My God, my Rock, O why
Am I forgot, and mourning die,
By foes reduced to dust ?
Their words, like weapons, pierce my bones ;
While still they echo to my groans,
Where is the Lord thy trust ?

My soul, why art thou so depressed ?
O why so troubled in my breast ?
Sunk underneath thy load !
With constant hope on God await :
For I his name shall celebrate,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM CXXXVII.

As on Euphrates' shady banks we lay,
And there, O Sion, to thy ashes pay
Our funeral tears, our silent harps unstrung,
And unregarded on thy willows hung,
Lo ! they who had thy desolation wrought,
And captive Judah unto Babel brought,
Deride the tears which from our sorrows spring ;
And say, in scorn, A song of Sion sing.
Shall we profane our harps at their command,
Or holy hymns sing in a foreign land ?
O Solyma ! thou that art now become
A heap of stones, and to thyself a tomb,
When I forget thee, my dear mother, let
My fingers their melodious skill forget ;
When I a joy disjoined from thine receive,
Then may my tongue unto my palate cleave.
Remember Edom, Lord, their cruel pride,
Who in the sack of wretched Salem cried,
Down with their buildings, rase them to the ground,
Nor let one stone be on another found.

Thou, Babylon, whose towers now touch the sky,
That shortly shalt as low in ruins lie,

Oh! happy! Oh! thrice happy they who shall
With equal cruelty revenge our fall!
That dash thy children's brains against the stones,
And without pity hear their dying groans.

P S A L M X C .

O THOU, the Father of us all,
Our refuge from th' original;
That wert our God before
The airy mountains had their birth,
Or fabric of the peopled earth;
And art for evermore.

But frail man daily dying, must
At thy command return to dust;
Or should he ages last,
Ten thousand years are in thy sight
But like a quadrant of the night,
Or as a day that's past.

We, by thy torrent swept from hence,
An empty dream which mocks the sense,
And from the fancy flies;
Such as the beauty of the rose,
Which in the dewy morning blows,
Then hangs the head and dies.

Through daily anguish we expire,
Thy anger a consuming fire,
To our offences due.
Our sins (although by night concealed
By shame and fear) are all revealed,
And naked to thy view.

Thus in thy wrath our years we spend,
And like a sad discourse they end,
Nor but to seventy last;
Or if to eighty they arrive,
We then with age and sickness strive,
Cut off with winged haste.

Who knows the terror of thy wrath,
Or to thy dreadful anger hath
Proportioned his due fear?
Teach us to number our frail days,
That we our hearts to Thee may raise,
And wisely sin forbear.

Lord, oh! how long! at length relent!
And of our miseries repent;
Thy early mercy show,
That we may unknown comforts taste;
For those long days in sorrow past
As long of joy bestow.

The works of thy accustomed grace
Show to thy servants; on their race
Thy cheerful beams reflect—
Oh! let on us thy beauty shine!
Bless our attempts with aid divine,
And by thy hand direct.

HANNAH'S THANKSGIVING.

1 SAMUEL II.

God hath raised my head on high:
O my heart, enlarge my joy!
God hath now my tongue untied,
To retort their scorn and pride.
In thy grace I will rejoice;
Praise Thee while I have a voice.

Who so holy as our Lord !
Who but He to be adored !
Who such wonders can effect !
Who so strongly can protect !
Be no longer arrogant,
Nor in folly proudly vaunt :
God our secret thoughts displays ;
All our works his balance weighs.
Giants' bows his forces break ;
He with strength invests the weak.
Who were full, now serve for bread ;
Those who served, enfranchised.
Barren wombs with children flow ;
Fruitful mothers childless grow.
God frail man of life deprives ;
Those who sleep in death, revives :
Leads us to our silent tombs,
Brings us from those horrid rooms :
Riches sends ; sends poverty :
Casteth down and lifts on high.
He, from the despised dust,
From the dunghill, takes the just ;
To the height of honor brings ;
Plants them on the throne of kings.—
God earth's mighty pillars made ;
He the world upon them laid.
He his servants' feet will guide :
Wicked souls, who swell with pride,
Will in endless darkness chain,
Since all human strength is vain.
He shall grind his enemies ;
Blast with lightning from the skies :
Judge the habitable earth,
All of high and humble birth :
Shall with strength his King renown,
And his Christ with glory crown.

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID OVER SAUL
AND JONATHAN.

2 SAMUEL I.

Thy beauty, Israel, is fled,
Sunk to the dead ;
How are the valiant fallen ! the slain
Thy mountains stain.
Oh ! let it not in Gath be known,
Nor in the streets of Ashkelon !

Lest that sad story should excite
Their dire delight !
Lest in the torrent of our wo,
Their pleasure flow :
Lest their triumphant daughters ring
Their cymbals, and their Pæans sing.

Yon hills of Gilboa, never may
You offerings pay ;
No morning dew, nor fruitful showers,
Clothe you with flowers :
Saul and his arms there made a spoil,
As if untouched with sacred oil.

The bow of noble Jonathan
Great battles wan ;
His arrows on the mighty fed,
With slaughter red.
Saul never raised his arm in vain,
His sword still glutted with the slain.

How lovely ! O how pleasant ! when
They lived with men !
Than eagles swifter ; stronger far
Than lions are :
Whom love in life so strongly tied,
The stroke of death could not divide.

Sad Israel's daughters, weep for Saul ;
 Lament his fall,
 Who fed you with the earth's increase,
 And crowned with peace ;
 With robes of Tyrian purple decked,
 And gems which sparkling light reflect.

How are thy worthies by the sword
 Of war devoured !
 O Jonathan ! the better part
 Of my torn heart !
 The savage rocks have drunk thy blood :
 My brother ! O how kind ! how good !

Thy love was great ; O never more
 To man, man bore !
 No woman when most passionate,
 Loved at that rate !
 How are the mighty fallen in fight !
 They, and their glory, set in night !

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, elder brother of Francis Beaumont, the dramatist, was the son of Francis Beaumont, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas in the time of Queen Elizabeth ; he was born in 1584, and was educated at Oxford. Besides an historical poem styled "Bosworth Field," he was the author of "The Crown of Thorns," and other poems on sacred subjects, which, though little known, possess great merit. He was created a baronet in 1626, and died in 1628.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE WORLD, A PILGRIM, AND VIRTUE.

PILGRIM.

WHAT darkness clouds my senses ? Hath the day
 Forgot his season, and the sun his way ?

Doth God withdraw his all-sustaining might,
And works no more with his fair creature—light,
While heaven and earth for such, alas! complain,
And turn to rude unformed heaps again?
My paces with entangling briers are bound,
And all this forest in deep silence drowned;
Here must my labor and my journey cease,
By which, in vain, I sought for rest and peace;
But now perceive that man's unquiet mind
In all his ways can only darkness find.
Here must I starve and die, unless some light
Point out the passage from this dismal night.

WORLD.

Distressed Pilgrim, let not causeless fear
Depress thy hopes, for thou hast comfort near,
Which thy dull heart with splendor shall inspire,
And guide thee to thy period of desire.
Clear up thy brows, and raise thy fainting eyes;
See how my glittering palace open lies
For weary passengers, whose desperate case
I pity, and provide a resting-place.

PILGRIM.

Oh thou! whose speeches sound, whose beauties shine,
Not like a creature, but some power divine,
Teach me thy style, thy worth and state declare,
Whose glories in this desert hidden are.

WORLD.

I am thine end; Felicity my name;
The best of wishes, pleasures, riches, fame,
Are humble vassals, which my throne attend,
And make you mortals happy when I send:
In my left hand delicious fruits I hold,
To feed them who with mirth and ease grow old;
Afraid to lose the fleeting days and nights,
They seize on time, and spend it in delights.

My right hand with triumphant crowns is stored,
Which all the kings of former times adored :
These gifts are thine : then enter where no strife,
No grief, no pain, shall interrupt thy life.

VIRTUE.

Stay, hasty wretch, here deadly serpents swell,
And thy next step is on the brink of hell :
Wouldst thou, poor weary man, thy limbs repose ?
Behold my house, where true contentment grows ;
Not like the baits which this seducer gives,
Whose bliss a day, whose torment ever lives.

WORLD.

Regard not these vain speeches, let them go :
This is a poor worm, my contemned foe,
Bold, threadbare Virtue, who dare promise more
From empty bags, than I from all my store ;
Whose counsels make men draw unquiet breath,
Expecting to be happy after death.

VIRTUE.

Canst thou now make, or hast thou ever made,
Thy servants happy in those things that fade ?
Hear this my challenge : One example bring
Of such perfection ; let him be the king
Of all the world, fearing no outward check,
And finding others by his voice or beck ;
Yet shall this man at every moment find
More gall than honey in his restless mind.
No, monster, since my words have struck thee dumb,
Behold this garland, whence such virtues come,
Such glories shine, such piercing beams are thrown
As make thee blind, and turn thee to a stone.
And thou, whose wandering feet were running down
The infernal steepness, look upon this crown :

Within these folds lie hidden no deceits,
 No golden lures on which perdition waits ;
 But when thine eyes the prickly thorns have past,
 See in the circle boundless joys at last.

PILGRIM.

These things are now most clear, thee I embrace :
 Immortal wreath, let worldlings count thee base ;
 Choice is thy matter, glorious is thy shape,
 Fit crown for them who tempting dangers 'scape.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

PHINEAS FLETCHER, a brother of Giles Fletcher, was born in 1584. He was elected from Eton to King's College, and Sir Henry Wiltoughby gave him the living of Hilgay, in Norfolk, which he held twenty-nine years ; when it is supposed he died, 1650. The principal poem of this author is "The Purple Island," in twelve cantos, containing an allegorical description both of the body and soul of man. It has been truly said, that no degree of skill in the poet could render this subject agreeable, as a whole, to the modern reader. It abounds, however, with picturesque passages, and touches of natural and pleasing sentiment.

INVOCATION.

FROM CANTO XI. OF THE PURPLE ISLAND.

THE early morn lets out the peeping day,
 And strewed his paths with golden marigolds :
 The moon grows wan, and stars fly all away,
 Whom Lucifer locks up in wonted folds,
 Till light is quenched and heaven in seas hath flung
 The headlong day :—to the hill the shepherds throng,
 And Thirsil now began to end his task and song.

Who now, alas ! shall teach my humble vein,
That never yet durst peep from covert glade ;
But softly learnt for fear to sigh and plain,
And vent her griefs to silent myrtle's shade ?
Who now shall teach to change my oaten quill
For trumpet 'larms, or humble verses fill
With graceful majesty and lofty rising skill ?

Ah, thou dread Spirit ! shed thy holy fire,
Thy holy flame into my frozen heart ;
Teach thou my creeping measures to aspire
And swell in bigger notes, and higher art ;
Teach my low muse thy fierce alarms to ring,
And raise my soft strain to high thundering :
Tune thou my lofty song ; thy battles must I sing.

Such as thou wert within the sacred breast
Of that thrice famous poet shepherd-king ;
And taught'st his heart to frame his cantos best,
Of all that e'er thy glorious works did sing ;
Or as those holy fishers once amongs,
Thou flamedst bright with sparkling parted tongues,
And brought'st down heaven to earth in those all-
conquering songs.

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE FALLEN EMPIRES OF THE WORLD.

FOND man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found !
For all our good we hold from heaven by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound ;
Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due :
Though now but writ, and sealed, and given anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why shouldst thou here look for perpetual good,
At every loss 'gainst heaven's face repining ?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops and silver turrets shining ;

There now the hart, fearless of greyhound, feeds,
And loving pelican in safety breeds :
There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty stedes.¹

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasped in lordly paw ?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with rav'nous jaw ?
Or he who 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions fared,
And to his greedy whelps his conquered kingdoms shared ?

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of those great monarchies we find :
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind :
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous beast, which nursed in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray ;
That filled with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trod down all the rest to dust and clay ;
His battering horns, pulled out by civil hinds,
And iron teeth lie scattered on the sands ;
Backed, bridled by a monk, with seven heads yoked stands.

And that black vulture, which with dreadful wing
O'ershadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frightened the muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight :
Who then shall look for happiness beneath ?
Where each new day proclaims, chance, change, and
death,
And life itself's as fleet as is the air we breathe.

¹ Places.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHURCH.

With that a thundering noise seemed shake the sky,
As when with iron wheels through stony plain
A thousand chariots to the battle fly ;
Or when with boisterous rage the swelling main,
Puffed up by mighty winds, does hoarsely roar,
And breaking with his waves the trembling shore,
His sandy girdle scorns, and breaks earth's rampart door.

And straight an angel, full of heavenly might,
(Three several crowns circled his royal head,)
From northern coast heaving his blazing light,
Through all the earth his glorious beams dispread,
And open lays the beast and Dragon's shame ;
For to this end the Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from supplanting gave his ominous name.

A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guilty earth with thundering knell ;
And oft proclaimed, as round the world he flew,
" Babel, great Babel, lies as low as hell.
Let every angel loud his trumpet sound,
Her heaven-exalted towers in dust are drowned ;
Babel, proud Babel's fallen, and lies as low as ground !"

The broken heavens dispart with fearful noise,
And from the breach outshoots a sudden light ;
Straight shrilling trumpets, with loud-sounding voice,
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight :
Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling blast,
And soon perceived that day must be his last,
Which struck his frightened heart and all his troops aghast.

Yet full of malice and of stubborn pride,
Though oft had strove, and had been foiled as oft,
Boldly his death and certain fate defied ;
And, mounted on his flaggy sails aloft,

With boundless spite he longed to try again
A second loss, and new death ;—glad and fain
To show his poisonous hate, though ever showed in vain.

So up he arose upon his stretched sails,
Fearless expecting his approaching death ;
So up he arose, that the air starts and fails,
And overpressed, sinks his load beneath ;
So up he arose, as doth a thunder-cloud,
Which all the earth with shadows black doth shroud ;
So up he arose, and through the weary air he rowed.

Now his Almighty foe far off he spies,
Whose sun-like arms dazzled the eclipsed day,
Confounding with their beams less glittering skies,
Firing the air with more than heavenly ray,
Like thousand suns in one :—such is their light,
A subject only for immortal sprite,
Which never can be seen but by immortal sight.

His threatening eyes shine like that dreadful flame
With which the Thunderer arms his angry hand :
Himself had fairly wrote his wondrous name,
Which neither earth nor heaven could understand :
A hundred crowns, like towers, be set around
His conquering head ; well may they there abound,
When all his limbs and troops with gold are richly crowned.

His armor all was dyed in purple blood,
(In purple blood of thousand rebel kings,)
In vain their stubborn powers his aim withstood ;
Their proud necks chained he now in triumph brings,
And breaks their spears and cracks their traitor-swords ;
Upon whose arms and thigh in golden words
Was fairly writ, “ The King of kings, and Lord of lords.”

His snow-white steed was born of heavenly kind,
Begot by Boreas on the Thracian hills,

More strong and speedy than his parent wind,
And (which his foes with fear and horror fills)
Out from his mouth a two-edged sword he darts,
Whose sharpest steel the bone and marrow parts,
And with his keenest point unbreast the naked hearts.

The Dragon, wounded with his flaming brand,
They take, and in strong bonds and fetters tie :
Short was the fight, nor could he long withstand
Him whose appearance is his victory.
So now he's bound in adamantine chain :
He storms, he roars, he yells for high disdain ;
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler's ta'en.

Soon at this sight the knights revive again,
As fresh as when the flowers from winter's tomb,
When now the sun brings back his nearest train,
Peep out again from their fresh mother's womb :
The primrose, lighted new, her flame displays,
And frights the neighbor hedge with fiery rays !
And all the world renew their mirth and sportive plays.

The prince, who saw his long imprisonment
Now end in never-ending liberty,
To meet the victor from his castle went,
And falling down, clasping his royal knee,
Pours out deserved thanks in grateful praise :
But him the heavenly Saviour soon doth raise,
And bids him spend in joy his never-ending days.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

DRUMMOND of Hawthornden, the first Scottish poet who wrote well in English, was born in 1585. He was bred at Edinburgh, and studied the civil law at Bourges ; but on the death of his father he forsook that pursuit, and retired to his patrimony, there to enjoy a literary life. During the civil wars he was compelled by the ruling party to furnish his quota of men, to fight against the king, whom he loved ; and when the monarch was put to death by the conquering faction, the spirit of Drummond was so broken, that it brought him to the grave. This happened in 1649. As a poet, Drummond has much sweetness and classic elegance, but little fancy or vigor. His sonnets are, perhaps, the best of his performances. These have been pronounced by the best critics as some of the most finished specimens of this kind of composition.

AN HYMN OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

AMIDST the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams—
Jordan, of Lebanon the offspring dear—
When zephyrs flowers uncloze,
And sun shine with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a nymph arose.

Upon her head she wore
Of amaranths a crown ;
Her left hand palms, her right a torch did bear ;
Unveiled skin's whiteness lay,
Gold hairs in curls hung down,
Eyes sparkled joy, more bright than star of day.

The flood a throne her reared
Of waves, most like that heaven
Where beaming stars in glory turn unsphered ;

The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given,
Birds left to sing, herds feed, her voice to hear.

“ World-wandering, sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within these varying lists of days and nights,
Whose life ere known amiss,
In glittering griefs is spent,
Come learn,” said she, “ what is your choicest bliss :

“ From toil and pressing cares
How ye may respite find ;
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares,
A port, to harbor sure,
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall, when time’s swift glass is run, endure.

“ Not happy is that life,
Which you as happy hold ;
No, but a sea of fears, a field of strife,
Charged on a throne to sit
With diadems of gold,
Preserved by force, and still observed by wit.

“ Huge treasures to enjoy,
Of all her gems spoil Inde,
And Sere’s silk in garments t’ employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The Phoenix’ plume to find,
To rest upon or deck your purple bed.

“ Frail beauty to abuse,
And wanton Sybarites,
On past or present touch of sense to muse,
Never to hear of noise,
But what the ear delights,
Sweet music’s charms, or charming flatterer’s voice.

“ Nor can it bliss you bring,
Hid nature’s depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth spring ;
Nor that your fame should range,
And after worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.

“ All these have not the power
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,
When death in stealth doth glance,
In sickness lurks, or years,
And wakes the soul from out her mortal trance.

“ No ; but blest life is this,—
With chaste and pure desire,
To turn unto the load-star of all bliss ;
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up by sacred fire,
Possessing Him, to be by Him possessed :

“ When to the balmy east,
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west,
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hand and heart,
Him cheerfully to praise, and to Him pray.

“ Take heed each action to,
As ever in his sight ;
More fearing doing ill, or passive wo ;
Not to seem other thing,
Than what ye are aright ;
Never to do what may repentance bring.

“ Not to be blown with pride,
Nor moved at glory’s breath,
Which shadow-like on wings of time doth glide ,

So malice to disarm,
 And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work you harm.

“ To hatch no base desires,
 Or gold, or land to gain,
Well pleased with that which virtue fair acquires ;
To have the wit and will,
 Consorting in one strain,
Than what is good, to have no higher skill.

“ Never on neighbor's goods,
 With cockatrice's eye,
To look, nor make another's heaven your hell ;
Nor to be beauty's thrall,
 All fruitless love to fly,
Yet loving still, a love transcendent all.

“ A love, which while it burns
 The soul with fairest beams,
To that increated sun, the soul, it turns,
And makes such beauty prove,
 That, if sense saw her gleams,
All lookers on would pine and die for love.

“ Who such a life doth live,
 You happy e'en may call,
Ere ruthless death a wished end may give,
And after then when given,
 More happy by his fall,
For human's earth, enjoying angel's heaven.

“ Swift is your mortal race,
 And glassy is the field ;
Vast are desires not limited by grace :
Life a weak taper is ;
 Then while it light doth yield,
Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss.”

This when the nymph had said,
She dived within the flood,
Whose face with smiling curls long after staid ;
Then sighs did zephyrs press,
Birds sang from every wood,
And echoes rang, This was true happiness.

NO TRUST IN TIME.

Look how the flower, which lingeringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head :
Just so, the pleasures of my life, being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what's yet left of life's wasting day :
The sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

RETIREMENT.

THRICE happy he, who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
Oh ! how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve !
Oh ! how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,

Than that applause vain honor doth bequeath !
How sweet are streams, to poison drank in gold !
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights ;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are ;
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers,
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare.
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven ?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres ; yes, and to angels' lays.

APPLES OF SODOM.

As are those apples, pleasant to the eye,
But full of smoke within, which used to grow
Near that strange lake, where God poured from the sky
Huge showers of flame, worse flame to overthrow :
Such are their works, that with a glaring show
Of humble holiness, in virtue's dye
Would color mischief, while within they glow
With coals of sin, though none the smoke descry.
Bad is that angel that erst fell from heaven,
But not so bad as he, nor in worse case,
Who hides a traitorous mind with smiling face,
And with a dove's white feathers clothes a raven :
Each sin some color has it to adorn ;
Hypocrisy, Almighty God doth scorn.

MADRIGAL.

THIS life, which seems so far,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.
And though it sometimes seems of its own might,
Like to an eye of gold to be fixed there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear ;
For, when 'tis most admired in a thought,
Because it erst was naught, it turns to naught.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

If in the east, when you do there behold
Forth from his crystal bed the sun to rise,
With rosy robes, and crowns of flaming gold ;
If, gazing on that empress of the skies,
That takes so many forms, and those fair brands
Which blaze in heaven's high vault, night's watchful
eyes ;
If, seeing how the sea's tumultuous bands
Of bellowing billows have their course confined,
How unsustained the earth still steadfast stands ;
Poor mortal wights, you e'er formed in your mind
A thought that some great king did sit above,
Who had such laws and rites to them assigned :
A king who fixed the poles, made spheres to move,
All wisdom, pureness, excellency, might,
All goodness, greatness, justice, beauty, love ;
With fear and wonder hither turn your sight,
See, see, alas ! Him now, not in that state
Thought could forecast Him into reason's light.

Now eyes with tears, now hearts with grief make great,
Bemoan this cruel death and ruthless case,
If ever plaints just wo could aggravate :
From sin and hell to save us human race,
See this great King nailed to an abject tree,
An object of reproach and sad disgrace,
O unheard pity ! love in strange degree !
He his own life doth give, his blood doth shed,
For wormlings base, such worthiness to see.
Poor wights ! behold his visage, pale as lead,
His head bowed to his breast, locks sadly rent,
Like a cropped rose that languishing doth fade.
Weak nature, weep ! astonished world, lament !
Lament, you winds ! yon heaven, that all contains,
And thou, my soul, let naught thy griefs relent !
Those hands, those sacred hands, which held the reins
Of this great all, and kept from mutual wars
The elements, bare rent for thee their veins :
Those feet which once must tread on golden stars,
For thee with nails would be pierced through and torn ;
For thee heaven's king from heaven's self debars :
This great heart-quaking dolor wail and mourn,
Ye that long since Him saw by might of faith,
Ye now that are, and ye yet to be born.
Not to behold his great Creator's death,
The sun from sinful eyes hath veiled his light,
And faintly journeys up heaven's sapphire path ;
And cutting from her brows her tresses bright,
The moon doth keep her Lord's sad obsequies,
Impearling with her tears her robe of night ;
All staggering and lazy lour the skies ;
The earth and elemental stages quake ;
The long-since dead from bursted graves arise.
And can things wanting sense yet sorrow take,
And bear a part with Him who all them wrought,
And man (though born with cries) shall pity lack ?
Think what had been your state, had he not brought
To these sharp pangs Himself, and prized so high

Your souls, that with his life them life He bought !
What woes do you attend, if still ye lie
Plunged in your wonted follies, wretched brood !
Shall for your sake again God ever die ?
Oh ! leave deluding shows, embrace true good ;
He on you calls, forego sin's shameful trade ;
With prayers now seek ye heaven, and not with blood,
Let not the lambs more from their dams be had,
Nor altars blush for sin ; live every thing !
That long-time longed-for sacrifice is made.
All that is from you craved by this great King,
Is to believe : a pure heart incense is.
What gift, alas ! can we Him meaner bring ?
Haste, sin-sick souls ! this season do not miss,
Now while remorseless time doth grant you space,
And God invites you to your only bliss :
He who you calls, will not deny you grace,
But low deep bury faults, so ye repent ;
His arms, lo ! stretched are, you to embrace.
When days are done, and life's small spark is spent,
So you accept what freely here is given,
Like brood of angels deathless, all content,
Ye shall forever live with Him in heaven.

THE ASCENSION.

BRIGHT portals of the sky,
Embossed with sparkling stars ;
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold :
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold,
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.
Scarfed in a rosy cloud,
He doth ascend the air,
Straight doth the moon Him shroud
With her resplendent hair ;

The next encrystalled light
Submits to Him its beams,
And He doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.

He towers those golden bounds
He did to sun bequeath ;
The higher wandering rounds
Are found his feet beneath :
The milky-way comes near,
Heaven's axle seems to bend
Above each turning sphere,
That robed in glory, heaven's King may ascend.

O Well-spring of this All !
Thy Father's image vive,
Word, that from naught did call
What is, doth reason live !
The soul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of heaven,
All truth, love, beauty, good,
To Thee, to Thee, be praises ever given.

What was dismarshalled late,
To this thy noble frame,
And last the prime estate
Hath reobtained the same,
Is now more perfect seen ;
Streams which divarted were
(And troubled, stayed unclean)
From their first source by Thee home-turned are.

By Thee that blemish old
Of Eden's leprous prince,
Which on his race took hold,
And him exile from thence,
Now put away is far ;
With sword in ireful guise,
No cherub more shall bar
Poor man the entrance into paradise.

Now each ethereal gate,
To Him hath opened been ;
And glory's King in state
His palace enters in :
Now come is this High priest
To the most holy place,
Not without blood addressed,
With glory heaven, the earth to crown with grace.

Stars which all eyes were late,
And did with wonder burn
His name to celebrate,
In flaming tongues their turn ;
Their orby crystals move
More active than before,
And entheate¹ from above,
Their sovereign Prince laud, glorify, adore.

The choirs of happy souls
Waked with that music sweet,
Whose descant care controls,
Their Lord in triumph meet :
The spotless spirits of light,
His trophies do extol,
And arched in squadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his capitol.

O glory of the heaven !
O sole delight of earth !
To Thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth ;
Of mankind lover true,
Endurer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be Thou our salvation and our song.

From top of Olivet, such notes did rise,
When man's Redeemer did ascend the skies.

¹ Divinely inspired.

GILES FLETCHER,

NEPHEW of Richard Fletcher, bishop of London ; son of Giles Fletcher, LL.D., and brother of Phineas Fletcher, a poet of kindred genius, was born in London about the year 1586, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where his poem of "Christ's Victorie and Triumph" appeared in 1610. Little more is known of him, except that he was settled in the rectory of Alderton, in Suffolk, where, we are told by Fuller, in his quaint manner, his "clownish and low-parted parishioners (having nothing but their shoes high about them) valued not their pastor according to his worth, which disposed him to melancholy and hastened his dissolution." He died about the year 1623.

THE INTERPOSITION OF JUSTICE.

BUT Justice had no sooner Mercy seen
 Smoothing the wrinkles of her Father's brow,
 But up she starts, and throws herself between ;
 As when a vapor from a moory slough
 Meeting with fresh Eöus, that but now
 Opened the world which all in darkness lay,
 Doth heaven's bright face of his rays disarray,
 And sads the smiling orient of the springing day.

She was a virgin of austere regard,
 Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind,
 But as the eagle, that hath oft compared
 Her eye with heaven's, so, and more brightly shined
 Her laming sight ; for she the same could wind
 Into the solid heart, and with her ears
 The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
 And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

No riot of affection revel kept
 Within her breast, but a still apathy
 Possessed all her soul, which softly slept,

Securely, without tempest ; no sad cry
Awakes her pity, but wronged P'overty
 Sending her eyes to heaven swimming in tears,
 And hideous clamors ever struck her ears,
Wetting the blazing sword that in her hand she bears.

The winged lightning is her Mercury,
And round about her mighty thunders sound ;
Impatient of himself lies pining by
Pale sickness, with his kerchered head up wound,
And thousand noisome plagues attend her round ;
 But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
 The flints do melt, the rocks to water roll,
And airy mountains shake, and frightened shadows howl.

Famine, and bloodless Care, and bloody War,
Want, and the want of knowledge how to use
Abundance, Age, and Fear that runs afar
Before his fellow Grief, that aye pursues
His winged steps ; for who would not refuse
 Grief's company, a dull and raw-boned spright,
 That lanks the cheeks and pales the freshest sight,
Unbosoming the cheerful breast of all delight.

Before this cursed throng goes Ignorance,
That needs will lead the way it cannot see ;
And, after all, Death doth his flag advance,
And, in the midst, Strife still would roguing be,
Whose ragged flesh and clothes did well agree ;
 And round about amazed Horror flies,
 And over all, Shame veils his guilty eyes,
And underneath Hell's hungry throat still yawning lies.

THE SHAME OF NOT LOVING GOD.

WERE he not wilder than the savage beast,
Prouder than haughty hills, harder than rocks,
Colder than fountains from their springs released,

Lighter than air, blinder than senseless stocks,
 More changing than the river's curling locks ;
 If reason would not, sense would soon reprove him,
 And unto shame, if not to sorrow, move him,
 To see cold floods, wild beasts, dull stocks, hard stones,
 outlove him.

" TO WHOM ELSE CAN WE FLY ?"

SHOULD any to himself for safety fly ?
 The way to save himself, if anywhere,
 Were to fly from himself ; should he rely
 Upon the promise of his wife ? but there
 What can he see but that he most may fear,
 A syren sweet to death ? upon his friends ?
 Who, that he needs, or that he hath not, lends ?
 Or wanting aid himself, aid to another sends ?

His strength ? but dust : his pleasure ? cause of pain :
 His hope ? false courtier : youth or beauty ? brittle :
 Entreaty ? fond : repentance ? late and vain :
 Just recompense ? the world were all too little :
 Thy love ? he hath no title to a tittle :
 Hell's force ? in vain her furies hell shall gather :
 His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather ?
 His child, if good, shall judge ; if bad, shall curse his father .

His life ? that brings him to his end and leaves him :
 His end ? that leaves him to begin his wo :
 His goods ? what good in that, that so deceives him ?
 His gods of wood ? their feet, alas ! are slow
 To go to help, that must be helped to go :
 Honor ? great worth ? ah ! little worth they be
 Unto their owners : wit ? that makes him see
 He wanted wit, that thought he had it wanting Thee.

The sea to drink him quick ? that casts his dead :
 Angels to spare ? they punish : night to hide ?
 The world shall burn in light : the heavens to spread
 Their wings to save him ? heaven itself shall slide
 And roll away, like melting stars that glide
 Along their oily threads : his mind pursues him :
 His house to shroud, or hills to fall and bruise him ?
 As sergeants both attach and witnesses accuse him.

M E R C Y .

As when the cheerful sun enlamping¹ wide,
 Glads all the world with his uprising ray,
 And woos the widowed earth afresh to pride,
 And paints her bosom with the flowery May,
 His silent sister² steals him quite away ;
 Wrapped in a sable cloud from mortal eyes,
 The hasty stars at noon begin to rise ;
 And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies.

But soon as he again disshadowed is,
 Restoring the blind world his blemished sight,
 As though another day were newly his,
 The cozened birds busily take their flight,
 And wonder at the shortness of the night :
 So Mercy once again herself displays
 Out from her sister's cloud, and open lays
 Those sunshine looks, whose beams would dim a thousand
 days.

T H E S P E E C H O F M E R C Y .

SUCH when as Mercy her beheld from high,
 In a dark valley, drowned with her own tears,

¹ Spreading his rays like a lamp.² The Moon.

One of her Graces she sent hastily,
Smiling Irene,¹ that a garland wears
Of gilded olive on her fairer hairs,
To crown the fainting soul's true sacrifice ;
Whom when as sad Repentance coming spies,
The holy desperado wiped her swollen eyes.

But Mercy felt a kind remorse to run
Through her soft veins, and therefore hying fast
To give an end to silence, thus begun :—
“ Ay, honored Father, if no joy thou hast
But to reward desert, reward at last
The devil's voice spoke with a serpent's tongue,
Fit to hiss out the words so deadly stung,
And let him die, death's bitter charms so sweetly sung.

He was the father of that hopeless season,
That to serve other gods forgot their own :
The reason was, Thou wast above their reason :
They would have any gods rather than none,
A beastly serpent or a senseless stone ;
And these as Justice hates, so I deplore ;
But the up-ploughed heart, all rent and tore,
Though wounded by itself, I gladly would restore.

He was but dust : why feared he not to fall ?
And being fallen, why should he fear to die ?
Cannot the hand that made him first restore him ?
Depraved of sin, should he deprived lie
Of grace ? Can He not hide infirmity
That gave him strength ? Unworthy the forsaking
He is, who ever weighs without mistaking,
Or Maker of the man, or manner of his making.

Who shall thy temple incense any more,
Or at thy altar crown the sacrifice,

¹ Peace.

Or strew with idle flowers the hallowed floor,
Or what should prayer deck with herbs and spice,
Her vials breathing orisons of price ?
If all must pay that which all cannot pay,
Oh ! first begin with me, and Mercy slay,
And thy thrice-honored Son that now beneath doth stray !

But if or He or I may live and speak,—
And heaven can joy to see a sinner weep,—
Oh ! let not Justice' iron sceptre break
A heart already broke, that low doth creep,
And with proud humblesse her feet's dust doth sweep.
Must all go by desert ? is nothing free ?
Ah ! if but those who only worthy be,
None should Thee ever see, none should Thee ever see.

What man hath done that man shall not undo,
Since God to him is grown so near akin ?
Did his foes slay him ? He shall slay his foe :
Hath he lost all ? He all again shall win :
Is sin his master ? He shall master sin.
Too hardy soul, with sin the field to try :
The only way to conquer was to fly ;
But thus long death hath lived, and now death's self
shall die.

He is a path, if any be misled ;
He is a robe, if any naked be ;
If any chance to hunger, He is bread ;
If any be a bondman, He is free ;
If any be but weak, how strong is He !
To dead men life He is, to sick men health ;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth ;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

Who can forget—never to be forgot—
The time that all the world in slumber lies,

When like the stars the singing angels shot
To earth, and heaven awaked all his eyes
To see another sun at midnight rise
On earth? was never sight of pareil fame,
For God before man like Himself did frame,
But God Himself now like a mortal man became.

A child He was, and had not learned to speak,
That with his word the world before did make;
His mother's arms Him bore, He was so weak,
That with one hand the vaults of heaven could shake.
See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold!
Who of his years or of his age hath told?
Never such age so young, never a child so old.

And yet but newly He was infanted,
And yet already He was sought to die;
Yet scarcely born, already banished;
Not able yet to go, and forced to fly;
But scarcely fled away, when, by and by,
The tyrant's sword with blood is all defiled,
And Rachel, for her sons, with fury wild,
Cries, O thou cruel king! and, O my sweetest child!

Egypt his nurse became, where Nilus springs,
Who straight to entertain the rising sun,
The hasty harvest in his bosom brings;
But now for drought the fields were all undone,
And now with waters all is overrun:
So fast thy Cynthian mountains poured their snow,
When once they felt the sun so near them glow,
That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did grow.

The angels carolled loud their song of peace;
The cursed oracles were stricken dumb;
To see their Shepherd the poor shepherds press;
To see their King the kingly sophics come;
And then, to guide unto his master's home,

A star comes dancing up the orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent ;
When gold to make their prince a crown they all present.

Young John, glad child, before he could be born,
Leaped in the womb, his joy to prophesy ;
Old Anna, though with age all spent and worn,
Proclaims her Saviour to posterity ;
And Simeon fast his dying notes doth ply.
Oh, how the blessed souls about him trace !
It is the sire of heaven thou dost embrace :
Sing, Simeon, sing—sing, Simeon, sing apace."

With that the mighty thunder dropt away
From God's unwary arm, now milder grown,
And melted into tears ; as if to pray
For pardon and for pity, it had known
That should have been for sacred vengeance thrown ;
There, too, the armies angelic devowed
Their former rage, and all to Mercy bowed ;
Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly stowed.

Bring, bring, ye Graces, all your silver flaskets,
Painted with every choicest flower that grows,
That I may soon unflower your fragrant baskets,
To strow the fields with odors where He goes ;
Let whatsoe'er He treads on be a rose.
So down she lets her eyelids fall to shine
Upon the rivers of bright Palestine,
Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers skip with wine.

CHRIST AND THE TEMPTER UPON ASTRÆA.

HERE did Presumption her pavilion spread
Over the temple, the bright stars among ;
(Ah ! that her foot should trample on the head
Of that most reverend place !) and a lewd throng
Of wanton boys sung her a pleasant song,
Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace ;
And every one her dearly did embrace,
And she herself enamored were of her own face.

A painted face belied with vermeil store,
Which light Euëlpis every day did trim,
That in one hand a gilded anchor wore,
Not fixed on the rock, but on the brim
Of the wide air she let it loosely swim :
Her other hand a sprinkle carried,
And ever, when her lady wavered,
Court holy-water all upon her sprinkled.

Poor fool ! she thought herself in wondrous price
With God, as if in Paradise she were ;
But were she not in a fool's Paradise,
She might have seen more reason to despair :
But him she like some ghastly fiend did fear ;
And therefore as that wretch hewed out his cell
Under the bowels in the heart of hell,
So she above the moon amid the stars would dwell.

Her tent with sunny clouds was ceiled aloft,
And so exceeding shone with a false light,
That heaven itself to her it seemed oft,
Heaven without clouds to her deluded sight :
But clouds withouten heaven it was aright ;
And as her house was built, so did her brain
Build castles in the air, with idle pain,
But heart she never had in all her body vain.

Like as a ship in which no balance lies,
Without a pilot on the sleeping waves,
Fairly along with wind and water flies,
And painted masts with silken sails embraves,
That Neptune's self the bragging vessel saves,
To laugh awhile at her so proud array ;
Her waving streamers loosely she lets play,
And flagging colors shine as bright as smiling day.

But all so soon as heaven his brows doth bend,
She veils her banners, and pulls in her beams ;
The empty bark the raging billows send
Up to the Olympic waves, and Argus seems
Again to ride upon our lower streams :
Right so Presumption did herself behave,
Tossed about with every stormy wave,
And in white lawn she went most like an angel brave.

CHRIST AND THE TEMPTER UPON THE MOUNTAIN.

ALL suddenly the hill his snow devours,
In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew ;
As if the snow had melted into flowers,
Which their sweet breath in subtle vapors threw,
That all about perfumed spirits flew ;
For whatsoe'er might aggravate¹ the sense,
In all the world, or please the appetite,
Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

Not lovely Ida might with this compare,
Though many streams his banks besilvered,
Though Xanthus with his golden sands he bore ;
Nor Hybla, though his thyme depastured,
As fast again with honey blossomed ;

¹ Used in the sense of "heighten," or "give pleasure to."

Nor Rhodope, nor Tempe's flowery plain ;
Adonis' garden was to this but vain,
Though Plato on his beds a flood of praise doth rain.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumbered in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut ;
The azure fields of heaven were sembled right
In a large round, set with the flowers of light ;
The flowers-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling stars that sparkle in the evening blue.

AMBITION AND VAIN GLORY.

THEREFORE above the rest Ambition sate ;
His court with glittering pearl was all inwalled ;
And round about the wall, in chairs of state,
And most majestic splendor, were installed
A hundred kings, whose temples were impalled
In golden diadems, set here and there
With diamonds, and gemmed everywhere ;
And of their golden verges none desceptred were.

High over all Vain Glory's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of heaven shone ;
Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
Self-arching columns to uphold were taught ;
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystal, that, most like her glass,
In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And for a crown of gold, her hair she wore,
Only a garland of rosebuds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before

The fall of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depicted,
Whose colors, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

Such watery orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their soapy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row,
With easy breath, till it be waved higher ;
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.

THE REMORSE OF JUDAS.

For him a waking bloodhound, yelling loud,
That in his bosom long had sleeping laid,
A guilty Conscience, barking after blood,
Pursued eagerly, nor ever stayed,
Till the betrayer's self it had betrayed.
Oft changed the place, in hope away to wind ;
But change of place could never change his mind :
Himself he flies to lose, and follows for to find.

With that a flaming brand a Fury caught,
And shook, and tossed it round in his wild thought,
So from his heart all joy, all comfort snatched,
With every star of hope ; and as he sought
(With present fear, and future grief distraught)
To fly from his own heart, and aid implore
Of him, the more he gives, that hath the more,
Whose storehouse is the heavens, too little for his store :

And when wild Pentheus, grown mad with fear,
Whole troops of hellish hags about him spies ;
Two bloody suns stalking the dusky sphere,
And twofold Thebes runs rolling in his eyes ;
Or through the scene staring Orestes flies,

With eyes flung back upon his mother's ghost,
That with infernal serpents all embossed,
And torches quenched in blood, doth her stern son accost.

Such horrid gorgons, and misformed forms
Of damned fiends, flew dancing in his heart,
That, now, unable to endure their storms,
"Fly, fly, (he cries) thyself, whate'er thou art,
Hell, hell, already burns in every part."
So down into his Torturer's arms he fell—

Yet oft he snatched, and started as he hung :—
So when the senses half enslumbered lie,
The headlong body, ready to be flung
By the deluding fancy from some high
And craggy rock, recovers greedily,
And clasps the yielding pillow, half asleep,
And, as from heaven it tumbled to the deep,
Feels a cold sweat through every member creep.

REDEMPTION.

WHEN I remember Christ our burden bears,
I look for glory, but find misery ;
I look for joy, but find a sea of tears ;
I look that we should live, and find Him die ;
I look for angels' songs, and hear Him cry :
Thus what I look, I cannot find so well ;
Or, rather, what I find I cannot tell ;
These banks so narrow are, these streams so highly swell.

Christ suffers, and in this his tears begin ;
Suffers for us—and our joys spring in this ;
Suffers to death—here is his manhood seen ;
Suffers to rise—and here his Godhead is ;
For man, that could not by himself have ris',

Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise ;
And lived, that could not die, in manhood dies,
That we in both might live by that sweet sacrifice.

A tree was first the instrument of strife,
Where Eve to sin her soul did prostitute ;
A tree is now the instrument of life,
Though ill that trunk and this fair body suit :
Ah ! fatal tree, and yet O blessed fruit !
That death to Him, this life to us doth give ;
Strange is the cure, when things past cure revive,
And the Physician dies to make his patient live.

Sweet Eden was the arbor of delight,
Yet in his honey flowers our poison blew ;
Sad Gethsemane, the bower of baleful night,
Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,
Yet all our honey in that poison grew :
So we from sweetest flowers could suck our bane,
And Christ from bitter venom could again
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of pain.

A man was first the author of our fall,
A Man is now the author of our rise :
A garden was the place we perished all,
A garden is the place He pays our price :
And the old serpent, with a new device,
Hath found a way himself for to beguile ;
So he, that all men tangled in his wile,
Is now by one Man caught, beguiled with his own guile.

The dewy night had with her frosty shade
Immantled all the world, and the stiff ground
Sparkled in ice ; only the Lord that made
All for Himself, Himself dissolved found,
Sweat without heat, and bled without a wound ;
Of heaven and earth, and God and man forlore,
Thrice begging help of those whose sins he bore,
And thrice denied of one, not to deny had swore.

THE JOYS OF THE REDEEMED.

HERE may the band that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,
Pitch round about, in order glorious,
Their sunny tents and houses luminous ;
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

Full, yet without satiety of that
Which whets and quiets greedy appetite,
Where never sun did rise, nor ever sat,
But one eternal day and endless night
Gives time to those whose time is infinite—
Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
Beholding Him whom never eye could see,
And magnifying Him that cannot greater be.

How can such joy as this want words to speak ?
And yet what words can speak such joy as this ?
Far from the world that might their quiet break,
Here the glad souls the face of beauty kiss,
Poured out in pleasure on their beds of bliss ;
And, drunk with nectar torrents, ever hold
Their eyes on Him, whose graces manifold,
The more they *do* behold, the more they *would* behold.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,
Their brain sweet incense with fine breath accloys,
That on God's sweating altar burning lies ;
Their hungry ears feed on their heavenly noise
That angels sing to tell their untold joys ;
Their understanding, naked truth, their wills,
The all and self-sufficient goodness fills,
That nothing here is wanting but the want of ills.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow ;
No bloodless malady empales their face ;
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow ;
No nakedness their bodies doth embase ;
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace ;
No fear of death the joy of life devours ;
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers ;
No loss, no grief, no change wait on their winged hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks and laughs at pain ;
The infant wonders how he came so old,
The old man how he came so young again ;
Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain ;
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe ;
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know ;
All full, and yet no time they do on food bestow.

For things that pass are past, and in this field
The indeficient spring no winter fears ;
The trees together fruit and blossoms yield,
The unfading lily leaves of silver bears,
And crimson rose a scarlet garment wears ;
And all of these on the saints' bodies grow,
Not, as they wont, on baser earth below :
Three rivers here, of milk, and wine, and honey flow.

About the holy city rolls a flood
Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass,
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood :
Of living diamonds the building was,
That all things else, besides itself, did pass.
Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,
And little pearls for dust it seemed to have,
On which soft streaming manna like pure snow did wave.

In midst of this city celestial,
Where the eternal temple should have rose,
Lightened the Idea Beatifical,
End and beginning of each thing that grows ;
Whose self no end nor yet beginning knows,
That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,
Yet sees and hears, and is all eye, all ear ;
That nowhere is contained, and yet is everywhere.

Changer of all things, yet immutable ;
Before and after all, the first and last ;
That moving all, is yet immoveable ;
Great without quantity ; in whose forecast
Things past are present, things to come are past ;
Swift without motion ; to whose open eye
The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie ;
At once absent and present to them, far and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light ;
No sweet consent, or well-tuned harmony ;
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite,
Or flowery odor mixed with spicery ;
No soft embrace or pleasure bodily ;
And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
A harmony that sounds within the breast,
An odor, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

A heavenly feast no hunger can consume ;
A light unseen, yet shines in every place ;
A sound no time can steal ; a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter ; an entire embrace
That no satiety can e'er unlace ;
Ingraced into so high a favor there,
The saints with their beaupeers whole worlds outwear,
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains ;

Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
Spending your endless evening that remains
Among those white flocks and celestial trains
That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes, and frame
That heavenly music of so wondrous frame,
Psalming aloud the holy honors of his name!

HENRY KING.

HENRY KING was born in 1591. He was successively chaplain to James the First, Dean of Rochester, and Bishop of Chichester. He died in 1669. An edition of his "Poems and Psalms" was published in London in 1843, with an interesting Biography by the Rev. J. Hannah, B. A.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

AN ELEGY.

So soon grown old! hast thou been six years dead?
Poor earth, once by my love inhabited!
And must I live to calculate the time
To which thy blooming youth could never climb,
But fell in the ascent! yet have not I
Studied enough thy losses' history.

How happy were mankind, if Death's strict laws
Consumed our lamentations like the cause!
Or that our grief, turning to dust, might end
With the dissolved body of a friend!

But sacred Heaven! O, how just thou art
In stamping death's impression on that heart,
Which through thy favors would grow insolent,
Were it not physicked by sharp discontent.
If, then, it stand resolved in thy decree,
That still I must doomed to a desert be,
Sprung out of my lone thoughts, which know no path
But what my own misfortune beaten hath:—

If thou wilt bind me living to a course,
And I must slowly waste ; I then of force
Stoop to thy great appointment, and obey
That will which naught avails me to gainsay.
For whilst in sorrow's maze I wander on,
I do but follow life's vocation.

Sure we were made to grieve : at our first birth,
With cries we took possession of the earth ;
And though the lucky man reputed be
Fortune's adopted son, yet only he
Is nature's true-born child, who sums his years
(Like me) with no arithmetic but tears.

THE DIRGE.

WHAT is the existence of man's life
But open war or slumbered strife,
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements,
And never feels a perfect peace,
Till death's cold hand signs his release ?

It is a storm, where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood :
And each loose passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower, which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose,
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep ;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould,
Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moralized in age and youth ;
Where all the comforts he can share,
As wandering as his fancies are ;

Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanished quite away.

It is a dial, which points out
The sunset as it moves about ;
And shadows out in lines of night,
The subtle stages of time's flight ;
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include :
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears ;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

SIC VITA.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagles are,
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood :
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies ;
The Spring entombed in Autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past—and man forgot.

JAMES SHIRLEY

Was born in London, in 1594, and after studying at both Oxford and Cambridge, had a curacy for some time at St. Albans, but embracing the Roman religion, gave up his profession, and after a short career as a schoolmaster, went to London, and became a writer of plays. There are thirty-five pieces in Dyce's edition of his Dramatic Works, recently published. He and his wife died, of grief, or exposure, the day after the great fire in London.

DEATH'S CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armor against fate,
Death lays his icy hands on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And, in the dust, be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill :
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still :
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murm'ring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds ;
All hands must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

GEORGE WITHER.

THIS poet was born of a good family at Bentworth, near Alton, in 1588, and at sixteen was sent to Oxford, where, says Campbell, he had just begun to fall in love with the mysteries of logic, when his father called him home to hold the plough. He was even afraid of being put to some mechanical trade, when he contrived to escape to London, and with great simplicity had proposed to try his fortune at court. He was surprised to find that to succeed he must be a flatterer; and so, to show his independence, wrote his "Abuses Whipt and Stript," for which he was sent to prison, where he was visited by some of the finest geniuses of the time, and where he wrote his "Shepherd's Hunting." After a while he was liberated, but he continued to be an active religious and political partisan; and though King James, to whom he dedicated his "Hymns and Songs of the Church," made him a captain of horse, and quartermaster-general of his regiment, in the expedition against the Scots, under the Earl of Arundel, no sooner had the civil war broke out than he sold his estate to raise a troop for the Parliament. He was not very fortunate as a soldier, but Cromwell made him a major-general of the horse and foot for the county of Surrey. Upon the restoration, the estates he had acquired were taken from him, and he was cast into prison, where, after being treated with great severity for three years, he died in 1677. Mr. Wilmot has shown, in his "Lives of the Sacred Poets," that there has been very little intelligent criticism of Wither, and that he was a much truer poet and more worthy man than it has been the custom to represent him. The reader of the following extracts will agree to a high estimate of his abilities.

EXTRACT FROM A PRISONER'S LAY.

First think, my soul, if I have foes
That take a pleasure in my care,
And to procure those outward woes
Have thus enwrapt me unaware;
Thou shouldst by much more careful be,
Since greater foes lay wait for thee.

By my late hopes that now are crossed,
Consider those that firmer be,
And make the freedom I have lost,
A means that may remember thee.
Had Christ not thy Redeemer been,
What horrid state hadst thou been in !

Or when through me thou seest a man
Condemned unto a mortal death,
How sad he looks, how pale, how wan,
Drawing, with fear, his panting breath ;
Think if in that such grief thou see,
How sad will " Go ye cursed " be !

These iron chains, these bolts of steel,
Which often poor offenders grind ;
The wants and cares which they do feel
May bring some greater things to mind.
For by their grief thou shalt do well
To think upon the pains of Hell.

Again, when he that feared to die
(Past hope) doth see his pardon brought,
Read but the joy that's in his eye,
And then convey it to thy thought ;
Then think between thy heart and thee,
How glad will " Come ye blessed " be !

THE MARIGOLD.

WHEN with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious marigold,
How duly, every morning she displays
Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays :
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small slender stalk :
How when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedewed, as 'twere with tears, till he returns ;

And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
 As if she scorned to be looked on
 By an inferior eye ; or did contemn
 To wait upon a meaner light than him ;—
 When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
 Have spirits far more generous than ours,
 And give us fair examples to despise
 The servile fawnings and idolatries,
 Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
 Which merit not the service we bestow.
 But, oh ! my God, though grovelling I appear,
 Upon the ground, and have a footing here,
 Which hales me downward, yet in my desire
 To that which is above me I aspire ;
 And all my best affections I profess
 To Him that is the Sun of Righteousness.
 Oh ! keep the morning of his incarnation,
 The burning noontide of his bitter passion,
 The night of his descending, and the height
 Of his ascension,—ever in my sight :
 That imitating Him in what I may,
 I never follow an inferior way.

PSALM CXLVIII.

COME, oh ! come, with sacred lays,
 Let us sound the Almighty's praise ;
 Hither bring in true consent,
 Heart and voice, and instrument.
 Let the orpharion¹ sweet,
 With the harp and viol meet :
 To your voices tune the lute :
 Let not tongue nor string be mute :
 Not a creature dumb be found,
 That hath either voice or sound.
 Let such things as do not live,
 In still music praises give ;

¹ An ancient stringed instrument, somewhat resembling the guitar.

Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep
On the earth or in the deep ;
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main ;
Birds, your warbling treble sing ;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring ;
Sun and moon exalted higher,
And you stars, augment the quire.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place,
And amid this mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song.
Angels and celestial powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours.
Let in praise of God the sound,
Run a never-ending round,
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting as is He.

From the earth's vast hollow womb,
Music's deepest base shall come.
Sea and floods from shore to shore
Shall the counter-tenor roar.
To this concert, when we sing,
Whistling winds, your descant bring :
Which may bear the sound above
Where the orb of fire doth move,
And so climb from sphere to sphere,
Till our song the Almighty hear.

So shall He from heaven's high tower
On the earth his blessing shower ;
All this huge wide orb we see,
Shall one quire, one temple be ;
There our voices we will rear,
Till we fill it everywhere :
And enforce the fiends that dwell
In the air, to sink to hell.
Then, oh ! come, with sacred lays,
Let us sound the Almighty's praise.

THE VIRTUOUS MAN.¹

Thus fares the man whom virtue, beacon-like,
Hath fixed upon the hills of eminence ;
At him the tempests of mad envy strike,
And rage against his piles of innocence ;
But still the more they wrong him, and the more
They seek to keep his worth from being known,
They daily make it greater than before,
And cause his fame the further to be blown.
When, therefore, no self-doting arrogance,
But virtues covered with a modest veil,
Break through obscurity, and thee advance
To place where envy shall thy worth assail,
Discourage not thyself, but stand the shocks
Of wrath and fury. Let them snarl and bite,
Pursue thee with detraction, slander, mocks,
And all the venom'd engines of despite.
Thou art above their malice, and the blaze
Of thy celestial fire shall shine so clear,
That their besotted souls thou shalt amaze,
And make thy splendors to their shame appear.

A PRAYER FOR SEASONABLE WEATHER.

LORD, should the sun, the clouds, the wind,
The air and seasons be
To us so froward and unkind
As we are false to Thee ;
All fruits would quite away be burned,
Or lie in water drowned,
Or blasted be, or overturned,
Or chilled on the ground.

¹ This poem was illustrated by an Emblem representing a flame upon a mountain, driven to and fro by tempestuous winds, yet continually gathering strength and brightness.

But from our duty though we swerve,
Thou still dost mercy show,
And deign Thy creatures to preserve
That men might thankful grow ;
Yet, though from day to day we sin,
And Thy displeasure gain,
No sooner we to cry begin,
But pity we obtain.

The weather now Thou changed hast,
That put us late to fear,
And when our hopes were almost past,
Then comfort did appear.
The heaven the earth's complaint hath heard,
They reconciled be ;
And Thou such weather hast prepared,
As we desired of Thee.

DIVERS PROVIDENCES.

WHEN all the year our fields are fresh and green,
And while sweet showers and sunshine, every day,
As oft as need requireth, come between
The heavens and earth, they heedless pass away.
The fulness and continuance of a blessing
Doth make us to be senseless of the good ;
And if sometimes it fly not our possessing,
The sweetness of it is not understood ;
Had we no winter, summer would be thought
Not half so pleasing : and if tempests were not,
Such comforts by a calm could not be brought ;
For things, save by their opposites, appear not.
Both health and wealth are tasteless unto some,
And so is ease and every other pleasure,
Till poor or sick, or grieved, they become,
And then they relish these in ampler measure.
God, therefore, full of kind, as He is wise,
So tempereth all the favors He will do us,

That we his bounties may the better prize,
 And make his chastisements less bitter to us.
 One while a scorching indignation burns
 The flowers and blossoms of our hopes away,
 Which into scarcity our plenty turns,
 And changeth new-mown grass to parched hay ;
 Anon his fruitful showers and pleasing dews,
 Commixed with cheerful rays, He sendeth down,
 And then the barren earth her crops renews,
 Which with rich harvests hills and valleys crown ;
 For, as to relish joys, He sorrow sends,
 So comfort on temptation still attends.

THE GLORY OF CHRIST UNDER THE FIGURE OF SOLOMON.

CANTICLES III.

WHAT's he that from the desert there
 Doth like those smoky pillars come,
 Which from the incense and the myrrh,
 And all the merchant's spices fume ?
 His bed, which lo ! is Solomon's,
 Threescore stout men about it stand ;
 They are of Israel's valiant ones,
 And all of them with swords in hand.

All those are men expert in fight,
 And each man on his thigh doth wear
 A sword, that terrors of the night
 May be forbid from coming there.
 King Solomon a goodly place
 With trees of Lebanon did rear,
 Each pillar of it silver was,
 And gold the bases of them were.

With purple covered he the same,
 And all the pavement, throughout,
 Oh ! daughters of Jerusalem,
 For you with charity is wrought.

Come, Sion's daughters ! come away,
And crowned with his diadem,
King Solomon behold you may.
That crown his mother set on him,
When he a married man was made,
And in his heart contentment had.

FROM A POEM ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS MARRIAGE DAY.

LORD, living here are we
As fast united yet,
As when our hands and hearts by Thee
Together first were knit.
And in a thankful song
Now sing we will Thy praise,
For that Thou dost as well prolong
Our loving, as our days.

The frowardness that springs
From our corrupted kind,
Or from those troublous outward things,
Which may distract the mind ;
Permit not thou, O Lord,
Our constant love to shake ;
Or to disturb our true accord.
Or make our hearts to ache.

FROM A HYMN FOR A WIDOWER.

THE voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key ;
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day :
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen :
But what I once enjoyed in them,
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

PRAYER FOR HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN, WRITTEN IN
NEWGATE.

THEREOF be therefore heedful,
Them favor not the less,
Supply with all things needful
In this our great distress.

And when Thou me shalt gather,
Out of this Land of Life,
Be Thou my children's Father,
A Husband to my wife.

When I to them must never
Speak more with tongue or pen,
And they be barred forever
To see my face again—

Preserve them from each folly,
Which, ripening into sin,
Makes root and branch unholy,
And brings destruction in.

Let not this world bewitch them
With her besotting wine,
But let Thy grace enrich them
With faith and love divine.

And whilst we live together,
Let us upon Thee call,
Help to prepare each other,
For what may yet befall. :

So just, so faithful-hearted,
So constant let us be,
That when we here are parted,
We may all meet in Thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

ROBERT HERRICK was born in London, in 1591. He was educated at Cambridge, and was presented by Charles the First to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, in 1629; from which, during the troubles of the times, he was ejected. The time of his death is unknown. The works of Herrick do not offer much serious poetry for choice, but what little there is is worth preserving. He is known and admired as the writer of gay Anacreontic songs, for which, in his ripe age, he prayed for absolution in the following verses:

For these my unbaptizéd rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times,
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with thee, O Lord,
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not thine;
But if 'mongst all thou findest one
Worthy thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work, and me.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick at heart, and sick at head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,

But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity nature brought you forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But ye are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained its noon.

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run

But to the even-song:
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing:

We die
As your hours do; and dry
Away

Like to the summer-rain,
Or as the pearls of morning-dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THIS celebrated poet was born in 1592, at Stewards, near Romford, in Essex, and after receiving a degree at Cambridge, in 1608, he went to Lincoln's Inn, where he "studied the laws of England, not so much," says his widow, "out of desire to benefit himself thereby, as his friends and neighbors, and to compose suits and differences between them." He was introduced at court, and obtained the place of Cupbearer to the Queen of Bohemia, after quitting whose service he went to Ireland, as Secretary to Archbishop Usher. On the breaking out of the rebellion he was obliged to fly to England for safety. He had already been pensioned by Charles, and made Chronologer to the city of London, but in the general ruin of the royal cause his property was confiscated, and his books and manuscripts, which he valued more, were plundered. His misfortunes are supposed to have hastened his death, which occurred in 1644.

Mr. Montgomery says, "There is not in English Literature a name more wronged than that of Quarles,—wronged, too, by those who ought best to have discerned, and most generously acknowledged his merits, in contradistinction to his defects." Quarles certainly was a writer of great learning, lively fancy, and profound piety. His writings are deformed by quaint conceits, but his beauties abundantly atone for his defects. His chief works are "Argalus and Parthenia," "The Quintessence of Meditation," "Sion's Elegies," "Emblems," "Hieroglyphics," "The Enchiridon," "Divine Fancies," and "The Shepherd's Oracles."

PRAYER FOR DIVINE INSPIRATION.

THOU Alpha and Omega, before whom
Things past, and present, and things yet to come,
Are all alike ; O prosper my designs,
And let thy spirit enrich my feeble lines.
Revive my passion ; let mine eye behold
Those sorrows present, which were wept of old ;
Strike sad my soul, and give my pen the art
To move, and me an understanding heart.
O, let the accent of each word make known,
I mix the tears of Sion with my own !

THE WORLD.

SHE is empty : hark ! she sounds : there's nothing there ;
 But noise to fill thy ear ;
 Thy vain inquiry can at length but find
 A blast of murmuring wind ;
 It is a cask that seems as full as fair,
 But merely tunned with air.
 Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds ;
 The soul that vainly founds
 Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.

She is empty : hark ! she sounds : there's nothing in't ;
 The spark-engendering flint
 Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce¹ shall first
 Dissolve and quench the thirst,
 Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast
 With smooth-faced alms of rest.
 Thou mayst as well expect meridian light
 From shades of black-mouthed Night,
 As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She is empty : hark ! she sounds : 'tis void and vast ;
 What if some flattering blast
 Of flatuous honor should perchance be there,
 And whisper in thine ear ?
 It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
 And vanisheth like mist.
 Poor honor earth can give ! What generous mind
 Would be so base to bind
 Her heaven-bred soul, a slave to serve a blast of wind ?

She is empty : hark ! she sounds : 'tis but a ball
 For fools to play withal ;
 The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
 That's lined with silken trouble.

¹ A dry crust.

It is a world whose work and recreation
 Is vanity and vexation ;
 A hag, repaired with vice-complexioned paint,
 A quest-house of complaint.
 It is a saint, a fiend ; worse fiend when most a saint.

 She is empty : hark ! she sounds : 'tis vain and void.
 What's here to be enjoyed,
 But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
 Drawn now and crossed to-morrow ?
 Or, what are men but puffs of dying breath,
 Revived with living death ?
 Fond youth, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
 Than what dull flesh propounds :
 Trust not this hollow world ; she is empty : hark ! she
 sounds.

G L O R Y I N G I N T H E C R O S S .

CAN nothing settle my uncertain breast,
 And fix my rambling love ?
 Can my affections find out nothing best,
 But still and still remove ?
 Has earth no mercy ? Will no ark of rest
 Receive my restless dove ?
 Is there no good than which there's nothing higher
 To bless my full desire,
 With joys that never change ; with joys that ne'er expire ?

 I wanted wealth, and at my dear request,
 Earth lent a quick supply ;
 I wanted mirth to charm my sullen breast ;
 And who more brisk than I ?
 I wanted fame to glorify the rest ;
 My fame flew eagle-high ;
 My joy not fully ripe, but all decayed,
 Wealth vanished like a shade ;
 My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

My trust is in the Cross ; there lies my rest,
My fast, my sole delight.
Let cold-mouthed Boreas, or the hot-mouthed east,
Blow till they burst with spite :
Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,
And join their twisted might ;
Let showers of thunderbolts dart round and wound me,
And troops of fiends surround me :
All this may well confront ; all this shall ne'er confound me.

“ FALSE WORLD, THOU LIEST.”

FALSE world, thou liest : thou canst not lend
The least delight :
Thy favors cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight :
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night.
Poor are the wants that thou suppliest ;
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou viest
With heaven ; fond earth, thou boast'st ; false world,
thou liest.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure ;
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure.
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her.
There's none can want where thou suppliest,
There's none can give where thou deniest.
Alas ! fond world, thou boast'st ; false world, thou liest.

What well-advised ear regards
What earth can say ?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay ;
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canst not play.

Thy game at weakest, still thou viest
If seen, and then revied, deniest—
Thou art not what thou seem'st ; false world, thou liest.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new-coined treasure,
A paradise that has no stint,
No change, no measure ;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure.
Vain earth ! that falsely thus compliest
With man ; vain man ! that thou reliest
On earth ; vain man, thou dot'st ; vain earth, thou liest.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash ?
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash ?
Are these the goods that thou suppliest
Us mortals with ? Are these the highest ?
Can these bring cordial peace ? False world, thou liest.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth,
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good :
She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food :
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee ?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me ?

I love the air ; her dainty fruits refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;
Her shrill-mouthed choirs sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me ;
But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared with Thee ?

I love the sea ; she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor, she provides me store ;
She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore ;
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me ?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye ;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky ;
But what is heaven, great God, compared with Thee ?
Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection ;
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure ;
Without thy presence, air's a rank infection ;
Without thy presence, heaven itself no pleasure ;
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me ?

The highest honor that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire ;
Its brightest beams of glory are at most
But dying sparkles of thy living fire ;
The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms if compared with Thee.

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of care ;
Wisdom but folly ; joy, disquiet sadness ;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness.
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being when compared with Thee.

In having all things and not Thee, what have I ?
Not having Thee, what have my labors got ?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I ?
And having Thee alone, what have I not ?

I wish not sea nor land ; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee.

FLEEING FROM WRATH.

O WHITHER shall I fly ? what path untrod
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God ?

Where shall I sojourn ? What kind sea will hide
My head from thunder ? Where shall I abide
Until his flames be quenched or laid aside ?

What if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night ?
Alas ! no shades can blind the God of light.

What if my soul should take the wings of day
And find some desert ? If she springs away,
The wings of vengeance clip¹ as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
My frightened soul ? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of justice, and not cleave in twain ?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
What flame-eyed fury means to smite, can save.

The seas will part, graves open, rocks will split,
The shield will cleave, the frightened shadows flit ;
Where Justice aims, her fiery dart must hit.

No, no, if stern-browed Vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, or under,
So close but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

¹ Fly.

'Tis vain to flee ; 'tis neither here nor there
Can 'scape that hand, until that hand forbear :
Ah me ! where is He not, that's everywhere ?

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle Mercy show
Her better eye ; the farther off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

The ingenuous child, corrected doth not fly
His angry mother's hand ; but climbs more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false,
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls,
Poor cots are even as safe as princes' halls.

Great God ! there is no safety here below ;
Thou art my fortress, Thou that seem'st my foe,
'Tis Thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

Thou art my God, by Thee I fall or stand ;
Thy grace hath given me courage to withstand
All tortures by my conscience and thy hand.

I know thy justice is Thyself ; I know,
Just God, thy very self is mercy too :
If not to Thee, where, whither shall I go ?

Then work thy will ; if passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey ; my wings shall be
Stretched out no farther than from Thee to Thee.

THE NEW HEART.

So now the soul's sublimed, her sour desires
Are recalcined in heaven's well-tempered fires ;
The heart restored, and purged from drossy nature,
Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature ;

It lives another life, it breathes new breath,
It neither fears nor feels the sting of death.
Like as the idle vagrant, (having none,)
That bold adopts each house he views his own,
Makes every purse his chequer, and at pleasure,
Walks forth and taxes all the world like Cæsar ;
At length, by virtue of a just command,
His sides are lent to a severer hand ;
Whereon his pass, not fully understood,
Is taxed in a manuscript of blood ;
Thus passed from town to town, until he come,
A sore repentant to his native home :
E'en so the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to sin, and uncontrolled, removes
From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites,
From old worn pleasures, to new choice delights.
At length, corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended, and his gracious God,
And lashed from sins to sighs, and by degrees
From sighs to vows, from vows to bended knees ;
From bended knees, to a true pensive breast ;
From thence to torments, not by tongues exprest,
Returns ; and (from his sinful self exiled)
Finds a glad Father ; He, a welcome child :
Oh ! then it lives ! Oh ! then it lives involved
In secret raptures ; pants to be dissolved :
The royal offspring of a second birth,
Sets ope to heaven, and shuts the door to earth.
If lovesick Jove commanded clouds should hap
To rain such showers as quickened Danae's lap ;
Or dogs (far kinder than their purple master)
Should lick his sores, he laughs nor weeps the faster.
If earth, heaven's rival, dart her idle ray,
To heaven 'tis wax, and to the world 'tis clay.
If earth present delights, it scorns to draw ;
But like the jet unrubbed, disdains that straw :
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it,
No grief disturbs it, and no error guides it,

No good contemns it, and no virtue blames it,
No guilt condemns it, and no folly shames it,
No sloth besots it, and no lust enthrals it,
No scorn afflicts it, and no passion galls it ;
It is a carcanet¹ of immortal life,
An ark of peace, the lists of sacred strife,
A purer piece of endless transitory,
A shrine of grace, a little throne of glory,
A heaven-born offspring of a new-born birth,
An earthly heaven, an ounce of heavenly earth.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

AND what's a life ? a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life ? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My shortlived winter's day ; hour eats up hour ;
Alas, the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, (which thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view,) how soon they droop, how soon they fade !

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon ;
My non-aged day already points to noon ;
How simple is my suit, how small my boon !

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or safely to beguile
My thoughts with joy ; here's nothing but a smile.

¹ A necklace or collar of jewels.

THE PILGRIM.

Thus I, the object of the world's disdain,
With pilgrim face surround the weary earth ;
I only relish what the world counts vain ;
Her mirth's my grief, her sullen grief my mirth ;
Her light my darkness, and her truth my error ;
Her freedom is my jail, and her delight my terror.

Fond earth ! proportion not my seeming love
To my long stay ; let not thy thoughts deceive thee ;
Thou art my prison, and my home's above ;
My life's a preparation but to leave thee.
Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee :
With thee I cannot live ; I cannot live without thee.

The world's a labyrinth, whose anfractuons ways
Are all composed of rubs and crooked meanders ;
No resting here ; he's hurried back, that stays
Athought ; and he that goes unguided, wanders :
Her way is dark, her path untrod, uneven,
So hard's the way from earth, so hard's the way to heaven.

This gyring labyrinth is betrenched about,
On either hand, with streams of sulphurous fire,
Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
But seeming pleasant to the fond deceiver ;
Where, if his footsteps trust their own invention,
He falls without redress, and sinks without dimension.

Where shall I seek a guide ? where shall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces ?
What trusty lantern will direct my feet
To 'scape the danger of these dangerous places ?
What hopes have I to pass without a guide ?
Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall beside.

An unrequested star did gently slide
Before the wise men to a greater light ;

Backsliding Israel found a double guide,
 A pillar and a cloud—by day, by night ;
 Yet in my desperate dangers, which be far
 More great than theirs, I have no pillar, cloud, nor star.

Oh ! that the pinions of a clipping dove
 Would cut my passage through the empty air ;
 Mine eyes being sealed, how would I mount above
 The reach of danger and forgotten care !
 My backward eyes should ne'er commit that fault,
 Whose lasting guilt should build a monument of salt.

Great God ! Thou art the flowing spring of light ;
 Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray :
 Thou art my path ; direct my steps aright,
 I have no other light, no other way ;
 I'll trust my God, and Him alone pursue ;
 His law shall be my path, his heavenly light my clue.

THE LONG-SUFFERING OF GOD.

EVEN as a nurse, whose child's imperfect pace
 Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,
 Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to go,
 Nor does uphold him for a step or two :
 But when she finds that he begins to fall,
 She holds him up, and kisses him withal ;—
 So God from man sometimes withdraws his hand
 Awhile, to teach his infant faith to stand,
 But when he sees his feeble strength begin
 To fail, he gently takes him up again.

THE LAST TRUMPET.

SEE how the latter trumpet's dreadful blast
 Affrights stout Mars his trembling son !
 See how he startles, how he stands aghast,
 And scrambles from his melting throne !

Hark how the direful hand of vengeance tears
The sweltering clouds, whilst heaven appears
A circle filled with flame, and centered with his fears.

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

BEHOLD,
How short a span
Was long enough of old,
To measure out the life of man ;
In those well-tempered days, his time was then
Surveyed, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

Alas !
And what is that !
They come, and slide, and pass,
Before my pen can tell thee what ;
The posts of time are swift, which, having run
Their seven short stages o'er, their shortlived task is done.

Our days
Begun, we lend
To sleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the first stage end :
Twelve waning moons, twice five times told, we give
To unrecovered loss, we rather breathe than live.

We spend
A ten years' breath
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live, or fear a death :
Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys,
Which please our sense awhile, and waking prove but toys.

How vain,
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this !
His days are short at longest, few at most :
They are but bad at best ; yet lavished out, or lost.

They be
The secret springs,
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift than eagles' wings :
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of death
Breathes forth a warning grief, till Time shall strike a death.

How soon
Our new-born light
Attains to full-aged noon !
And this, how soon, to gray-haired night !
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

They end
When scarce begun ;
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done :
• Man, count thy days, and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last.

A G E .

So have I seen the illustrious prince of light
Rising in glory from his crocean bed,
And trampling down the horrid shades of night,
Advancing more and more his conquering head ;
Pause first, decline, at length begin to shroud
His fainting brows within a coal-black cloud.

So have I seen a well-built castle stand
Upon the tiptoes of a lofty hill,
Whose active power commands both sea and land,
And curbs the pride of the beleaguerer's will :
At length her aged foundation fails her trust,
And lays her tottering ruins in the dust.

So have I seen the blazing taper shoot
Her golden head into the feeble air ;

Whose shadow-gilding ray, spread round about,
 Makes the foul face of black-browed darkness fair ;
Till at the length her wasting glory fades,
And leave the night to her inveterate shades.

E'en so this little world of living clay,
 The pride of nature glorified by art ;
Whom earth adores, and all her hosts obey,
 Allied to heaven by his diviner part ;
Triumphs awhile, then droops, and then decays,
And worn by age, death cancels all his days.

That glorious sun, that whilome shone so bright,
 Is now e'en ravished from our darkened eyes ;
That sturdy castle, manned with so much might,
 Lies now a monument of her own disguise ;
That blazing taper, that disdained the puff
Of troubled air, scarce owns the name of snuff.

Poor bedrid man ! where is that glory now,
 Thy youth so vaunted ? where that majesty,
Which sat enthroned upon thy manly brow ?
 Where, where that braving arm ? that daring eye ?
Those buxom tunes ? those bacchanalian tones ?
Those swelling veins ? those marrow-flaming bones ?

Thy drooping glory's blurred, and prostrate lies,
 Groveling in dust ; and frightful horror now
Sharpens the glances of thy gashful eyes,
 Whilst fear perplexes thy distracted brow ;
Thy panting breast vents all her breath by groans,
And death enerves thy marrow-wasted bones.

Thus man that's born of woman can remain
 But a short time ! his days are full of sorrow—
His life's a penance, and his death's a pain !
 Springs like a flower to-day, and fades to-morrow !
His breath's a bubble, and his day's a span :
'Tis glorious misery to be born a man !

VAIN BOASTING.

CAN he be fair, that withers at a blast?
 Or he be strong, that airy breath becast?
 Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
 Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?
 Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan?
 So fair, strong, wise,—so rich, so young, is man.
 So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
 Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
 So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
 He totters and bequeaths his strength to death;
 So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
 His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
 So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid)
 His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;
 So young is man, that (broke with care and sorrow)
 He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow.
 Why bragg'st thou then, thou worm of five foot long?
 Thou'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor
 young.

FAREWELL THOSE EYES.

FROM ELEGIES ON DR. AYLMER.

FAREWELL those eyes, whose gentle smiles forsook
 No misery, taught Charity how to look.
 Farewell those cheerful eyes, that did erewhile
 Teach succored Misery how to bless a smile:
 Farewell those eyes, whose mixed aspect of late
 Did reconcile humility and state.
 Farewell those eyes, that to their joyful guest
 Proclaimed their ordinary fare, a feast.
 Farewell those eyes, the loadstars late whereby
 The graces sailed secure from eye to eye.
 Farewell, dear eyes, bright lamps—O who can tell
 Your glorious welcome, or our sad farewell!

NOTHING PERFECT ON EARTH.

EVEN as the soil (which April's gentle showers
Have filled with sweetness and enriched with flowers)
Rears up her sucking plants, still shooting forth
The tender blossoms of her timely birth ;
But if denied the beams of cheerly May,
They hang their withered heads, and fade away :
So man, assisted by the Almighty's hand,
His faith doth flourish and securely stand ;
But left awhile, forsook, as in a shade,
It languishes, and nipped with sin, doth fade.
No gold is pure from dross, though oft refined ;
The strongest cedar's shaken with the wind ;
The fairest rose hath no prerogative
Against the fretting canker-worm ; the hive
No honey yields unblended with the wax ;
The finest linen hath both soil and bracks ;
The best of men have sins, none live secure.
In nature nothing's perfect, nothing pure.

JERUSALEM IN RUINS.

FROM SION'S ELEGIES.

WOUNDED and wasted by th' eternal hand
Of heaven, I grovel on the ground ; my land
Is turned a Golgotha ; before mine eye
Unsepulchred my murdered people lie ;
My dead lie rudely scattered on the stones,
My causeways all are paved with dead men's bones ;
The fierce destroyer doth alike forbear
The maiden's trembling, and the matron's tear ;
The imperial sword spares neither fool nor wise,
The old man's pleading, nor the infant's cries.
Vengeance is deaf and blind, and she respects
Not young, nor old, nor wise, nor fool, nor sex.

MERCY TEMPERING JUSTICE.

HAD not the milder hand of Mercy broke
The furious violence of that fatal stroke
Offended Justice struck, we had been quite
Lost in the shadows of eternal night.
Thy mercy, Lord, is like the morning sun,
Whose beams undo what sable night hath done ;
Or like a stream, the current of whose course,
Restrained awhile, runs with a swifter force.
Oh ! let me glow beneath those sacred beams,
And after bathe me in those silver streams ;
To Thee alone my sorrows shall appeal :
Hath earth a wound too hard for heaven to heal ?

HOPE IN GOD.

IN thee, dear Lord, my pensive soul respire,
Thou art the fulness of my choice desires ;
Thou art that sacred spring, whose waters burst
In streams to him that seeks with holy thirst.
Thrice happy man, thrice happy thirst, to bring
Thy fainting soul to so, so sweet a spring ;
Thrice happy he, whose well-resolved breast
Expects no other aid, no other rest ;
Thrice happy he, whose downy age has been
Reclaimed by scourges from the pride of sin,
And early seasoned with the taste of truth,
Remembers his Creator in his youth.

DECAY OF LIFE.

THE day grows old, the low-pitched lamp hath made
No less than treble shade,
And the descending damp doth now prepare
T' uncurl bright Titan's hair ;

Whose western wardrobe now begins to unfold
Her purples fringed with gold,
To clothe his evening glory, when th' alarms
Of rest shall call to rest in Thetis' arms.

Nature now calls to supper, to refresh
The spirits of all flesh.
The toiling ploughman drives his thirsty teams
To taste the slippery streams ;
The droyling swineherd knocks away, and feasts
His hungry whining guests ;
The box-bill ouzel, and the dappled thrush,
Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved bush.

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
To cobweb every green ;
And by the low-shorn rowans doth appear
The fast-declining year ;
The sapless branches doff their summer-suits,
And wain their winter-fruits ;
And stormy blasts have forced the quaking trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy frieze.

Our wasted taper now hath brought her light
To the next door to night ;
Her sprightless flame, grown great with snuff, doth turn
Sad as her neighboring urn ;
Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
Lights but to further pains ;
And in a silent language bids her guest
Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.

Now careful age hath pitched her painful plough
Upon the furrowed brow ;
And snowy blasts of discontented care
Have blanched the falling hair ;
Suspicious envy, mixed with jealous spite,
Disturbs his weary night ;

He threatens youth with age ; and now, alas !
He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.

Gray hairs, peruse thy days, and let thy past
 Read lectures to thy last :
Those hasty wings that hurried them away,
 Will give these days no day ;
The constant wheels of nature scorn to tire,
 Until her works expire :
That blast that nipped thy youth will ruin thee,
That hand that shook the branch will quickly strike the
 tree.

THE MARTYR RIDLEY.

READ in the progress of this blessed story
Rome's cursed cruelty and Ridley's glory :
Rome's sirens' song ; but Ridley's careless ear
Was deaf : they charmed, but Ridley would not hear.
Rome sung preferment, but brave Ridley's tongue
Condemned that false preferment which Rome sung.
Rome whispered wealth ; but Ridley (whose great gain
Was godliness) he waved it with disdain.
Rome threatened durance ; but great Ridley's mind
Was too, too strong for threats or chains to bind.
Rome thundered death ; but Ridley's dauntless eye
Stared in Death's face, and scorned Death standing by :
In spite of Rome, for England's faith he stood,
And in the flames he sealed it with his blood.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THOMAS HEYWOOD was one of the most prolific and one of the most poetical of the English dramatists. He was the author also of "The Hierarchies of the Blessed Angels;" a work rude in metre, yet abounding with powerful and even sublime passages, published in 1635. He died in 1649.

SEARCH AFTER GOD.

I sought Thee round about, O Thou, my God !
In thine abode.

I said unto the Earth, "Speak, art thou He?"

She answered me,

"I am not."—I inquired of creatures all

In general

Contained therein ;—they with one voice proclaim
That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I asked the seas, and all the deeps below,

My God to know :

I asked the reptiles, and whatever is

In the abyss—

Even from the shrimp to the leviathan,

Inquiry ran ;

But in those deserts, which no line can sound,

The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air if that were He ? but

It told me "No."

I, from the towering eagle to the wren,

Demanded then

If any feathered fowl 'mongst them were such ?

But they all, much

Offended with my question, in full quire

Answered—"To find thy God thou must look higher."

I asked the heavens, sun, moon, and stars, but they
Said, "We obey
The God thou seek'st."—I asked, what eye or ear
Could see or hear ;
What in the world I might descry or know,
Above, below :
With an unanimous voice all these things said,
"We are not God, but we by Him were made."

I asked the world's great universal mass,
If that God was ;
Which, with a mighty and strong voice, replied,
As stupified,
"I am not He, O man ! for know that I
By Him on high,
Was fashioned first of nothing, thus instated
And swayed by Him, by whom I was created."

I sought the court ; but smooth-tongued flattery there
Deceived each ear ;
In the thronged city there was selling, buying,
Swearing and lying ;
I' the country, craft in simpleness arrayed :
And then I said,
"Vain is my search, although my pains be great,
Where my God is, there *can* be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself I then,
Even thus began :
"O man, what art thou ?"—What more could I say
Than, Dust and clay ?
Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,
That cannot last ;
Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn ;
Formed from that earth to which I must return.

I asked myself what this great God might be
That fashioned me ?
I answered—The all-potent, solely immense,
Surpassing sense ;

Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal—

Lord over all.

The only terrible, strong, just, and true,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for He doth give
To all that live
Both breath and being ; He is the Creator
Both of the water,
Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist
He hath the list ;
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by thine illuming grace,
Thy glorious face,
(So far forth as it may discovered be,)
Methinks I see ;
And, though invisible and infinite,
To human sight,
Thou in thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest ;
In which to our weak senses Thou comest nearest.

Oh ! make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou God most kind !
Give us love, hope, and faith, in Thee to trust,
Thou God most just !
Remit all our offences we entreat,
Most Good, most Great !
Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest,
May through thy grace admit us 'mongst the blest.

RICHARD CRASHAW

WAS born in London, but the year of his birth is uncertain. He was educated at the Charter House, and at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and was afterwards, in 1637, fellow of Peter House, but was ejected during the rebellion for denying the covenant, and soon afterwards was converted, or as Pope says, "outwitted," to the Roman Catholic faith. He went to Paris in search of preferment; but his distresses and poverty became very great, till the benevolence of Cowley relieved him. He then went to Italy, became secretary to a cardinal, obtained a canonry in the church of Loretto, and died in 1650. He wrote "Epigrammata Sacra;" "Steps to the Temple;" "The Delights of the Muses;" "Carmen Deo Nostro," &c. The last edition of his works was published in London in 1785.

The Poems of Crashaw display delicate fancy, great tenderness, and singular beauty of diction. Coleridge considered his verses "On a Prayer-Book," one of the greatest poems in the language. Pope declares his version of the "Dies Iræ," the best of his compositions.

A H Y M N .

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA.

IN MEDITATION OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

HEAR'ST thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sibyl sings,
Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall pass away?

O that fire! before whose face,
Heaven and Earth shall find no place.
O those eyes! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An even round with th' circling sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Horror of nature, hell and death !
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, " We come ! we come !" and all
The caves of night answer one call.

O that book ! whose leaves so bright,
Will set the world in severe light :
O that Judge ! whose hand, whose eye,
None can endure—yet none can fly.

Ah ! thou poor soul, what wilt thou say ?
And to what patron choose to pray ?
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more than stand.

But thou givest leave, dread Lord, that we
Take shelter from Thyself in Thee ;
And, with the wings of thine own dove,
Fly to the sceptre of soft love.

Dear Lord, remember in that day
Who was the cause Thou camest this way :
Thy sheep was strayed, and Thou wouldst be
Even lost Thyself in seeking me.

Shall all that labor, all that cost
Of love, and even that loss, be lost ?
And this loved soul, judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness ?

Just mercy, then, thy reckoning be
With my price, and not with me ;
'Twas paid at first with too much pain,
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

Mercy, my Judge, mercy I cry,
With blushing cheek, and bleeding eye :
The conscious colors of my sin,
Are red without, and pale within.

Oh ! let thine own soft bowels pay
Thyself, and so discharge that day ;
If sin can sigh, love can forgive :—
Oh ! say the word, my soul shall live.

Those mercies which thy Mary found,
Or who thy cross confessed and crowned,
Hope tells my heart the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthless are ; for they are mine :
But Thou thy bounteous self still be,
And show thou art by saving me.

Oh ! when thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let, " Come, ye blessed," then call me.

When the dread " Ite" shall divide
Those limbs of death from thy left side,
Let those life-speaking lips command
That I inherit thy right hand.

Oh ! hear a suppliant heart, all crushed
And crumbled into contrite dust ;
My hope ! my fear ! my Judge ! my friend !
Take charge of me, and of my end.

CHORUS OF THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.

WELCOME ! all wonders in one sight,
Eternity shut in a span ;
Summer in winter, day in night,
Heaven in Earth, and God in Man.
Great Little One, whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth.

¹ " Depart thou."

Welcome ! though not to gold nor silk,
To more than Cæsar's birthright is ;
Two sister-seas of virgin-milk,
With many a rarely tempered kiss,
That breathes at once both maid and mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in thy weeping eye ;
She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie ;
She 'gainst those mother-diamonds tries
The points of her young eagle eyes.

Welcome ! though not to these gay flies,
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings ;
Slippery souls in smiling eyes,
But to poor shepherds' homespun things ;
Whose wealth's their flock, whose wit to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband-showers
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the firstfruits of her flowers,
To kiss thy feet, and crown thy head :
To Thee, dread Lamb ! whose love must keep
The shepherds more than they their sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty ! soft King
Of simple graces, and sweet loves,
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves ;
Till burnt at last in fire of thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

THE MARTYRS.

Oh ! that it were as it was wont to be,
When thy old friends of fire, all full of Thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles ! gave glorious chase

To persecutions, and against the face
Of death and fiercest dangers durst, with brave
And sober pace, march on to meet a grave.
On their bold breasts about the world they bore Thee,
And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach Thee ;
In centre of their inmost souls they wore Thee,
Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach Thee.
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
And reenthroned Thee in thy rosy nest,
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning :
It was the wit of love o'erflowed the bounds
Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.
Welcome, dear, all-adored name !
For sure there is no knee
That knows not Thee ;
Or, if there be such sons of shame,
Alas ! what will they do,
When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heaven-saluting heads,
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread Majesty ?
They that by love's mild dictate now
Will not adore Thee,
Shall then with just confusion bow,
And break before Thee.

ON A PRAYER-BOOK SENT TO MRS. R.

Lo ! here a little volume, but great book,
(Fear it not, sweet,
It is no hypocrite,)
Much larger in itself than in its look.
It is in one rich handful heaven and all—
Heaven's royal hosts encamped thus small ;
To prove that true, schools used to tell,
A thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is love's great artillery,
Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie
Close couched in your white bosom, and from thence,
As from a snowy fortress of defence,
Against the ghostly foe to take your part,
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.
It is the armory of light ;
Let constant use but keep it bright,
 You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts
 More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares or hell hath darts.

 Only be sure
 The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
 Those of turtles, chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise,
 Here is a friend shall fight for you.
Hold but this book before your heart,
Set prayer alone to play his part.
But oh ! the heart
That studies this high art
Must be a sure housekeeper,
And yet no sleeper.
 Dear soul, be strong,
 Mercy will come ere long,
And bring her bosom full of blessings—
 Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dressings,
 For worthy souls whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for Him who is alone
The spouse of virgins, and the virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroom, when he come,
Shall find the wandering heart from home,
 Leaving her chaste abode
 To gad abroad

Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies ;¹
To take her pleasure and to play,
And keep the devil's holiday ;
To dance in the sunshine of some smiling
But beguiling
Sphere of sweet and sugared lies ;
Some slippery pair
Of false, perhaps as fair,
Flattering, but forswearing eyes ;—
Doubtless some other heart
Will get the start,
And, slipping in before,
Will take possession of the sacred store
Of hidden sweets and holy joys—
Words which are not heard with ears,
(These tumultuous shops of noise,)
Effectual whispers, whose still voice
The soul itself more feels than hears ;
Amorous languishments, luminous trances,
Sights which are not seen with eyes,
Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies
Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,
And melts it down in sweet desire.

Yet doth not stay
To ask the window's leave to pass that way ;
Delicious death, soft exhalations
Of soul, dear and divine annihilations ;
A thousand unknown rites
Of joys and rarefied delights ;
And many a mystic thing,
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of spirits with them will bring ;
For which it is no shame
That dull morality must not know a name.

¹ Beelzebub.

Of all this hidden store
Of blessings, and ten thousand more,
If when He come,
He find the heart from home,
Doubtless he will unload
Himself some other where ;
And pour abroad
His precious sweets
On the fair soul whom first he meets.

O fair ! O fortunate ! O rich ! O dear !
O ! happy and thrice happy she,
Dear silver-breasted dove,
Whoe'er she be,
Whose early love
With winged vows
Makes haste to meet her morning spouse,
And close with his immortal kisses !
Happy soul ! who never misses
To improve that precious hour ;
And every day
Seize her sweet prey,
All fresh and fragrant as he rises,
Dropping with a balmy shower,
A delicious dew of spices.
Oh ! let that happy soul hold fast
Her heavenly armful : she shall taste
At once ten thousand paradises :
She shall have power
To rifle and deflower
The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets,
Which with a swelling bosom there she meets,
Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures
Of pure inebriating pleasures.
Happy soul ! she shall discover
What joy, what bliss,
How many heavens at once it is
To have a God become her lover.

PATRICK CAREY.

BUT little is known of Carey, except that he was of the established church and a loyalist. His poems, some of which possess great merit, were first printed by Sir Walter Scott, from a MS. dated 1651.

CHRIST IN THE CRADLE, IN THE GARDEN, AND IN HIS
PASSION.

Look, how He shakes for cold !
How pale his lips are grown !
Wherein his limbs to fold,
Yet mantle has He none.
His pretty feet and hands
(Of late more pure and white
Than is the snow
That pains them so)
Have lost their candor¹ quite.
His lips are blue,
(Where roses grew,)
He's frozen everywhere :
All the heat He has,
Joseph, alas !
Gives in a groan, or Mary in a tear.

Look ! how He glows for heat !
What flames come from his eyes !
'Tis blood that He doth sweat,
Blood his bright forehead dyes.
See, see ! it trickles down,
Look, how it showers amain !
Through every pore
His blood runs o'er,
And empty leaves each vein.

¹ Whiteness.

His very heart
Burns in each part,
A fire his breast doth sear ;
For all this flame
To cool the same,
He only breathes a sigh, and weeps a tear.

What bruises do I see !
What hideous stripes are those !
Could any cruel be
Enough to give such blows ?
Look, how they bind his arms,
And vex his soul with scorns !
Upon his hair
They make Him wear
A crown of piercing thorns.
Through hands and feet,
Sharp nails they beat.
And now the cross they rear ;
Mary looks on,
But only John
Stands by to sigh, Mary to shed a tear.

Why did He quake for cold ?
Why did He glow for heat ?
Dissolve that first He could,
He could call back that sweat.
Those bruises, stripes, bonds, taunts,
Those thorns which thou didst see,
Those nails, that cross,
His own life's loss—
Why, oh ! why suffered He ?
'Twas for thy sake :—
Thou, thou didst make
Him all those torments bear :
If then his love
Do thy soul move,
Sigh out a groan, weep down a melting tear.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

THIS amiable man and pleasing poet was born at Hendlip, in Worcestershire, in 1605. His family being Catholics, he was educated at St. Omer's, and afterwards at Paris. At an early age he married Lucia, daughter of William Herbert, first Lord Powis; this lady was the Castara of his poems. He died in 1654. The poems of Habington were introduced for the first time in a general collection, by Mr. Chalmers. "The great charm of these poems," says Mr. Wilmot, "is their purity, and domestic tenderness: the religion of his fancy is never betrayed into any unbecoming mirth, or rapturous enthusiasm. He is always amiable, simple, and unaffected; if he has not the ingenuity of some of his rivals, he is also free from their conceits."

LAUDATE DOMINUM DE CÆLIS.—DAVID.

You Spirits! who have thrown away
That envious weight of clay,
Which your celestial flight denied;
Who by your glorious troops supply
The winged hierarchy,
So broken in the angel's pride!

O you! whom your Creator's sight
Inebriates with delight!
Sing forth the triumphs of his name:
All you enamored souls, agree
In a loud symphony,
To give expression to your flame!

To Him his own great works relate,
Who deigned to elevate
You 'bove the frailty of your birth,
Where you stand safe from that rude war
With which we troubled are,
By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted air beneath
Here in this world we breathe,
 Each hour some passion us assails.
Now lust casts wildfire in the blood,
Or, that it may seem good,
 Itself in wit or beauty veils.

Then envy circles us with hate,
And lays a siege so strait,
 No heavenly succor enters in :
But if revenge admittance find
Forever hath the mind
 Made forfeit of itself to sin.

Assaulted thus, how dare we raise
Our minds to think his praise,
 Who is eternal and immense ?
How dare we force our feeble wit
To speak him infinite,
 So far above the search of sense ?

O you ! who are immaculate,
His name may celebrate
 In your soul's bright expansion :
You, whom your virtues did unite
To his perpetual light,
 That ever with Him you now shine one.

While we who to earth contract our hearts,
And only study arts
 To shorten the sad length of time,
In place of joys, bring humble fears,
For hymns, repentant tears,
 And a new sigh, for every crime.

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM.—DAVID

WHEN I survey the bright
 Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
Th' Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But, if we steadfast look,
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn

It tells the conqueror,
That far-stretched power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest north
Some nations may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation, yet shut in
With hills of ice,
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have ;
For, as yourselves, your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires,
And all the pride of life, confute.

For they have watched since first
The world had birth,
And found sin in itself accursed,
And nothing permanent on earth.

NON NOBIS DOMINE.—DAVID.

No marble statue, nor high
Aspiring pyramid be raised
To lose its head within the sky!
What claim have I to memory?
God, be thou only praised!

Thou in a moment canst defeat
The mighty conquests of the proud,
And blast the laurels of the great;
Thou canst make brighter glory set
I' th' sudden in a cloud.

How can the feeble works of art
Hold out against th' assault of storms?
Or how can brass to him impart
Sense of surviving fame, whose heart
Is now resolved to worms?

Blind folly of triumphing pride!
Eternity, why build'st thou here?
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its humbled stream in the ocean hide,
And ne'er the same appear?

That tide which did its banks o'erflow,
As sent abroad by th' angry sea

To level vastest buildings low,
And all our trophies overthrow,
Ebbs like a thief away.

And thou who, to preserve thy name,
Leav'st statues in some conquered land,
How will posterity scorn fame,
When th' idol shall receive a maim,
And lose a foot or hand !

How wilt thou hate thy wars, when he
Who only for his hire did raise
Thy counterfeit in stone, with thee
Shall stand competitor, and be
Perhaps thought worthier praise !

No laurel wreath about my brow !
To thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquered doth, and conqueror bow !
For both dissolve to air, if Thou
Thy influence but withdraw.

QUID GLORIARIS IN MALICIA ?—DAVID.

Swell no more, proud man, so high !
For enthroned where'er you sit,
Raised by fortune, sin, and wit,
In a vault thou dust must lie.
He who is lifted up by vice,
Hath a neighboring precipice,
Dazzling his distorted eye.

Shallow is that unsafe sea
Over which you spread your sail,
And the bark you trust to, frail
As the winds it must obey.
Mischief, while it prospers, brings
Favor from the smile of kings—
Useless, soon is thrown away

Profit though sin it extort,
 Princes even accounted good
 Courting greatness ne'er withstood,
 Since its empire doth support.
 But when death makes them repent,
 They condemn the instrument,
 And are thought religious for't.

Pitched down from that height you bear,
 How distracted will you lie,
 When your flattering clients fly,
 As your fate infectious were !
 When of all th' obsequious throng
 That moved by your heart and tongue
 None shall in the storm appear ;

When that abject insolence,
 (Which submits to the more great,
 And disdains the weaker state,
 As misfortunes were offence,)
 Shall at court be judged a crime,
 Though in practice and the time,
 Purchase wit at your expense.

Each small tempest shakes the proud,
 Whose large branches vainly sprout
 Above the measure of the root ;
 But let storms speak ne'er so loud,
 And th' astonished day be night,
 Yet the just shines in a light
 Fair as noon without a cloud.

VIA TUAS DOMINE DEMONSTRA MIHI.

WHERE have I wandered ? In what way,
 Horrid as night
 Increased by storm, did I delight ?
 Thou, my sad soul, didst often say,
 'Twas death and madness so to stray.

On that false ground I joyed to tread,
Which seemed most fair, •
Though every path had a new snare.
And every turning still did lead
To the dark region of the dead.

But with the surfeit of delight
I am so tired,
That now I loathe what I admired,
And my distasted appetite
So abhors the meat, it hates the sight.

For should we naked sin descry,
Not beautified
By the aid of wantonness and pride,
• Like some misshapen birth 'twould lie,
A torment to the affrighted eye.

But clothed in beauty and respect,
Even o'er the wise
How powerful doth it tyrannize !
Whose monstrous form should they detect,
They famine sooner would affect.¹

And since those shadows which oppress
My sight, begin
To clear and show the shape of sin,
A scorpion sooner be my guest,
And warm his venom in my breast.

May I, before I grow so vile
By sin again,
Be thrown off as a scorn to men ;
May th' angry world decree to exile
Me to some yet unpeopled isle.

Where while I struggle, and in vain
Labor to find
Some creature that shall have a mind,

¹ Love.

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What justice have I to complain,
If I thy inward grace retain ?

My God, if thou shalt not exclude
Thy comfort thence,
What place can seem to troubled sense
So melancholy, dark, and rude,
To be esteemed a solitude ?

Cast me upon some naked shore,
Where I may track
Only the print of some sad wreck,
If Thou be there, though the seas roar,
I shall no gentler calm implore.

VERSA EST IN LUCTUM CYTHARA MEA.—JOB

Love ! I no orgies sing,
Whereby thy mercies to invoke,
Nor from the east rich perfumes bring,
To cloud thy altars with the precious smoke.

Nor while I did frequent
Those fancies by lovers raised to thee,
Did I loose heathenish rights invent,
To force a blush from injured chastity.

Religious was the charm
I used affection to entice,
And thought none burnt more bright or warm,
Yet chaste as winter was the sacrifice.

But now I thee bequeath
To the soft silken youths at court,
Who may their witty passions breathe,
To raise their mistress' smile, or make her sport.

They'll smooth thee into rhyme,
Such as shall catch the wanton ear ;
And win opinion with the time,
To make them a high sail of honor bear.

And many a powerful smile,
Cherish their flatteries of wit,
While I my life of fame beguile,
And under my own vine uncourted sit.

For I have seen the pine,
Famed for its travels o'er the sea,
Broken with storms and age, decline,
And in some creek unpitied rot away.

I have seen cedars fall,
And in their room a mushroom grow ;
I have seen comets threatening all,
Vanish themselves : I have seen princes so.

Vain, trivial dust ! weak man !
Where is that virtue of thy breath
That others save or ruin can,
When thou thyself art called to account by death ?

When I consider thee,
The scorn of time and sport of fate,
How can I turn to jollity
My ill-strung harp, and court the delicate ?

How can I but disdain
The empty fallacies of mirth,
And in my midnight thoughts retain,
How high soe'er I spread my roots in earth ?

Fond youth ! too long I played
The wanton with a false delight,
Which when I touched I found a shade,
That only wrought on th' error of my sight.

Then since pride doth decay
The soul to flattered ignorance,
I from the world will steal away,
And by humility my thoughts advance

EDMUND WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER was born at Coleshill, in Hertfordshire, in 1605, was educated at Eton, and at King's College, Cambridge. He was sent to parliament at the age of eighteen; frequented the court of James I., and suffered considerably during the civil war for his attachment to the monarchy, but closed his long life in peace, at Beaconsfield, in 1687. Waller was a fine poet, and he excelled all his contemporaries in his command of the harmonies of the English language. "He belonged," says Hazlitt, "to the same class as Suckling: the sportive, the sparkling, and the polished." His sublimest poem is on the Death of Cromwell; but many of his religious pieces are distinguished for dignity and beauty.

L O V E .

TILL love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out.
This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine and make us richer by the loss.
Could we forbear dispute and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind.
Both Faith and Hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral virtues, at the door remain;
Love only enters as a native there,
For born in heaven, it does but sojourn here.
Weak, though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that Heaven does ask:
Love that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves and others, for his sake.
'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound:
Unruly passions, whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles springing from the curse.

LOVE OF GOD TO MAN.

THAT early love of creatures yet unmade
To frame the world the Almighty did persuade :
For love it was that first created light,
Moved on the waters, chased away the night
From the rude chaos, and bestowed new grace
On things disposed of to their proper place,
Some to rest here, and some to shine above :
Earth, sea, and heaven, were all th' effects of love.
And love would be returned, but there was none
That to themselves or others yet were known.
The world a palace was without a guest,
Till one appears that must excel the rest ;
One like the Author, whose capacious mind
Might by the glorious work the Maker find ;
Might measure heaven, and give each star a name,
With art and courage the rough ocean tame ;
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know ;
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
When by his word God had accomplished all,
Man to create He did a council call ;
Employed his hand to give the dust He took
A graceful figure and majestic look ;
With his own breath conveyed into his breast
Life and a soul, fit to command the rest,
Worthy alone to celebrate his name,
For such a gift, and tell from whence it came :
Birds sing his praises in a wilder note,
But not with lasting numbers, and with thought,
Man's great prerogative. But above all,
His grace abounds in his new favorite's fall.
If He create, it is a world He makes ;
If He be angry, the creation shakes.
From his just wrath our guilty parents fled ;
He cursed the earth, but bruised the serpent's head.

Amidst the storm his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promise of the virgin's Seed ;
Though Justice death as satisfaction craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

THE SCRIPTURES.

THE Grecian muse has all their gods survived,
Nor Jove at us, nor Phœbus, is arrived ;
Frail deities, which first the poets made,
And then invoked to give their fancies aid !
Yet if they still divert us with their rage,
What may be hoped for in a better age,
When not from Helicon's imagined spring,
But sacred writ, we borrow what we sing ?
This with the fabric of the world begun,
Elder than light, and shall outlast the sun.
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The false pretenders, Delphos, Hammon, fall ;
Long since despised and silent, they afford
Honor and triumph to the eternal Word.
As late Philosophy our globe has graced,
And rolling earth among the planets placed,
So has this Book entitled us to heaven,
And rules to guide us to that mansion given ;
Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.
His power in nature's ample book we find ;
But the less volume doth express his mind.
This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught,
That his blest gods vouchsafe us not a thought,
But unconcerned, let all below them slide,
As fortune does, or human wisdom, guide.
Religion thus removed, the sacred yoke,
And band of all society, is broke :
What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no God but interest ?

What endless war would jealous nations bear,
If none above did witness what they swear ?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust !
Were Scripture silent, nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the first step towards being good or wise ;
For though with judgment we on things reflect,
Our will determines, not our intellect :
Slaves to their passion, reason men employ
Only to compass what they would enjoy ;
His fear to guard us from ourselves we need,
And sacred writ our reason doth exceed :
For though heaven shows the glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more glorious in his word ;
His mercy this, (which all his work excels,)
His tender kindness and compassion tells :
While we, informed by that celestial Book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.

JOHN MILTON

Was born in London, in 1608. After leaving Cambridge, he remained some time at his father's house in Horton, Buckinghamshire; and when turned of thirty, he went to Italy, whence he returned about the breaking out of the civil wars. He took office under Cromwell, and was the literary champion of the Commonwealth. On the Restoration, he was included in the act of amnesty, and he retired to Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, where the house in which he lived still stands, almost entire. It was here that he produced, in total darkness, his "Paradise Lost," and afterwards his "Paradise Regained." He died in 1674. The literary judgment of the people of this country has been vindicated by the sale of numerous and immense editions of Milton's poems. The only American edition of his prose works was published under the direction of the editor of this volume, in 1845 and in 1847.

Milton became a Presbyterian, but in his last years was an Independent, agreeing most nearly with the Baptists of the present day. Some crude notions in theology are stated in his "Treatise on Christian Doctrine," recently printed. This was probably written at an early period, and it would never have been published by himself. After its appearance, Macaulay had no more difficulty in discovering from "Paradise Lost," and "Paradise Regained," that Milton was an Arian, than some phrenologists have in deciding upon the character of any person, who is well known, from his skull.

ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of Good !
Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable, who sittest above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.
Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,

Circle his throne, rejoicing ; ye in heaven :
On earth join all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both high and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix,
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author, rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk .

The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent morn or even.
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt, in the rude manger lies :
Nature in awe to Him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only, with speeches fair,
She woos the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crowned with olive-green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And waving wide her myrtle-wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean ;
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warned them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need :
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;

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Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook ;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasures loth to lose
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
close.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed ;
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow ;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full concert to th' angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest fate says, No,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both Himself and us to glorify :

Yet first to those chained in sleep
'The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
the deep.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake ;
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his
throne.

And then at last our bliss,
Full and perfect is,
But now begins : for, from this happy day,
The old dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent :

With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs, in twilight shade of tangled thickets,
mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The lars and lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint :
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice battered god of Palestine ;
And mooned Ashtaroath,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shrine,
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Tammuz
mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals' ring,
They call the grizly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue :
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud :
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;

In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave ;
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave ;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved
maze.

But see, the virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending ;
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending :
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

ON THE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not : in thy book record their groans,

Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best; his state
Is kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE great Jeremy Taylor, though little known as a poet, wrote hymns and other lyrical pieces, well deserving notice. It is true that they are not so remarkable as his prose, for felicity of diction, but they are full of rich and noble thoughts, fitted to improve the heart. He was born in 1613, and died, bishop of Down and Connor, in 1667.

THE WISE MEN COMING TO WORSHIP JESUS.

A COMET dangling in the air,
Presaged the ruin both of death and sin ;
And told the wise men of a King,
The King of glory, and the Sun
Of righteousness, who then begun
To draw towards that blessed hemisphere.
They from the furthest east, this new
And unknown light pursue,
Till they appear
In this blest infant King's propitious eye,
And pay their homage to his royalty.
Persia might then the rising sun adore ;
It was idolatry no more.
Great God ! they gave to Thee
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold ;
But, Lord, with what shall we
Present ourselves before thy Majesty,
Whom Thou redeemest when we were sold ?
We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce that neither ;
Vile dirt and clay ;
Yet it is soft, and may
Impression take.
Accept it, Lord, and say, this Thou hadst rather ;
Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make
Thy holy image, and it shall outshine
The beauty of the golden mine. Amen.

I M M A N U E L .

How good a God have we ! who for our sake,
 To save us from the burning lake,
 Did change the order of creation :

At first He made
 Man like Himself in his own image ; now
 In the more blessed reparation,
 The heavens bow,
 Eternity took the measure of a span ;
 And said,

“ Let us make ourselves like man ;
 And not from man the woman take,
 But from the woman, man.”
 Hallelujah, we adore
 His name, whose goodness hath no store.

O F H E A V E N .

O BEAUTEOUS God, uncircumscribed treasure
 Of an eternal pleasure,
 Thy throne is seated far
 Above the highest star,
 Where Thou preparest a glorious place
 Within the brightness of thy face,
 For every spirit
 To inherit,
 That build his hopes upon thy merit,
 And loves Thee with a holy charity.
 What ravished heart, seraphic tongue or eyes,
 Clear as the morning rise,
 Can speak, or think, or see
 That bright eternity ?
 Where the great King's transparent throne
 Is of an entire jasper-stone ;
 There the eye
 O' th' chrysolite,
 And a sky
 Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase,

And above all, thy holy face,
 Makes an eternal charity.
 When Thou thy jewels up dost bind—that day
 Remember us we pray,
 That where the beryl lies,
 And the crystal 'bove the skies,
 There Thou mayest appoint us place
 Within the brightness of thy face,
 And our soul,
 In the scroll
 Of life and blissfulness enrol,
 That we may praise Thee to eternity. Allelujah.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE was born in Lancashire, in 1618. He was a Roman Catholic, but zealously served the king during the whole of the civil war, much to the injury of his fortune. Besides several poetical translations from Seneca and others, he was the author of a volume of "Miscellanies," which contain passages of considerable beauty. He died almost in poverty, in 1702.

CONSCIENCE.

INFERNAL Cerberus! whose griping fangs,
 That gnaw the soul, are the mind's secret pangs;
 Thou greedy vulture! that dost gorging tire
 On hearts corrupted by impure desire;
 Subtle and buzzing hornet! that dost ring
 A peal of horror ere thou givest the sting;
 The soul's rough file, that smoothness does impart;
 The hammer that does break the stony heart!
 The worm that never dies! the "thorn within,"
 That pricks and pains! the whip and scourge of sin!
 The voice of God in man! which without rest
 Dost softly cry within a troubled breast—
 "To all temptations is that soul set free
 That makes not to itself a curb of me."

HENRY MORE.

HENRY MORE was born at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, in 1614. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards removed to Cambridge, where he studied philosophy. He obtained a fellowship, and was presented to a prebend in the church of Gloucester. He died in 1687. His principal works are, "The Mystery of Godliness," "Mystery of Iniquity," "Philosophical Collections." These in his day were eminently popular. They are little suited to the taste of the modern reader, though enlivened with gleams of fancy, and bursts of poetic feeling.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEVOTION.

SING aloud, his praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe ;
He the boundless heavens has spread,
All the vital orbs has kned :
He that on Olympus high
Tends his flock with watchful eye ;
And this eye has multiplied,
'Midst each flock for to reside.
Thus as round about they stray,
Toucheth each with outstretched ray ;
Nimbly they hold on their way,
Shaping out their night and day.
Never slack they ; none respire,
Dancing round their central fires.

In due order as they move,
Echoes sweet be gently drove
Thorough heaven's vast hollowness
Which unto all corners press,—
Music that the heart of Jove
Moves to joy and sportful love,

Fills the listening sailors' ears,
Riding on the wandering spheres ;
Neither speech nor language is
Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong,
Witness all the creature throng ;
Is confessed by every tongue—
All things, back from whence they sprung :
As the thankful rivers pay
What they borrowed of the sea.

Now myself I do resign ;
Take me whole, I all am thine.
Save me, God, from self-desire,
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire,
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire ;
Let not lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these, thy praise I'll sing,
Loudly sweep the trembling string ;
Bear a part, O wisdom's sons !
Freed from vain religions.
Lo ! from far I you salute,
Sweetly warbling on my lute.

India, Egypt, Araby,
Asia, Greece, and Tartary ;
Carmel-tracts, and Lebanon,
With the Mountains of the Moon,
From whence muddy Nile doth run ;
Or, wherever else you won,
Breathing in one vital air :—
One we are, though distant far.

Rise at once—let's sacrifice
Odors sweet, perfume the skies.
See how heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflamed with high aspires :
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of incense rolls !
Leave we nothing to ourselves,
Save a voice—what need we else ?

Or an hand to wear and tire
On the thankful lute and lyre.
Sing aloud ! his praise rehearse,
Who hath made the universe.

FALSE AND TRUE RELIGION.

CAN wars, and jars, and fierce contention,
Swoln hatred, and consuming envy spring
From piety ?—No, 'tis opinion
That makes the riven heaven with trumpets ring,
And thundering engine murderous balls outsling,
And send men's groaning ghosts to lower shade
Of horrid hell. This the wide world doth bring
To devastation, makes mankind to fade ;
Such direful things doth false religion persuade.

But true religion, sprung from God above,
Is like her fountain—full of charity ;
Embracing all things with a tender love,
Full of good will and meek expectancy ;
Full of true justice and sure verity,
In heart and voice : free, large, even infinite ;
Not wedged in strait particularity,
But grasping all in her vast active sprite—
Bright lamp of God, that men would joy in thy pure light !

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Was born in London in 1618. He was early sent to Cambridge, but being a zealous loyalist, was ejected thence, and retired first to Oxford, and afterwards to France. He was made secretary to Lord Jermyn, and after the Restoration, through his interest, obtained an advantageous lease, which set him at ease in fortune. He died at Chertsey, in 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer and Spenser. The writings of Cowley have great and various merit. They display a vivid imagination, clear intellect, and a rich command of language; but his style is too artificial. "In Cowley," says Mr. Montgomery, "it has been the fate of one of the most brilliant intellects that ever arose in this country never to be estimated by its real excellence."

FROM "THE GARDEN."

METHINKS I see great Diocletian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made:
I see him smile (methinks) as he does talk
With the ambassadors who came in vain
To entice him to a throne again.
"If I, my friends," said he, "should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis that you should carry me away:
And trust me not, my friends, if every day
I walk not here with more delight
Than even after the most happy fight
In triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought myself almost a god!"

THE ECSTASY.

I LEAVE mortality, and things below ;
I have no time in compliments to waste,
Farewell to ye all in haste,
For I am called to go.
A whirlwind bears up my dull feet,
The officious clouds beneath them meet,
And lo ! I mount, and lo !
How small the biggest parts of earth's proud title show.

Where shall I find the noble British land ?
Lo ! I at last a northern speck espy,
Which in the sea does lie,
And seems a grain o' the sand ;
For this will any sin or bleed ?
Of civil wars is this the meed ?
And is it this, alas ! which we,
Oh ! irony of words ! do call Great Britannie ?

I passed by th' arched magazines which hold
Th' eternal stores of frost, and rain and snow ;
Dry and secure I go,
Nor shake with fear or cold ;
Without affright or wonder,
I meet clouds charged with thunder,
And lightnings in my way,
Like harmless lambent fires about my temples play.

Now into a gentle sea of rolling flame
I'm plunged, and still mount higher there,
As flames mount up through air,
So perfect, yet so tame,
So great, so pure, so bright a fire
Was that unfortunate desire,
My faithful breast did cover,
When, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

Throng several orbs which one fair planet bear,
Where I behold distinctly as I pass,
The hints of Galileo's glass,
I touch at last the spangled sphere.
Here all the extended sky
Is but one galaxy,
'Tis all so bright and gay,
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

Where am I now? angels and God is here;
An unexhausted ocean of delight
Swallows my senses quite,
And drowns all what, or how, or where;
Not Paul, who first did thither pass,
And this great world's Columbus was,
The tyrannous pleasure could express;
Oh, 'tis too much for man! but let it ne'er be less.

The mighty Elijah mounted so on high,
That second man, who leaped the ditch where all
The rest of mankind fall,
And went not downwards to the sky.
With much of pomp and show,
As conquering kings in triumph go,
Did he to heaven approach,
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his coach.

'Twas gaudy all, and rich in every part,
Of essences of gems, and spirit of gold,
Was its substantial mould;
Drawn forth by chemic angel's art,
Here with moonbeams 'twas silvered bright,
There double-gilt with the sun's light,
And mystic shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

The horses were of tempered lightning made,
Of all that in heaven's beauteous pastures feed
The noblest, sprightfullest breed;
And flaming manes their necks arrayed:

They all were shod with diamond,
Not such as here are found,
But such light solid ones as shine
On the transparent rocks o' th' heavenly crystalline.

Thus mounted the great prophet to the skies ;
Astonished men, who oft had seen stars fall,
Or that which so they call,
Wondered from hence to see one rise.
The soft clouds melted him a way ;
The snow and frosts which in it lay
Awhile the sacred footsteps bore,
The wheels and horses' hoofs hissed as they passed them o'er.

He passed by the moon and planets, and did fright
All the worlds there, which at this meteor gazed,
And their astrologers amazed
With th' unexampled sight.
But where he stopped will ne'er be known,
Till phoenix Nature aged grown,
To a better being do aspire,
And mount herself like him to eternity in fire.

ANDREW MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL was born at Hull, in 1620. He received a good education, and, after travelling for improvement, was appointed secretary to the English embassy at Constantinople. It is probable that he also assisted Milton as Latin Secretary to Cromwell. After the Restoration, he was elected a member of Parliament; and such was his simplicity of manners and integrity, that no offers could turn him aside from the exactest path of duty. His poetry is remarkable for warmth of feeling and for elegance. He died in 1678.

THE EMIGRANTS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received their song.

"What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own.

Where He the huge sea-monster racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms' and prelates' rage.

He gives us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing;
And sends the fowls to us, in care,
On daily visits through the air.

He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranate close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.

He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
With cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land.

He cast—of which we rather boast—
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.

Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which, thence perhaps rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."

Thus sang they in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
 Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
 Round it itself encloses;
And in its little globe's extent
Frames as it can, its native element.
 How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies!
But, gazing back upon the skies,
 Shines with a mournful light;
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere,
Restless it rolls and insecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure;

Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
 Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
 Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green ;
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in a heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
 Every way it turns away !
To the world excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the day ;
Dark beneath, but bright above ;
Here disdaining, *there* in love.
How loose and easy hence to go !
 How girt and ready to ascend !
Moving but on a point below,
 In all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congealed and chill—
Congealed on earth ; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

HENRY VAUGHAN, styled "the Silurist" by his contemporaries, from being of the Silures, a people of South Wales, was descended from the ancient Cambrian kings, and was born in Brecknockshire, in 1621. In his seventeenth year he was entered of Jesus College, Oxford, whence after two years he was removed to London. He was intended for the bar, but at the commencement of the civil war he relinquished it, and became eminent both as a poet and a physician. His sacred poems are remarkable for originality and picturesque grace, though it must be confessed they are sullied with many conceits unworthy of the theme. He died in 1695. He wrote "Silex Scintillans," "Sacred Poems," and "Private Ejaculations," of which a fine edition was published in London by Pickering, in 1847.

THE PURSUIT.

LORD! what a busy, restless thing
Hast thou made man!
Each day and hour he is on wing,
Rests not a span.
Then having lost the sun and light,
By clouds surprised,
He keeps a commerce in the night
With air disguised.
Hadst thou given to this active dust
A state untired,
The lost son had not left the husk,
Nor home desired.
That was thy secret, and it is
Thy mercy too;
For when all fails to bring to bliss,
Then this must do.
Ah! Lord! and what a purchase will that be,
To take us sick, that sound would not take thee!

THE WORLD.

THOU art not Truth ! for he that tries
Shall find thee all deceit and lies.
Thou art not Friendship ! for in thee
'Tis but the bait of policy ;
Which like a viper lodged in flowers,
Its venom through that sweetness pours ;
And when not so, then always 'tis
A fading paint, the shortlived bliss
Of air and humor, out and in,
Like colors in a dolphin's skin :
But must not live beyond one day,
Or for convenience, then away.
Thou art not Riches ! for that trash,
Which one age hoards, the next doth wash,
And so severely sweep away,
That few remember where it lay.
So rapid streams the wealthy land
About them have at their command ;
And shifting channels here restore,
There break down, what they banked before.
Thou art not Honor ! for those gay
Feathers will wear and drop away ;
And princes to some upstart line
Give new ones, that are full as fine.
Thou art not Pleasure ! For thy rose
Upon a thorn doth still repose,
Which, if not cropped, will quickly shed,
But soon as cropped grows dull and dead.

Thou art the sand which fills one glass,
And then doth to another pass ;
And could I put thee to a stay,
Thou art but dust ! Then go thy way,
And leave me clean and bright, though poor ;
Who stops thee doth but daub his floor ;
And, swallow-like, when he hath done,
To unknown dwellings must be gone.

Welcome, pure thoughts, and peaceful hours,
Enriched with sunshine and with showers!
Welcome fair hopes, and holy cares,
The not to be repented shares
Of time and business, the sure road
Unto my last and loved abode!

O supreme Bliss!
The circle, centre, and abyss
Of blessings, never let me miss
Nor leave that path which leads to thee,
Who art alone all things to me!
I hear, I see, all the long day
The noise and pomp of the "broad way."
I note their coarse and proud approaches,
Their silks, perfumes, and glittering coaches.
But in the "narrow way" to Thee
I observe only poverty,
And despised things; and all along
The ragged, mean, and humble throng
Are still on foot; and as they go
They sigh and say, Their Lord went so!

Give me my staff, then, as it stood
When green and growing in the wood.
The stones, which for the altar served,
Might not be smoothed nor finely carved.
With this poor stick I'll pass the ford,
As Jacob did; and Thy dear word,
As Thou hast dressed it, not as wit
And depraved tastes have poisoned it,
Shall in the passage be my meat,
And none else shall thy servant eat.
Thus, thus, and in no other sort,
Will I set forth, though laughed at for't;
And leaving the wise world their way,
Go through, though judged to go astray.

THE BEE.

FROM fruitful beds and flowery borders,
Parcelled to wasteful ranks and orders,
Where state grasps more than plain truth needs,
And wholesome herbs are starved by weeds,
To the wild woods I will be gone,
And the coarse meals of great Saint John.

When truth and piety are missed
Both in the rulers and the priest;
When pity is not cold, but dead,
And the rich eat the poor like bread;
While factious heads with open coil
And force, first make, then share, the spoil;
To Horeb then Elias goes,
And in the desert grows the rose.

Hail crystal fountains and fresh shades,
Where no proud look invades,
No busy worldling hunts away
The sad retiree all the day!
Hail, happy, harmless solitude!
Our sanctuary from the rude
And scornful world; the calm recess
Of faith, and hope, and holiness!
Here something still like Eden looks;
Honey in woods, juleps in brooks:
And flowers, whose rich, unrifled sweets
With a chaste kiss the cool dew greets
When the toils of the day are done,
And the tired world sets with the sun.
Here flying winds and flowing wells,
Are the wise watchful hermit's bells;
Their busy murmurs all the night
To praise or prayer do invite;
And with an awful sound arrest,
And piously employ his breast.

When in the east the dawn doth blush,
Here cool fresh spirits the air brush.

Herbs straight get up ; flowers peep and spread ;
Trees whisper praise, and bow the head :
Birds, from the shades of night released,
Look round about, then quit the nest,
And with united gladness sing
The glory of the morning's King.
The hermit hears, and with meek voice
Offers his own up, and their, joys :
Then prays that all the world might be
Blessed with as sweet a unity.

If sudden storms the day invade,
They flock about him to the shade,
Where wisely they expect the end,
Giving the tempest time to spend ;
And hard by shelters on some bough
Hilarion's servant, the sage Crow.

O purer years of light and grace !
Great is the difference, as the space,
'Twixt you and us, who blindly run
After false fires and leave the sun.
Is not fair nature of herself
Much richer than dull paint and pelf ?
And are not streams at the spring-head
More sweet than in carved stone or lead.
But fancy and some artist's tools
Frame a religion for fools.

The truth, which once was plainly taught,
With thorns and briers now is fraught.
Some part is with bold fables spotted,
Some by strange comments wildly blotted ;
And Discord, old corruption's crest,
With blood and blame have stained the rest.
So snow, which in its first descents
A whiteness like pure heaven presents,
When touched by man is quickly soiled,
And after trodden down and spoiled.

O lead me, where I may be free
In truth and spirit to serve Thee !

Where undisturbed I may converse
With thy great Self ; and there rehearse
Thy gifts with thanks ; and from thy store,
Who art all blessings, beg much more.
Give me the wisdom of the bee,
And her unwearied industry !
That from the wild gourds of these days,
I may extract health, and Thy praise,
Who canst turn darkness into light,
And in my weakness show Thy might.

Suffer me not in any want
To seek refreshment from a plant
Thou didst not set ; since all must be
Plucked up, whose growth is not from Thee.
'Tis not the garden, and the bowers,
Nor sense and forms, that give to flowers
Their wholesomeness ; but Thy good will,
Which truth and pureness purchase still.

Then since corrupt man hath driven hence
Thy kind and saving influence,
And balm is no more to be had
In all the coasts of Gilead ;
Go with me to the shade and cell,
Where thy best servants once did dwell.
There let me know Thy will, and see
Exiled religion owned by Thee ;
For 'Thou canst turn dark grotts to halls,
And make hills blossom like the vales,
Decking their untilled heads with flowers,
And fresh delights for all sad hours ;
Till from them, like a laden bee,
I may fly home, and hive with Thee !

THE SHEPHERDS.

SWEET, harmless lives ! on whose holy leisure
Waits innocence and pleasure,

Whose leaders to those pastures and clear springs
Were patriarchs, saints, and kings ;
How happened it that in the dead of night
You only saw true light,
While Palestine was fast asleep, and lay
Without one thought of day ?
Was it because those first and blessed swains
Were pilgrims on those plains,
When they received the promise, for which now
'Twas there first shown to you ?
'Tis true, he loves that dust whereon they go
That serve him here below,
And therefore might for memory of those
His love there first disclose ;
But wretched Salem once his love, must now
No voice nor vision know,
Her stately piles, with all their height and pride,
Now languished and died.
No costly pride, no soft-clothed luxury,
In those thin cells could lie ;
Each stirring wind and storm blew through their cots,
Which never harbored plots ;
Only content and love and humble joys,
Lived there without all noise ;
Perhaps some harmless cares for the next day
Did in their bosoms play,
As where to lead their sheep, what silent nook,
What springs or shades to look ;
But that was all ; and now with gladsome care
They for the town prepare ;
They leave their flock, and in a busy talk
All towards Bethlehem walk
To see their soul's great Shepherd, who was come,
To bring all stragglers home ;
Where now they find him out, and, taught before,
That Lamb of God adore,
That Lamb whose days great kings and prophets wished
And longed to see, but missed.

The first light they beheld was bright and gay,
And turned their night to day ;
But to this later light they saw in him,
Their day was dark and dim.

THE GARLAND.

WHEN first my youthful, sinful age
Grew master of my ways,
Appointing error for my page,
And darkness for my days ;
I flung away, and with full cry
Of wild affections, rid
In post for pleasures, bent to try
All gamesters that would bid.
I played with fire, did counsel spurn,
Made life my common stake ;
But never thought that fire would burn,
Or that a soul could ache.
Glorious deceptions, gilded mists,
False joys, fantastic flights,
Pieces of sackcloth with silk lists,
These were my prime delights.
I sought choice bowers, haunted the spring,
Culled flowers, and made me posies ;
Gave my fond humors their full wing,
And crowned my head with roses.
But at the height of this career
I met with a dead man,
Who, noting well my vain abear,
Thus unto me began :
Desist, fond fool, be not undone,
What thou hast cut to-day
Will fade at night, and with this sun
Quite vanish and decay.

THE DWELLING-PLACE.

ST. JOHN, CHAP. I. VERSES 38, 39.

WHAT happy, secret fountain,
Fair shade, or mountain,
Whose undiscovered virgin glory
Boasts it this day, though not in story,
Was then thy dwelling? did some cloud,
Fixed to a tent, descend and shroud
My distressed Lord? or did a star,
Beckoned by thee, though high and far,
In sparkling smiles haste gladly down
To lodge light and increase her own?
My dear, dear God! I do not know
What lodged thee then, nor where, nor how;
But I am sure thou dost now come
Oft to a narrow, homely room,
Where thou too hast but the least part;
My God, I mean my sinful heart.

HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

THEY are all gone into a world of light,
I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove;
Or those faint beams in which the hill is dressed
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy Hope, and high Humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair field, or grove, he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that locked her up gave room,
She'd shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee !
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass ;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

THE WREATH.

SINCE I in storms most used to be,
And seldom yielded flowers,
How shall I get a wreath for Thee
From these rude barren hours?

The softer dressings of the spring,
Or summer's later store,
I will not for thy temples bring,
Which thorns, not roses, wore;

But a twined wreath of grief and praise,
Praise soiled with tears, and tears again
Shining with joy, like dewy days,
This day I bring for all Thy pain.

SUNDAYS.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss!
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladness prepossessed in this;
A day to seek
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight:
The pulleys unto headlong man; time's bower;
The narrow way;
Transplanted paradise; God's walking hour;
The cool o' the day;
The creature's jubilee; God's parle with dust;
Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh, of flowers;
Angels descending; the returns of trust;
A gleam of glory after six days' showers;
The Church's love-feasts; time's prerogative

And interest
Deducted from the whole ; the combs and hive,
And home of rest ;
The milky-way chalked out with suns ; a clue
That guides through erring hours, and in full story ;
A taste of heaven on earth ; the pledge and cue
Of a full feast, and the out-courts of glory.

THE RETREAT.

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy !
Before I understood this place,
Appointed for my second race ;
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought ;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love ;
And, looking back at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face ;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound ;
Or had the black art to dispense,
A several sin to every sense ;
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
Oh ! how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track !
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train ;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm-trees ;
But, oh ! my soul, with too much stay,
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.

Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move ;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came return.

CHILDHOOD.

I CANNOT reach it ; and my striving eye
Dazzles at it, as at eternity.
Were now that Chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content too in my power,
Quickly would I make my path even,
And by mere playing go to Heaven.

Dear, harmless age ! the short, swift span
Where weeping virtue parts with man ;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please without self-ends.

An age of mysteries ! which he
Must live twice that would God's face see ;
Which angels guard, and with it play,
Angels ! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee more than ere I studied man,
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light !
O for thy centre and mid-day !
For sure that is the narrow way !

THE WORLD.

I SAW eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright :

And round beneath it, time in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurled.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain ;
Near him his lute, his fancy, and his flights,—
Wit so delights—
With gloves and knots, the silly snares of pleasure ;
Yet his dear treasure
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and wo,
Like a thick midnight fog, moved there so slow,
He did not stay nor go ;
Condemning thoughts (like sad eclipses) scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout ;
Yet digged the mole, and, lest his ways be found,
Worked under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey,—but one did see
That policy.
Churches and altars fed him ; perjuries
Were gnats and flies ;
It rained about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there—did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust ;
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugged each one his pelf :
The downright epicure placed heaven in sense,
And scorned pretence ;

While others slipped into a wide excess,
Said little less :
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave ;
And poor despised truth sat counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the ring :
But most would use no wing.
O fools ! (said I,) thus to prefer dark night
Before true light ;
To live in grotts and caves, and hate the day,
Because it shows the way—
The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God ;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he.
But as I did their madness thus discuss,
One whispered thus :
“This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for his Bride.”

P E A C E .

My soul there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars.
There above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And (O my soul awake !)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

LOOKING BACK.

FAIR, shining mountains of my pilgrimage,
And flowery vales, whose flowers were stars!
The days and nights of my first happy age.
An age without distaste or wars!
When I by thought ascend your sunny heads,
And mind those sacred midnight lights
By which I walked, when curtained rooms and beds
Confined or sealed up others' sights;

O then, how bright, and quick a light
Doth brush my heart and scatter night!
Chasing that shade, which my sins made,
While I so spring, as if I could not fade.
How brave a prospect is a traversed plain,
Where flowers and palms refresh the eye!
And days well spent like the glad East remain,
Whose morning glories cannot die.

GEORGE HERBERT.

GEORGE HERBERT, a younger brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was born at the castle of Montgomery, in Wales, on the 3d of April, 1593, and was educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a fellow. In 1619 he became the university orator, and he held this office eight years. His abilities recommended him to Lord Bacon and to Bishop Andrews, and the king being also pleased with him he had hopes of rising at court; but the death of James and other causes having induced his disappointment, in this quarter, he retired into Kent, where he lived with great privacy, and taking a survey of his past life, determined to devote his remaining years to religion; in his own words, "to consecrate all my learning and all my abilities to advance the glory of that God which gave them, knowing that I can never do too much for Him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian." He took orders, was married, and after a few years was presented with the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury, into which he was inducted in 1630. Here he passed the remainder of his days in the faithful discharge of the duties of a parish minister, as delineated by himself in "The Country Parson," and by Izaak Walton in his pleasant biography. He died, of consumption, in February, 1632. Herbert's "Temple, or Sacred Poems," have been many times reprinted in England and in this country. Its popularity when first published was so great that when Walton wrote, more than twenty thousand copies of it had been sold. Baxter says: "I must confess that next the Scripture Poems, there are none so savory to me as our George Herbert's. I know that Cowley and others far excel Herbert in wit and accurate composure; but as Seneca takes with me above all his contemporaries, because he speaketh by words feelingly and seriously, like a man that is past jest, so Herbert speaks to God, like a man that really believeth in God, and whose business in the world is most with God: heart-work and heaven-work make up his books." Coleridge, the best of critics, alludes to Herbert as "the model of a man, a gentleman, and a clergyman," and adds, that "the quaintness of some of his thoughts (not of his diction, than which nothing could be more pure, manly, and unaffected) has blinded modern readers to the great general merit of his poems, which are for the most part excellent in their kind."

THE COLLAR.

I STRUCK the board, and cried, "No more!
I will abroad.
What! shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free—free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store;
Shall I be still in suit? .
Have I no harvest, but a thorn
To let my blood; and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart! but there is fruit
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-flown age
On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not: forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see:
Away! take heed!
I will abroad,
Call in thy death's head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load."
But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"
And I replied, "My Lord!"

V I R T U E .

SWEET day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave ;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring ! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,—
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Like seasoned timber never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to a coal,
Then chiefly lives.

T H E Q U I P .

THE merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First Beauty crept into a rose,
Which when I plucked not, " Sir," said she,
" Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those ?"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came : and, chinking still,
" What tune is this, poor man ?" said he ;
" I heard in music you had skill :"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by,
In silks that whistled "who but he?"
He scarce allowed me half an eye:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be;
And, to be short, make an oration:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy design
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large; say, I am thine;
And then they have their answer home.

B U S I N E S S . .

CANST be idle, canst thou play
Foolish soul, who sinned to-day?
Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Hast thou tears, or hast thou none?

If, poor soul, thou hast no tears,
Wouldst thou had no fault or fears!
Who hath those, those ills forbears!

Winds still work, it is their plot
Be the season cold or hot:
Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not?

If thou hast no sighs or groans,
Would thou hadst no flesh and bones:
Lesser pains 'scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Foolish soul, who died for thee?
Who did leave his Father's throne,

To assume thy flesh and bone ?
Had He life, or had He none ?

If He had not lived for thee
Thou hadst died most wretchedly ;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so far thy good did plot,
That his own self He forgot—
Did He die, or did He not ?

If He had not died for thee
Thou hadst lived in misery—
Two lives worse than two deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
'Twixt his sins and Saviour's death ?
He that loseth gold, though dross,
Tells to all he meets, his cross—
He that hath sins, hath he no loss ?

He that finds a silver vein
Thinks on it, and thinks again—
Brings thy Saviour's death no gain ?
Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither sin nor Saviour fees.

P E A C E .

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell ? I humbly crave
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And asked if peace were there,
A hollow wind did seem to answer, " No !
Go seek elsewhere."

I did ;—and going, did a rainbow note :
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat :

I will search out the matter.
But while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial. "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell."
But when I digged I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man ;
Whom when for peace
I did demand, he thus began :
"There was a prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes,
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :
Which many wond'ring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

"It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth ;
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtues lie therein ;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain which in my garden grows,
And grows for you :
Make bread of it ; and that repose,
And peace which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there."

G R A C E .

My stock lies dead, and no increase
 Doth my dull husbandry improve ;
 O, let Thy graces, without cease,
 Drop from above !

If still the sun should hide his face,
 Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
 Thy works night's captives ; O, let grace
 Drop from above !

The dew doth every morning fall,
 And shall the dew outstrip Thy dove ?
 The dew for which grass cannot call
 Drop from above !

O come, for Thou dost know the way,
 Or, if to me Thou will not move,
 Remove me where I need not say,
 Drop from above !

 THOMAS RANDOLPH.

THIS poet was the adopted son of Jonson. At an early age his genius and acquirements gave promises of literary eminence, which were unhappily frustrated by a premature death. In his remains we find traces of true poetic taste, and a fine fancy. He was born in 1605, and died in 1634.

A N E C L O G U E .

(OCCASIONED BY TWO DOCTORS DISPUTING UPON PREDESTINATION.)

CORYDON.

Ho ! jolly Thyrsis, whither in such haste ?
 Is't for a wager that you run so fast ?
 Or, past your hour, below yon hawthorn-tree
 Does longing Galatea look for thee ?

THYRSIS.

No, Corydon, I heard young Daphnis say,
 Alexis challenged Tityrus to-day,
 Who best shall sing of shepherd's art and praise :
 But hark ! I hear them ; listen to their lays.

TITYRUS.

Alexis, read ; what means this mystic thing ?
 An ewe I had two lambs at once did bring ;
 The one black as jet, the other white as snow ;
 Say, in just Providence how it could be so ?

ALEXIS.

Will you Pan's goodness therefore partial call,
 That might as well have given thee none at all ?

TITYRUS.

Were they not both yeaned by the self-same ewe ?
 How could they merit then so different hue ?
 Poor lamb, alas ! and couldst thou, yet unborn,
 Sin to deserve the guilt of such a scorn !
 Thou hadst not yet fouled a religious spring,
 Nor fed on plots of hallowed grass, to bring
 Stains to thy fleece ; nor browsed upon a tree
 Sacred to Pan or Pales' deity.
 The gods are ignorant if they not foreknow,
 And, knowing, 'tis unjust to use thee so.

ALEXIS.

Tityrus, with me contend, or Corydon ;
 But let the gods and their high wills alone :
 For in our flocks that freedom challenge we ;
 This kid is sacrificed, and that goes free.

TITYRUS.

reed where you will, my lambs ; what boots it us
 To watch and water, fold, and drive you thus :
 This on the barren mountains flesh can glean,
 That fed in flowery pastures will be lean.

ALEXIS.

Plough, sow, and compass, nothing boots at all,
Unless the dew upon the tilths do fall.
So labor, silly shepherds, what we can :
All's vain, unless a blessing drop from Pan.

TITYRUS.

Ill thrive thy ewes, if thou these lies maintain.

ALEXIS.

And may thy goats miscarry, saucy swain.

THYRSIS.

Fie, shepherds, fie ! while you these strifes begin,
Here creeps the wolf, and there the fox gets in ;
To your vain piping on so deep a reed
The lambkins listen, but forget to feed.
It gentle swains befits of love to sing,
How Love left heaven, and heaven's immortal King,
His co-eternal Father : oh ! admire,
Love is a son as ancient as his sire ;
His mother was a virgin : how could come
A birth so great, and from so chaste a womb ?
His cradle was a manger : shepherds, see,
True faith delights in poor simplicity.
He pressed no grapes, nor pruned the fruitful vine,
But could of water make a brisker wine ;
Nor did He plough the earth, and to his barn
The harvest bring ; nor thresh and grind the corn.
Without all these Love could supply our need,
And with five loaves five thousand hungry feed.
More wonders did He ; for all which suppose
How He was crowned with lily or with rose,
The winding ivy, or the glorious bay,
Or myrtle, with the which Venus, they say,
Girts her proud temples ! Shepherds, none of them ;
But wore, poor head ! a thorny diadem.
Feet to the lame He gave ; with which they ran

To work their surgeon's last destruction :
 The blind from Him had eyes ; but used that light
 Like basilisks, to kill Him with their sight.
 Lastly, he was betrayed (oh ! sing of this)—
 How Love could be betrayed ! 'twas with a kiss.
 And then, his innocent hands and guiltless feet
 Were nailed unto the cross, striving to meet
 In his spread arms his spouse : so mild in show,
 He seemed to court the embraces of his foe.
 Through his pierced side, through which a spear was sent,
 A torrent of all-flowing balsam went.
 Run, Amaryllis, run : one drop from thence
 Cures thy sad soul, and drives all anguish hence.
 Go, sun-burnt Thessylis, go and repair
 Thy beauty lost, and be again made fair.
 Love-sick Amyntas, get a philtum here,
 To make thee lovely to thy truly dear ;
 But, coy Licoris, take the pearl from thine,
 And take the blood-shot from Alexis' eyne.
 Wear this an amulet 'gainst all syrens' smiles,
 The stings of snakes, and tears of crocodiles.
 Now Love is dead ;—Oh ! no, He never dies ;
 Three days He sleeps, and then again doth rise,
 (Like fair Aurora from the eastern bay,)
 And with his beams drives all our clouds away.
 This pipe unto our flocks ; this sonnet get,
 But, lo ! I see the sun ready to set :
 Good-night to all : for the great night is come :
 Flocks, to your folds ; and shepherds, hie you home ;
 To-morrow morning, when we all have slept,
 Pan's cornet's flown, and the great sheepshear's kept.

RICHARD BAXTER.

THIS eminent author was born in 1615. He was a Presbyterian, and one of the ablest and most voluminous of the religious writers of England. In 1685 he was tried before the notorious Judge Jeffries, by whom he was grossly insulted, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment; but the punishment was shortly after remitted by the king. He died in 1691. The "Saints' Everlasting Rest" is the best known of Baxter's works. His poems, originally published in 1681, under the title of "Poetical Fragments," were last printed by William Pickering, London, 1821.

WISDOM.

HE that by faith sees not the world of spirits,
Which Christ with his blessed family inherits;
The sense of Providence can never know,
Nor judge aright of any thing below.

Things seem confuséd and neglected here,
Because in broken parcels they appear;
Who knows a work in arras by one piece?
Small parcels show not workmen's artifice.
The beauty of a picture is not known,
When one small part, or limb alone is shown
They that on some few letters only look,
Can never know the meaning of God's book.
Who knows a stately building by one post?
It's but short scraps that one age sees at most.

Heaven seeth all, and therefore knows the sense
Of the whole beauteous frame of Providence.
His judgment of God's kingdom needs must fail,
Who knows no more of it than this dark jail:
If heaven and hell were open to men's sight,
Most men of pleasant things would judge aright.

Who would be grieved at prosperous sinners' reign,
Who did foresee their everlasting pain?

Who would grudge pride and rage so short a power,
Who did foresee its fall, and dismal hour ?
Who'd grudge God's patience to the greatest crime,
Which will 'scape vengeance for so short a time ?
Who'd grudge at any wrong or suffering here,
Who saw the world of happiness so near ?

If that one sun a thousand fold excel
This earth in bigness, where we sinners dwell ;
(And what's one sun to all the heaven beside ?)
Is not God's kingdom glorious and wide ?
Who then dare say, God's work is not well done,
Because an ant-hill is not made a sun ?
Or because sin and devilish rage do dwell,
In this vile prison which is next to hell ?
Who'd measure God's great kingdom or his love,
By us poor prisoners who in fetters move ?

God placed man in earthly paradise,
Heaven's outward court, the way to highest bliss.
A man himself doing what God forbade,
His house a bedlam and a bridewell made ;
Man turned it by his sinful base defection,
Into God's prison and house of correction.
God's wondrous mercies which do never fail,
Fetch many sons to heaven out of this jail.

If the rest finally neglect God's grace,
And choose no better than this sinful place,
The dream of pleasure which will end in shame,
They had their choice, and whom else can they blame ?

Who'd censure God for one poor bedlam's sake,
But such as of his madness do partake ?
And though he rage, and sober men disdains,
Who loves his case, or longeth for his chains ?

Who envy wicked men their hurting power,
Who do believe their sad approaching hour ?
Who the toad's hurtful venom envieth ?
Who'd have the basilisk's pernicious breath ?
Who longs to be a serpent for the sting ?
It's worse to be a great, but hurtful king.

Christians by patience win a better crown,
Than all the bloody conquerors' renown.
True Christian kings, who rule in peace and love,
A better kingdom have with Christ above.
Our king may with more peace and safety rule,
Than the great Turk, Tartarian, or Mogul.

No king so mighty as the devil is,
Nor hath dominion so large as his.
Yet would no wise man such a devil be,
That he might be as powerful as he ;
If any would be such, his own desire
Makes him a devil fitted for hell-fire.
Madness called wisdom is, and rules in chief,
With all that cannot see beyond this life :
To them that see not beyond flesh and blood,
And taste no better than these senses' food ;
That know not the true everlasting good,
Nothing on earth is rightly understood.

The heavenly light must open sinners' eyes,
Before they ever will be truly wise :
One real prospect of the life to come,
A true belief whither men's souls are gone,
Would more felicitating wisdom give,
Than foolish, sensual men will now believe.

Call not that wisdom which will end in shame,
Which undoes him who by it wins the game :
A wit that can deceive himself and others,
Wit to destroy his own soul, and his brothers' :
Wit that can prove that sin's a harmless thing,
That sin's no sin, or no great hurt will bring ;
That with the serpent can give God the lie, .
And say, believe not God, you shall not die.
Wit that can prove that God speaks but in jest,
That fleshly pleasure is man's best.
Wit that can prove God's wisdom is deceived,
And sacred Scriptures should not be received.
Wit to confute God's word, reject his grace,
Lose time, sin boldly, post towards hell apace.

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Defend the devil's cause, his own damnation,
Slight God, neglect a Saviour and salvation.
Call not that wisdom, which men would disown,
And wish at last that they had never known,
To go with honor, ease, and sport to hell,
And there with shame and late repentance dwell !
Truth is for goodness, wisdom's use and end,
To which true learning and just studies tend,
Is that this may be thoroughly understood,
"To be good, do good, and get endless good."
False wit employed in hurting other men,
Writes its own death in blood, with its own pen :
It forceth many to their self-defence,
Who fain would live in quiet innocence.

Kites, foxes, wolves, have wit to catch their prey,
Yet harmless sheep live quieter than they ;
Men keep their flocks that they may multiply,
So that few by wolves and lions die ;
But hurtful ravenous beasts all men pursue,
While all destroy them, there remains but few.

Some slight God's word because weak men abuse it.
What's law or reason then, when all misuse it ?
Men will not despise God, nor sin, nor die,
But they will give a learned reason why.
What is so false, which wit cannot defend,
And that by volumes confidently penned ?
Reason can justify the greatest wrong,
The basest lie can hire a learned tongue.
What cause so vile that cannot wit suborn ?
Men will not without reason be forsworn.
Reason can make rogues of the best of men,
And make a church of saints a serpents' den ;
Can make usurping Lucifer a saint,
And holy martyrs like to devils paint.
Even reverend wit, can by transforming skill,
Make heretics, and schismatics at will ;
It can prove white is black, and black is white ;
That night is day, and grossest darkness light.

Say what you will, reason can prove it true,
 What is't that drunken reason cannot do ?
 How rare is that blest place, that age or season,
 Which may not own this character of reason ?
 And must we therefore brutishness prefer,
 Because well-used reason is so rare ?
 But when the drunken phrensy fit is gone,
 And devils their deceiving work have done ;
 When death the dreaming sinner doth awake,
 O what a dreadful change doth God then make ?
 Then wise men only are the pure and just,
 Who Christ, who God obey, and in him trust.

A PSALM OF PRAISE.

YE holy angels bright,
 Which stand before God's throne,
 And dwell in glorious light,
 Praise ye the Lord each one.
 You there so nigh
 Are much more meet
 Than we the feet,
 For things so high.

You blessed souls at rest,
 That see your Saviour's face,
 Whose glory, even the least,
 Is far above our grace ;
 God's praises found,
 As in his sight,
 With sweet delight
 You do abound.

All nations of the earth,
 Extol the world's great King ;
 With melody and mirth,
 His glorious praises sing.

For he still reigns,
And will bring low,
The proudest foe,
That him disdains.

Sing forth Jehovah's praise,
Ye saints that on him call :
Magnify him always,
His holy churches all :
In him rejoice ;
And there proclaim
His holy name,
With sounding voice.

My soul, bear thou thy part :
Triumph in God above ;
With a well-tuned heart,
Sing thou the songs of love.
Thou art his own,
Whose precious blood
Shed for thy good,
His love made known.

He did in love begin,
Renewing thee by grace,
Forgiving all thy sin,
Showed thee his pleased face.
He did thee heal
By his Son's merit,
And by his Spirit
For glory seal.

In saddest thoughts and grief,
In sickness, fears, and pain,
I cried for his relief,
And it was not in vain.
He heard with speed ;
And still I found
Mercy abound,
In time of need.

Let not his praises grow
On prosperous heights alone ;
But in the vales below,
Let his great love be known.
Let no distress
Curb and control
My winged soul,
And praise suppress.

Let not the fear or smart
Of his chastising rod,
Take off my fervent heart
From praising my dear God.
Whate'er I feel,
Still let me bring
This offering,
And to him kneel.

Though I lose friends and wealth,
And bear reproach and shame ;
Though I lose ease and health,
Still let me praise God's name.
That fear and pain,
Which would destroy
My thanks and joy,
Do thou restrain.

Though human help depart,
And flesh draw near to dust ;
Let faith keep up my heart,
To love God true and just :
And all my days
Let no disease
Cause me to cease
His joyful praise.

Though sin would make me doubt,
And fill my soul with fears,
Though God seems to shut out
My daily cries and tears :

By no such frost
Of sad delays,
Let thy sweet praise
Be nipped and lost.

Away, distrustful care !
I have thy promise, Lord,
To banish all despair,
I have thy oath and word.
And therefore I
Shall see thy face,
And there thy grace
Shall magnify.

Though sin and death conspire,
To rob thee of thy praise,
Still towards thee I'll aspire,
And thou dull hearts canst raise.
Open thy door ;
And when grim death
Shall stop this breath,
I'll praise thee more.

With thy triumphant flock
Then I shall numbered be,
Built on th' eternal rock,
His glory we shall see.
The heavens so high,
With praise shall ring,
And all shall sing
In harmony.

The sun is but a spark
From the eternal light :
Its brightest beams are dark
To that most glorious sight :
There the whole choir,
With one accord,
Shall praise the Lord
For evermore.

THE VALEDICTION.

VAIN world, what is in thee ?
What do poor mortals see
Which should esteemed be
 Worthy their pleasure ?
Is it the mother's womb,
Or sorrows which soon come,
Or a dark grave and tomb
 Which is their treasure ?
How dost thou man deceive
 By thy vain glory,
Why do they still believe
 Thy false history ?

Is't children's book and rod,
The laborer's heavy load,
Poverty undertrod
 The world desireth ?
Is it distracting cares,
Or heart-tormenting fears,
Or pining grief and tears,
 Which man requireth ?
Or is it youthful rage,
 Or childish toying ?
Or is decrepit age
 Worth man's enjoying ?

Is it deceitful wealth,
Got by care, fraud, or stealth,
Or short, uncertain health,
 Which thus befool men ?
Or do the serpent's lies,
By the world's flatteries
And tempting vanities,
 Still overrule them ?

Or do they in a dream
Sleep out their season ?
Or borne down by lust's stream,
Which conquers reason ?

The silly lambs to-day
Pleasantly skip and play,
Whom butchers mean to slay,
Perhaps to-morrow ;
In a more brutish sort,
Do careless sinners sport,
Or in dead sleep still snort,
As near to sorrow ;
Till life, not well begun,
Be sadly ended,
And the web they have spun,
Can ne'er be mended.

What is the time that's gone,
And what is that to come ?
Is it not now as none ?
The present stays not.
Time posteth, oh how fast !
Unwelcome death makes haste.
None can call back what's past,
Judgment delays not ;
Though God bring in the light,
Sinners awake not,
Because hell's out of sight,
They sin forsake not.

Man walks in a vain show,
They know, yet will not know ;
Sit still when they should go ;
But run for shadows :
While they might taste and know
The living streams that flow,
And crop the flowers that grow,
In Christ's sweet meadows.

Life's better slept away,
Than as they use it ;
In sin and drunken play,
Vain men abuse it.

Malignant world, adieu !
Where no foul vice is new,
Only to Satan true,
God still offended ;
Though taught and warned by God,
And his chastising rod,
Keeps still the way that's broad,
Never amended.
Baptismal vows some make,
But ne'er perform them ;
If angels from Heaven spake,
"Twould not reform them.

They dig for hell beneath,
They labor hard for death,
Run themselves out of breath
To overtake it.
Hell is not had for naught,
Damnation's dearly bought,
And with great labor sought,
They'll not forsake it.
Their souls are Satan's fee,
He'll not abate it.
Grace is refused that's free,
Mad sinners hate it.

Vile man is so perverse,
It's too rough work for verse
His badness to rehearse,
And show his folly :
He'll die at any rates,
He God and conscience hates,
Yet sin he consecrates,
And calls it holy :

The grace he'll not endure,
Which would renew him :
Constant to all, and sure,
Which will undo him.

His head comes first at birth,
And takes root in the earth,
As nature shooteth forth,
His feet grow highest ;
To kick at all above,
And spurn at saving love ;
His God is in his grove,
Because it's nighest.
He loves this world of strife,
Hates that would mend it ;
Love's death that's called life,
Fears what would end it.

All that is good he'd crush,
Blindly on sin doth rush,
A pricking thorny bush,
Such Christ was crowned with :
Their worship's like to this,
The reed, the Judas kiss,
Such the religion is,
That these abound with ;
They mock Christ with the knee
Whene'er they bow it ;
As if God did not see
The heart, and know it.

Of good they choose the least.
Despise that which is best,
The joyful, heavenly feast,
Which Christ would give them ;
Heaven hath scarce one cold wish,
They live unto the flesh,
Like swine they feed on wash,
Satan doth drive them.

Like weeds they grow in mire,
Which vices nourish ;
Where warmed by Satan's fire,
All sins do flourish.

Is this the world men choose,
For which they heaven refuse,
And Christ and grace abuse,
And not receive it ?
Shall I not guilty be
Of this in some degree,
If hence God would me free,
And I'd not leave it ?
My soul, from Sodom fly,
Lest wrath there find thee :
Thy refuge-rest is nigh,
Look not behind thee.

There's none of this ado,
None of the hellish crew,
God's promise is most true,
Boldly believe it.
My friends are gone before,
And I am near the shore,
My soul stands at the door,
O Lord, receive it.
It trusts Christ and his merits,
The dead he raises :
Join it with blessed spirits,
Who sing thy praises.

JOHN QUARLES,

A son of Francis Quarles, inherited much of his father's character and genius. He was educated by Archbishop Usher, upon whose death he wrote an elegy, beginning with these beautiful lines :

" Then weep no more ; see how his peaceful breast,
Rocked by the hand of death, takes quiet rest.
Disturb him not ; but let him sweetly take
A full repose ; he hath been long awake."

He was for some time engaged in the civil wars, travelled abroad, and returning to London, died of the plague in 1665.

H Y M N .

GREAT GOD, whose sceptre rules the earth,
Distil thy fear into my heart,
That, being rapt with holy mirth,
I may proclaim how good thou art :
Open my lips, that I may sing
Full praises to my God, my King.

Great God, thy garden is defaced,
The weeds thrive there, the flowers decay ;
O call to mind thy promise past,
Restore thou them, cut these away :
Till then let not the weeds have power
To starve or stint the poorest flower.

In all extremes, Lord, thou art still
The mount whereto my hopes do flee ;
O make my soul detest all ill,
Because so much abhorred by Thee :
Lord, let thy gracious trials show
That I am just, or make me so.

Shall mountain, desert, beast, and tree,
Yield to that heavenly voice of thine ;
And shall that voice not startle me,
Nor stir this stone—this heart of mine ?
No, Lord, till Thou new-bore mine ear,
Thy voice is lost, I cannot hear.

Fountain of light, and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade ;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see thy power, and sing thy praise.

Lord, God of gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire, O what shall we
Return to heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee ?
We have no offering to impart,
But praises, and a wounded heart.

O Thou that sittest in heaven, and seest
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be Thou my prince, be Thou my priest,—
Command my soul, and cure my sin :
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would or what I have
Be not possessed and blessed in Thee :
What I enjoy, oh, make it mine,
In making me—that have it—Thine.

When winter-fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer-friends,—when eyes grow strange,—
When plighted faith forgets its vows,—
When earth and all things in it change,—

O Lord, thy mercies fail me never,—
When once Thou lovest, Thou lovest forever

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
Whose justice none can feel—and live,
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, a poet, physician, and miscellaneous writer, was born in 1654. Among his poems are "The Creation," "The Redeemer," a "Paraphrase on the Book of Job," and a "Version of the Psalms." Blackmore was the butt of contemporary wits. Dryden commenced the persecution, and a host followed. Heedless, however, of this, he went on in his selected path, and he has received his reward in the commendations of such men as Addison, Locke, and Johnson. He died in 1739.

THE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH PSALM PARAPHRASED.

WHEN God a thousand miracles had wrought,
The favorite tribes' deliverance to promote,
And marching on in triumph at their head,
Their host to promised Canaan led ;
Then, Jacob, was thy rescued race
Distinguished by peculiar marks of grace ;
Their happiness and honor to advance,
He chose them for his own inheritance ;
With whom alone their gracious God
Would make his residence and blest abode.
They were from heaven instructed to adore
Their God, and with celestial light
Canaan was blessed, as Goshen was before,
While all their neighbors lay involved in night.

God the foundation of their empire laid,
The model of their constitution made ;
He on their throne their King in person sate,
And ruled with equal laws the sacred state.
For this blest purpose Jacob's seed
Was from the Egyptian bondage freed.
When God to do this wondrous work was pleased,
Great consternation nature seized :
The restive floods refused to flow,
Panting with fear, the winds could find no breath to blow,
The astonished sea did motionless become,
Horror its waters did benumb.
The briny waves, that reared themselves to see
The Almighty judgments, and his majesty,
With terror crystallized, began to halt,
Then pillars grew, and rocks of salt.
Jordan, as soon as this great deed it saw,
Struck with a reverential awe,
Started, and with precipitation fled,
The thronging waves ran backward to their head.
Vast hills were moved from out their place,
Terror the mountains did constrain
To lift themselves from off their base,
And on their rocky roots to dance about the plain.
The little hills, astonished at the sight,
Flew to the mother-mountains in a fright,
And did about them skip, as lambs
Run to and bleat around their trembling dams.
What ailed thee, O thou troubled sea,
That thou with all thy watery troops didst flee ?
What ailed thee, Jordan ? tell the cause
That made thy flood break nature's laws ;
Thy course thou didst not only stop,
And roll thy liquid volumes up,
But didst e'en backward flow, to hide
Within thy fountain's head thy reflux tide.
What did the lofty mountains ail ?
What pangs of fear did all the hills assail,

That they their station could not keep,
 But, scared with danger, ran like timorous scattered sheep?
 But why do I demand a cause
 Of your amazement, which deserves applause?
 Yours was a just, becoming fear;
 For when th' Almighty does appear,
 Not only you, but the whole earth should quake,
 And out of reverence should its place forsake.
 For He is nature's sovereign Lord,
 Who by his great commanding word
 Can make the floods to solid crystal grow,
 Or melt the rocks, and make their marble flow.

THE SINNER'S FATE.

FROM A PARAPHRASE ON JOB.

WHAT if the sinner's magazines are stored
 With the rich spoils that Ophir's mines afford?
 What if he spends his happy days and nights
 In softest joys and undisturbed delights?
 Where is his hope at last, when God shall wrest
 His trembling soul from his reluctant breast?
 Must he not then heaven's vengeance undergo,
 Condemned to chains and everlasting wo?
 This is his fate; but often here below
 Justice o'ertakes him, though it marches slow.
 And when the day of vengeance does appear,
 The wretch will cry, but will the Almighty hear?
 If, bathed in tears, compassion he invokes,
 The unrelenting Judge will multiply his strokes;
 His vain complaints and unregarded prayer
 Will drive the raving rebel to despair.
 Or will he yet with confidence apply
 Himself to God, and on his aid rely?
 Will he not rather cease in his distress
 His prayers to heaven hereafter to address?

THOMAS FLATMAN.

THOMAS FLATMAN was born in 1633. He has been honored by Wood with the title of an eminent poet ; and though his writings may not entitle him to such a distinction, there is still sufficient beauty in his pieces to show that the censure bestowed on him by some recent critics is wholly undeserved. He died in 1688. Addison borrowed the first of his minor poems from Flatman's "Thought of Death."

HYMN FOR THE MORNING.

AWAKE, my soul ! awake, mine eyes !
Awake, my drowsy faculties !
Awake, and see the new-born light
Spring from the darksome womb of night !
Look up and see the unwearied sun,
Already has his race begun.
The pretty lark is mounted high,
And sings her matins in the sky.
Arise, my soul ! and thou, my voice,
In songs of praise early rejoice !
O great Creator ! heavenly King !
Thy praises ever let me sing !
Thy power has made, thy goodness kept,
This fenceless body while I slept ;
Yet one day more has given me -
From all the powers of darkness free.
Oh ! keep my heart from sin secure,
My life unblameable and pure ;
That when the last of all my days is come,
Cheerful and fearless I may wait my doom.

FOR THE EVENING.

SLEEP ! downy sleep ! come close mine eyes,
Tired with beholding vanities ;
Sweet slumbers, come, and chase away
The toils and follies of the day.

On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die.
O Israel's watchful Shepherd ! spread
Tents of angels round my bed ;
Let not the spirits of the air
While I slumber me ensnare ;
But save thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasped in thine everlasting arms.
Clouds and thick darkness are thy throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion ;
Oh ! dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day !
Thus when the morn in crimson dressed,
Breaks through the windows of the east,
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise
Like incense at the morning sacrifice !

A THOUGHT OF DEATH.

WHEN on my sickbed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
My soul just now about to take her flight
Into the regions of eternal night ;
Oh tell me, you
That have been long below,
What shall I do !
What shall I think, when cruel death appears,
That may extenuate my fears !
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away !
Think with thyself that now thou shalt be free,
And find thy long-expected liberty ;
Better thou mayst, but worse thou canst not be
Than in this vale of tears and misery.
Like Cæsar, with assurance then come on,
And unamazed attempt the laurel crown
That lies on th' other side death's rubicon.

REV. JOHN NORRIS.

JOHN NORRIS, author of numerous theological works, and of "A Collection of Miscellanies, consisting of Poems, Essays, Discourses, and Letters," was born in 1657. It has been justly said, that "in the union of learning and logical argument with sublime piety, few have equalled Norris of Bemerton." In his poem "Transient Delight," is the line,

Like angels' visits, short and bright,
the original of the passage in Blair's "Grave"—

Visits
Like those of angels, short and far between :
and in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope,"

Like angels' visits, few and far between.
Norris was rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, and died in 1711.

THE INFIDEL.

FAREWELL fruition, thou grand, cruel cheat,
Which first our hopes dost raise, and then defeat ;
Farewell thou midwife to abortive bliss,
Thou mystery of fallacies.
Distance presents the object fair,
With charming features and a graceful air ;
But when we come to seize the inviting prey,
Like a shy ghost it vanishes away.

So to the unthinking boy the distant sky
Seems on some mountain's surface to rely ;
He with ambitious haste climbs the ascent,
Curious to touch the firmament.
But when, with an unwearied pace,
Arrived he is at the long-wished-for place,
With sighs the sad defeat he does deplore—
His heaven is still as distant as before.

And yet 'twas long ere I could throughly see
This grand impostor's frequent treachery ;
Though often fooled, yet I should still dream on,
Of pleasure in reversion :
Though still he did my hopes deceive,
His fair pretensions I would still believe ;
Such was my charity, that though I knew,
And found him false, yet I would think him true.

But now he shall no more with shows deceive,
I will no more enjoy, no more believe ;
The unwary juggler has so often shown
His fallacies, that now they're known.
Shall I trust on ? the cheat is plain ;
I will not be imposed upon again ;
I'll view the bright appearance from afar,
But never try to catch the falling star.

SUPERSTITION.

I CARE not, though it be
By the preciser sort thought popery ;
 We poets can a license show
 For every thing we do :
Hear, then, my little saint, I'll pray to thee.

If now thy happy mind,
Amidst its various joys can leisure find
 To attend to any thing so low,
 As what I say or do,
Regard, and be what thou wast ever—kind.

Let not the blessed above
Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither rove ;
 Fain would I thy sweet image see,
 And sit and talk with thee,
Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah ! what delight 'twould be
Wouldst thou sometimes, by stealth, converse with me !
How should I thy sweet commune prize,
And other joys despise ;
Come, then, I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

I would not long detain
Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in pain ;
Nor should thy fellow-saints e'er know
Of thy escape below ;
Before thou'rt missed thou shouldst return again.

Sure heaven must needs thy love
As well as other qualities improve ;
Come, then, and recreate my sight
With rays of thy pure light ;
'Twill cheer my eyes more than the lamps above.

But if fate's so severe,
As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere,
(And by thy absence I shall know
Whether thy state be so,)
Live happy, but be mindful of me there.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

ISAAC WATTS, an eminent divine, philosopher, and poet, was born at Southampton, in 1674, and became a congregational minister. As a poet he is chiefly known by his "Hebrew Lyrics," "Hymns," &c. They are not very carefully finished; but there is a remarkable sweetness and purity of thought in them. Perhaps the most successful of his poems are his "Hymns for the Young," which are admirably adapted for their purpose. His psalms and hymns have, for half a century, been used in nearly all the churches that worship in the English language; and if popularity were a test of merit, Watts should be ranked with Milton. He died in 1748.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

AN ODE ATTEMPTED IN THE ENGLISH SAPPIC.

WHEN the fierce north wind, with his airy forces,
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes
Rushing amain down,

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble,
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them!

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like those earthly,)
Such the dire terror when the great archangel
Shakes the creation,

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes.
See the graves open, and the bones arising—
Flames all around them.

Hark! the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches;
Lively bright horror and amazing anguish
Stare through their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart twinges when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore Him.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
While devils push them to the pit wide yawning,
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the centre!

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas :) come, arise to Jesus;
How He sits God-like! and the saints around Him,
Throned, yet adoring.

Oh! may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations, then ascend to glory;
While our Hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

HOPE IN DARKNESS.

YET gracious God,
Yet will I seek thy smiling face:
What though a short eclipse his beauties shroud,
And bar the influence of his rays?
'Tis but a morning vapor or a summer cloud;
He is my sun, though He refuse to shine.
Though for a moment He depart,
I dwell forever on his heart,
Forever He on mine.
Early before the light arise,
I'll spring a thought away to God;

The passion of my heart and eyes
Shall shout a thousand groans and sighs,
A thousand glances strike the skies,
The floor of his abode.

Dear Sovereign, hear thy servant pray ;
Bend the blue heavens, Eternal King,
Downward thy cheerful graces bring ;
Or shall I breathe in vain, and pant my hours away ?
Break, glorious Brightness, through the gloomy veil,
Look, how the armies of despair
Aloft their sooty banners rear
Round my poor captive soul, and dare
Pronounce me prisoner of hell.
But Thou, my Sun, and Thou, my Shield,
Wilt save me in the bloody field ;
Break, glorious Brightness, shoot one glimmering ray ;
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.

Happy the times, but ah ! those times are gone,
When wondrous power, and radiant grace,
Round the tall arches of thy temple shone,
And mingled their victorious rays :
Sin, with all its ghastly train,
Fled to the depths of death again,
And smiling triumph sat on every face :
Our spirits, raptured with the sight,
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud Hosannas sounded the Redeemer's praise.
Here could I say,
(And paint the place whereon I stood,)
Here I enjoyed a visit half the day
From my descending God :
I was regaled with heavenly fare,
With fruit and manna from above ;
Divinely sweet the blessings were,
While my Emmanuel was there ;

And o'er my head
The Conqueror spread
The banner of his love.

Then why, my heart, sunk down so low ?
Why do my eyes dissolve and flow,
And hopeless nature mourn ?
Review, my soul, those pleasing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Through the displeasure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raise a frown,
To chide the child, or prove the son,
But love will ne'er destroy ;
The hour of darkness is but short,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy support :
The morning brings the joy.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

Nor from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies :
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head ;
How vain their curses, if th' Eternal King
Look through the clouds, and bless me with his eyes !
Creatures with all their boasted sway,
Are but his slaves, and must obey ;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.
'Tis by a warrant from his hand,
The gentler gales are bound to sleep ;
The north-wind blusters, and assumes command
Over the desert and the deep ;
Old Boreas, with his freezing powers,
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
Arrests the dancing riv'lets as they pass,
And chains them moveless to the shores ;

The grazing ox lows to the gelid skies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind, and dies.

Fly to the polar world, my sun,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched throng !)
 Seized and bound in rigid chains,
 A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
 And life stands frozen in the purple veins.
Atheist, forbear, no more blaspheme ;
God has a thousand terrors in his name,
 A thousand armies at command,
 Waiting the signal of his hand,
And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame.
 Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath ;
 His sharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to thy soul, and shake thy mortal frame.
 Sublime on winter's rugged wings,
He rides in arms along the sky,
 And scatters fate on swains and kings ;
And flocks, and herds, and nations die,
 While impious lips, profanely bold,
 Grow pale, and quivering at his dreadful cold,
Give their own blasphemies the lie.
 The mischiefs that infest the earth,
When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high,
 Drought, and disease, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye,
From the incensed Divinity.
In vain our parching palates thirst
 For vital food, in vain we cry,
 And pant for vital breath ;
The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
 The sun has drunk all channels dry,
 And all the air is death.
Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes and floods,
That all the leafy standards strip,
And bear down, with a mighty sweep,
The riches of the fields, and honors of the woods ;
Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves ;
Earthquakes, that in midnight sleep
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves :
While you disperse your mortal harms,
'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud alarms,
When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.
Oh ! for a message from above,
To bear my spirit up,
Some pledge of my Creator's love,
To calm my terrors and support my hope !
Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine :
While Thou art Sovereign, I'm secure ;
I shall be rich till Thou art poor ;
For all I fear and all I wish, heaven, earth, and hell, are thine.

THE HEBREW BARD.

SOFTLY the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flowery meads,
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along :
He jars ; and lo ! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

When kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre ;
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the thunderer in arms.

Behold the God ! the Almighty King,
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing ;

His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire, and flaming horse :
Earth trembles ; and her mountains flow
At his approach, like melting snow.

But who those frowns of earth can draw,
That strike heaven, earth, and hell, with awe ?
Red lightning from his eyelids broke,
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

He spake ! the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed :
While the great Master strikes his lyre,
You see the affrighted floods retire.

In heaps th' affrighted billows stand,
Waiting the changes of his hand ;
He leads his Israel through the sea,
And watery mountains guard their way.

Turning his hand with sovereign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep ;
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through deserts to the promised land.

Here camps with wide-embattled force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course .
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls :
The harp lies strewed with ruined walls.

See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings
From every chord his bolts are hurled,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

Lo ! the great poet shifts the scene,
And shows the face of God serene,
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation ride,
With guards of justice at his side.

A SURVEY OF MAN.

I'm borne aloft, and leave the crowd,
I sail upon a morning cloud,
 Skirted with dawning gold :
Mine eyes beneath the opening day
Command the globe with wide survey,
Where ants in busy millions play,
 And try and heave the mould.

“Are these the things” (my passion cried)
“That we call men? Are these allied
 To the fair worlds of light?
They have rased out their Maker's name,
Graven on their minds with pointed flame,
 In strokes divinely bright.

“Wretches! they hate their native skies;
If an ethereal thought arise,
 Or spark of virtue shine,
With cruel force they damp its plumes,
Choke the young fire with sensual fumes,
 With business, lust, or wine.

“Lo! how they throng with panting breath
 The broad descending road,
That leads unerring down to death,
 Nor miss the dark abode.”

Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a noble few
Dare to stray upward, and pursue
 The unbeaten way to God.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
 I know his candid soul afar;
Here Dorylis and Thyrsis fly,
 Each like a rising star;
Charin I see, and Fidea there,
I see them help each other's flight,
 And bless them as they go:
They soar beyond my laboring sight,

And leave their loads of mortal care,
But not their love, below.
On heaven, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their God :
With morning incense up they rise,
Sublime, and through the lower skies,
Spread their perfumes abroad.

Across the road a seraph flew,
"Mark" (said he) "that happy pair,
Marriage helps devotion there ;
When kindred minds their God pursue,
They break with double vigor through
The dull incumbent air."

Charmed with the pleasure and surprise,
My soul adores and sings—
"Blest be the power that springs their flight,
That streaks their path with heavenly light,
That turns their love to sacrifice,
And joins their zeal for wings."

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain ;
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way :
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

THOMAS PARNELL.

THOMAS PARNELL was born in Dublin in 1679. At thirteen he was admitted to Trinity College, where, in 1700, he took the degree of Master of Arts. He often visited England, and was the friend of Pope and Swift. He obtained the Archdeaconry of Clogher, in his twenty-sixth year; and he died at Chester, on his way home to Ireland, in 1717. "The compass of Parnell's poetry," says Mr. Campbell, "is not extensive, but it is peculiarly delightful. It is like a flower that has been trained and planted by the skill of the gardener, but which preserves, in its cultured state, the natural fragrance of its wilder air."

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at least the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire
In dimness from the view retire;
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves;
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.

There pass with melancholy state
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
“Time was, like thee, they life possessed,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest !”

Those graves with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
◆ Where Toil and Poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away,)
A Middle Race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Urns, angels, epithets, and bones ;
These (all the poor remains of state !)
Adorn the Rich, or praise the Great,
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha ! while I gaze pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades ;
All slow, and wan, and wrapped with shrouds,
They rise in visionary clouds,
And all with sober accent cry,
“Think, mortal, what it is to die.”

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin,
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground,)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones :

“ When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I !
They view me like the last of things :
They make, and then they dread my stings
Fools ! if you less provoked your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death’s but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God ;
A port of calms, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas.”

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, covered steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o’er the scutcheons of the dead ?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of wo.
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene’er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun :
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body placed,
A few and evil years they waste ;
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind !
Sweet delight of human kind !
Heaven-born and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky,
With more of happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know ;

Whither, oh ! whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head ?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease ?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there ;
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined ;
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves ;
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought ; but learns to know,
That solitude's the nurse of wo.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground ;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky ;
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below :
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.
Lovely, lasting peace, appear !
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blessed,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved :
It seemed as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of the Grace :
When thus she spoke :—" Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still ;

Know God,—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow :
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest !”

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy,
Raised, as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer,
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blessed with God alone ;
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colors of delight,
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song,
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And Thee, Great Source of Nature, sing.
The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day ;
The moon, that shines with borrowed light ;
The stars, that gild the gloomy night ;
The seas, that roll unnumbered waves ;
The wood, that spreads its shady leaves ;
The field, whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain ;—
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me :
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.
Go, search among your idle dreams,
Your busy, or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Dr. YOUNG was born at Upham, near Winchester, in 1681. He was educated at Winchester School, and removed thence to New College, Oxford. He took orders in 1727, and was appointed Chaplain to the king. After this he engaged in politics, and at the age of eighty, soliciting further preferment from Archbishop Secker, he was appointed Clerk of the Closet to the Princess dowager of Wales. He died in April, 1765. The principal work of Dr. Young is his "Night Thoughts," of which Dr. Johnson gives the following character: "The author has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions; a wildness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and order. The excellence of this work is not exactness, but copiousness; particular lines are not to be regarded, the power is in the whole; and in the whole there is a magnificence, like that ascribed to a Chinese plantation—the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity."

THE POET COMPARES HIMSELF TO A TRAVELLER.

As when a traveller, a long day passed
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates awhile, his labor lost;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose:
Thus I, long travelled in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
Where Disappointment smiles at Hope's career;
Warned by the languor of life's evening ray,
At length have housed me in an humble shed:
Where, future wand'ring banished from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,
I chase the moments with a serious song.

IMMORTALITY.

IMMORTAL! ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshortened by progression infinite!
Futurity for ever future! life
Beginning still where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a Deity!
'Tis the description of the meanest slave.
Immortal! What can strike the sense so strong,
As this the soul? it thunders to the thought;
Reason amazes, gratitude o'erwhelms.
No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
Roused at the sound, the exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air: an air that feeds
Ambition high, and fans ethereal fires!
Quick kindles all that is divine within us,
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.

Immortal! was but one immortal, how
Would others envy! how would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing less?
How this ties up the bounteous hands of heaven!
O vain, vain, vain! all else; eternity!
A glorious and a needful refuge that,
From vile imprisonment in abject views.
'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
Eternity depending covers all;
Sets earth at distance, casts her into shades;
Blends her distinctions; abrogates her powers:
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath, if I may call him man,
Whom immortality's full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touching his high thought;

Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
 By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
 Their present province and their future prize ;
 Divinely darting upward every wish,
 Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.
 Doubt you this truth ? Why labors your belief ?
 If earth's whole orb by some due distanced eye
 Was seen at once, her towering Alps would sink,
 And levelled Atlas leave an even sphere.
 Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
 Is swallowed in eternity's vast round.
 To that stupendous view when souls awake,
 So large of late, so mountainous to man,
 Time's joys subside, and equal all below.

THE WORLD.

SUCH the glories of the world !
 What is the world itself ? Thy world,—a grave.
 Where is the dust that hath not been alive ?
 The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors ;
 From human mould we reap our daily bread.
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
 And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons,
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep ;
 Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel.
 • Each element partakes our scattered spoils ;
 As nature wide, our ruins spread ; man's death
 Inhabits all things, but the thought of man,
 Nor man alone ; his breathing bust expires,
 His tomb is mortal ; empires die ; where, now,
 The Roman ? Greek ? They stalk, an empty name !
 Yet few regard them in this useful light,
 Though half our learning is their epitaph.
 When down thy vale, unlocked by midnight thought,
 That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
 O Death ! I stretch my view ; what visions rise !
 What triumphs ! toils imperial ! arts divine !

In withered laurels glide before my sight !
 What lengths of far-famed ages, billowed high
 With human agitation, roll along
 In unsubstantial images of air. . . .

But, O Lorenzo ! far the rest above,
 Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
 One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
 And shakes my frame. Of one departed world
 I see the mighty shadow.

DEATH.

AH ! how unjust to nature and himself,
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
 We censure nature for a span too short ;
 That span, too short, we tax as tedious too,—
 Torture invention, all expedients tire
 To lash the lingering moments into speed ;
 And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves.
 Art ! brainless art ! Our furious charioteer
 Drives headlong towards the precipice of Death ;
 Death, most our dread ; Death, thus more dreadful made :
 Oh ! what a riddle of absurdity !
 Leisure is pain ; takes off our chariot wheels ;
 How heavily we drag the load of life !
 Blessed Leisure is our curse ; like that of Cain,
 It makes us wander ; wander earth around,
 To fly the tyrant Thought. As Atlas groaned
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour ;
 We cry for mercy to the next amusement,—
 The next amusement mortgages our fields :
 Slight inconvenience !
 Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief
 We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,
 Ages to years. The telescope is turned ;
 To man's false optics (from his folly false)
 Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,

And seems to creep decrepit with his age
Behold him when passed by ; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds !
All mankind in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast cry out on his career.

MAN'S IMMORTALITY PROVED BY REFERENCE TO NATURE.

NATURE, thy daughter, ever changing birth,
Of Thee, the great immutable, to man
Speaks wisdom ; is his oracle supreme ;
And he who most consults her is most wise.
Look nature through, 'tis revolution all ;
All change, no death. Day follows night, and night
The dying day ; stars rise, and set, and rise :
Earth takes th' example. See the summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid autumn ; winter gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the spring ; soft spring, with breath
Favonian from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All to re flourish fades ;
As in a wheel, all sinks to reascend :
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute description, emblem just,
Nature revolves, but man advances ! both
Eternal ; that a circle, this a line ;
That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul,
Ardent and tremulous, like flame ascends :
Zeal and humility, her wings to heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death,
Rolls the vast mass, and shall forever roll :
No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counsel charges the most High.
Matter immortal ! And shall spirit die ?
Above the noblest shall less noble rise ?

Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
 No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
 Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
 Less privileged than grain on which he feeds?
 Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
 The bliss of being, or with previous pain
 Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate
 Severely doomed death's single unredeemed?

MISERY OF UNBELIEF.

COULDST thou persuade me the next life would fail
 Our ardent wishes, how should I pour out
 My bleeding heart in anguish, new, as deep!
 Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope and my despair,
 Abhorred Annihilation blasts the soul,
 And wide extends the bounds of human wo!
 In this black channel would my ravings run:
 Grief from the future borrowed peace erewhile
 The future vanished, and the present pained:
 Fall how profound! Hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
 To night! to nothing! darker still than night.
 If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe?
 Oh! for delusion! Oh! for error still!
 Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
 A thinking being in a world like this,
 Not over rich before, now beggared quite,
 More cursed than at the fall? The sun goes out!
 The thorns shoot up! what thorns in every thought!
 Why sense of better? it embitters worse:
 Why sense? why life? if but to sigh, then sink
 To what I was? twice nothing! and much wo!
 Wo from heaven's bounties! wo from what was won:
 To flatter most, high intellectual powers.
 Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings by thy scheme
 All poisoned into pains. First, knowledge, once
 My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.
 To know myself true wisdom?—no, to shun

That shocking science, parent of despair !
Avert thy mirror ; if I see, I die.
Know my Creator ? climb his blest abode,
By painful speculation pierce the veil,
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admiration—on a foe
Obtruding life, withholding happiness ?
From the full rivers that surround his throne
Nor letting fall one drop of joy on man ;
Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more !
Ye sable clouds ! ye darkest shades of night,
Hide Him, forever hide Him, from my thought,
Once all my comfort ; source and soul of joy !
Know his achievements ! study his renown !
Contemplate this amazing universe,
Dropped from his hand with miracles replete !—
For what ? 'mid miracles of nobler name
To find one miracle of misery !
To find the being which alone can know
And praise his works, a blemish on his praise ?
Through Nature's ample range in thought to stray,
And start at man, the single mourner there,
Breathing high hope chained down to pangs and death.
Knowing is suffering, and shall virtue share
The sigh of knowledge ? Virtue shares the sigh
By straining up the steep of excellent ;
By battles fought, and from temptation won,
What gains she but the pang of seeing worth,
Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark
With every vice, and swept to brutal dust ?

NO SPIRITUAL SUBSTANCE ANNIHILATED.

THINK'ST thou Omnipotence a naked root,
Each blossom fair of Deity destroyed ?
Nothing is dead ; nay, nothing sleeps ; each soul

That ever animated human clay
 Now wakes ; is on the wing ; and when the call
 Of that loud trump collects us round heaven's throne
 Conglobed, we bask in everlasting day.
 How bright this prospect shines ! how gloomy thine !
 A trembling world, and a devouring God !
 Earth, but the shambles of Omnipotence !
 Heaven's face all stained with causeless massacres ;
 Of countless millions born to feel the pang
 Of being lost. Lorenzo, can it be ?
 This bids us shudder at the thoughts of life.
 Who would be born to such a phantom world,
 Where naught substantial but our misery ?
 A world where dark mysterious vanity
 Of good and ill the distant colors blends,
 Confounds all reason, and all hope destroys ;
 A world so far from great (and yet how great
 It shines to thee !) there's nothing real in it ;
 Being a shadow ! consciousness a dream !
 A dream, how dreadful ; universal blank !
 Before it and behind ! poor man a spark—
 From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
 Glittering a moment, nor that moment sure,
 'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding night,
 His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb.

REASONS FOR BELIEF.

WHAT am I ? and from whence ? I nothing know
 But that I am ; and since I am, conclude
 Something eternal : had there e'er been naught,
 Naught still had been : eternal there must be :
 But what eternal ? Why not human race,
 And Adam's ancestors, without an end ?
 That's hard to be conceived ; since every link
 Of that long chained succession is so frail ;
 Can every part depend and not the whole ?

Yet grant it true ; new difficulties rise ;
Whence earth and these bright orbs ?—Eternal too ?
Grant matter was eternal ; still these orbs
Would want some other father : much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes ;
Design implies intelligence and art ;
That can't be from themselves, or man : that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow ?
And nothing greater yet allowed than man.
Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight ?
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?
Has matter innate motion ? Then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust.
Has matter none ? Then whence these glorious forms
And boundless lights from shapeless and reposed ?
Has matter more than motion ? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius ? Is it deeply learned
In mathematics ? Has it framed such laws,
Which but to guess a Newton made immortal ?
If so, how each sage alone laughs at me,
Who thinks a clod inferior to a man !
If art to form and counsel to conduct,
And that with greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns.
Grant then invisible, eternal Mind ;
That granted, all is solved—But granting that,
Draw I not o'er me still a darker cloud ?
Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive ?
A being without origin or end !
Hail, human liberty ! there is no God.
Yet why ? on either scheme the knot subsists :
Subsist it must in God, or human race.
If in the last, how many knots besides,
Indissoluble all ? Why choose it there,
Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more ?

Reject it ; where that chosen, all the rest
 Dispersed, leave reason's whole horizon clear ?
 What vast preponderance is here ! can reason
 With louder voice exclaim, Believe a God ?
 What things impossible must man think true,
 On any other system ? and how strange
 To disbelieve through mere credulity.

•

CONTEMPLATION OF THE HEAVENS.

Yet why drown fancy in such depths as these ?
 Return, presumptuous rover ! and confess
 The bounds of man, nor blame them as too small.
 Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen ?
 Full ample the dominions of the sun !
 Full glorious to behold ! how far, how wide,
 The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
 Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
 Farther and faster than a thought can fly,
 And feeds his planets with eternal fires !
 Beyond this city why strays human thought ?
 One wonderful enough for man to know !
 One firmament enough for man to read !
 Nor is instruction here our only gain :
 There dwells a noble pathos in the skies,
 Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts.
 How eloquently shines the glowing pole !
 With what authority it gives its charge,
 Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
 Though silent, loud ! heard earth around, above
 The planets heard ; and not unheard in hell ;
 Hell has its wonder, though too proud to praise.

Divine Instructor ! thy first volume this,
 For man's perusal ; all in capitals !
 In moon and stars (heaven's golden alphabet !)
 Emblazed to seize the sight ; who runs may read,
 Who reads can understand : 'tis unconfined

To Christian land, or Jewry ; fairly writ
In language universal, to mankind :
A language lofty to the learned, yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or, from its husk, strike out the bounding grain.
A language worthy the great Mind that speaks !
Preface, and comment, to the sacred page !
Stupendous book of wisdom to the wise !
Stupendous book, and opened, Night ! by thee.
By thee much opened, I confess, O Night !
Yet more I wish ; say, gentle Night, whose beams
Give us a new creation, and present
The world's great picture, softened to the sight ;
Say thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds beyond number ; worlds concealed by day
Behind the proud and envious star of noon !
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene ?—and show
The mighty Potentate, to whom belong
These rich regalia, pompously displayed ?
Oh ! for a glimpse of Him my soul adores !
As the chased hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream ; for Him who made her
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys ; say, goddess, where ?
Where blazes his bright court ? where burns his throne ?
Thou know'st, for thou art near Him ; by thee, round
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports,
The sable curtains drawn : if not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where He dwells ?
A star his dwelling pointed out below :
Say ye, who guide the wildered in the waves,
On which hand must I bend my course to find Him ?
These courtiers keep the secret of their King ;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.
In ardent contemplation's rapid car,
From earth, as from my barrier, I set out ;

How swift I mount! diminished earth recedes ;
I pass the moon ; and, from her further side,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain ; pause at every planet.
And ask for Him who gives their orbs to roll
From Saturn's ring I take my bolder flight,
Amid those sovereign glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud ;
The souls of systems !—What behold I now ?
A wilderness of wonders burning round,
Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres.
Nor halt I here ; my toil is but begun ;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity,
Or far beneath it I am grovelling still.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes ;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from wo,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
I wake : how happy they who wake no more !
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake : emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous ; where my wrecked, desponding thoughts
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change !) severer for severe :
The day too short for my distress ; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.

Night, sable goddess ! from her ebon throne
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead ! and darkness how profound !

Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds :
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause ! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled :
Fate ! drop the curtain ; I can lose no more.

Silence and Darkness : solemn sisters ! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man,
Assist me : I will thank you in the grave ;
The grave your kingdom : there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye ?—

Thou who didst put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising vale.
O Thou ! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul ;
My soul which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. Oh ! lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its wo,)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song ;
Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will,
Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear :
Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss : to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.

Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch :
How much is to be done ! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what ? A fathomless abyss :
A dread eternity ! how surely mine !
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man !
How passing wonder He who made him such !
Who centred in our make such strange extremes !
From different natures, marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds !
Distinguished link in being's endless chain !
Midway from nothing to the Deity !
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorbed !
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine !
Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels !
Oh ! what a miracle to man is man !
Triumphantly distressed ! what joy ! what dread !
Alternately transported and alarmed !
What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave !
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

PLEASURE.

PLEASURES are fled, and fewer we enjoy ;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy :
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill ;
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still ;

If seized at last, compute your mighty gains ;
What is it but rank poison in your veins ?

G A M B L I N G .

IMMORTAL were we, or else mortal quite,
I less should blame this criminal delight ;
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks we need not our short being shun,
And thought to fly, content to be undone.
We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
And give eternity to murder time.

R E S I G N A T I O N .

THESE hearts, alas ! cleave to the dust
By strong and endless ties :
Whilst every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

When heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end ;
It takes the most effectual way,
And robs us of a friend.

Resign,—and all the load of life
That moment you remove ;
Its heavy load, ten thousand cares,
Devolve on One above—

Who bids us lay our burden down,
On his almighty hand ;
Softens our duty to relief,
Our blessings to command.

ROBERT BLAIR,

THE author of "The Grave," was the eldest son of a minister of Edinburgh, and was born in that city in 1699. He graduated at the university of his native city, travelled on the continent, and on his return, in 1731, was ordained to a parish in East Lothian, where, living in a gentlemanly style, he discharged the duties of his profession in an exemplary manner, and gave his leisure to the cultivation of his garden, to science, and to literature. He died on the 4th of February, 1746, and was succeeded in his office by Home, the author of "Douglass." The reputation of Blair rests chiefly upon "The Grave," originally published in London, through the kindly offices of Doddridge, in 1743. The execution of the poem is uneven; it has some striking faults; but the work is altogether justly described by Hazlitt as "a serious and somewhat gloomy poem, pregnant with striking reflections and fine fancy."

A SCHOOLBOY, AT NIGHT, IN A CHURCHYARD.

OFF in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonlight check'ring through the trees,
The schoolboy with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lies below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels:
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind,
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition pale and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-opened grave—and (strange to tell)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

A RICH MAN SURPRISED BY DEATH.

In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain ! how wistfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers !
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O ! might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage. Mournful sight ;
Her very eyes weep blood ; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,
Like a stanch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on ;
Till forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin !

JAMES THOMSON.

THIS eminent poet was born at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, in 1700. He was educated at Jedburgh and Edinburgh, and was intended for the ministry. Poetry, however, led him aside from this path, and in 1725 he went to London, where he soon attracted notice by the publication of his "Winter," and was patronised by the Lord Chancellor Talbot, with whose son he travelled afterwards on the Continent. After this nobleman's death, he enjoyed the friendship of Frederic, Prince of Wales, and Mr. Lyttleton. He died in 1748. Thomson is described by Hazlitt as the best and most original of the British descriptive poets. "He had nature, but through indolence or affectation, too often embellished it with the gaudy ornaments of art. He sometimes rises into sublimity; he has occasional pathos, and wit, and humor too, of a most voluptuous kind." Perhaps the best recent criticism of Thomson may be found in Professor Wilson's writings.

A HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

THESE as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields: the softening air is balm,
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, and hollow whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,

Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined !
Shade unperceived so soft'ning into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed they ravish still.
But wand'ring oft with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That ever busy wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots teeming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend ! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join : and ardent raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes.
Oh ! talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonished world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills,
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to Him !
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls ! be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise : for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake ! A boundless song
Bursts from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear
At solemn pauses through the swelling base ;
And, as each mingling flame increases, each
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.

For me—when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles ;—'tis naught to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt
In the void waste as in the city full :
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns—
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable.
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

CHARLES WESLEY was the brother of the more celebrated John Wesley, and, like him, was an eloquent preacher. His Hymns have great sweetness of style and sentiment, and they are nearly all retained in the collections of the Methodist Church.

J U D G M E N T .

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear :
Our sinful souls prepare
For that tremendous day ;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown ;
When robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
Forever let the Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears.
The solemn midnight cry,
“ Ye dead, the Judge is come ;
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom !”

O may we thus be found
 Obedient to his word ;
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord !
 O may we all ensure
 A lot among the blest !
 And watch a moment, to secure
 An everlasting rest.

JAMES MERRICK

Was born at Reading in 1720. He was the author of several hymns, the most beautiful of which is that well-known piece, "Placed on the Verge of Youth." He also published a new version of the Psalms, which bears little affinity to the inspired original. He died in 1766.

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, grieved
 With hunger, thirst, and pain,
 That asks to have the wants relieved ;
 It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
 And utters as it can
 The woes that in its bosom rise,
 And speak its nature man.

That infant, whose advancing hour,
 Life's various sorrows try,
 (Sad proof of sin's transmissive power,)
 That infant, Lord, am I.

A' childhood yet my thoughts confess,
 Though long in years mature,
 Unknowing whence I feel distress,
 And where, or what, its cure.

Author of good ! to Thee I turn :
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

Oh ! let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fear beside.

And oh ! by error's force subdued,
Since oft my stubborn will,
Preposterous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill,

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do Thou thy gifts supply ;
Unasked, what good Thou knowest, grant,
What ill, though asked, deny.

NUNC DIMITTIS

'Tis enough—the hour is come :
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay ;
Since thy mercies, oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now and steadfast prove,
God of truth, and God of love !
Since at length, my aged eye
Sees the dayspring from on high ;
Sun of righteousness, to Thee
Lo ! the nations bow the knee ;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
Those whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,

Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's Star,
Waiting till the promised ray
Turn their darkness into day.
See the beams intensely shed
Shine o'er Zion's favored head !
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth, and God of love !

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

PLACED on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene surveyed ;
I viewed its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers moved,
That virtue's path enclose :
My heart the wise pursuit approved,
But, oh ! what toils oppose.

For see ! ah see ! while yet her ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

Oh ! how shall I, with heart prepared,
Those terrors learn to meet ?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My inexperienced feet ?

As thus I mused, oppressive sleep
Soft o'er my temples drew
Oblivious veil.—The watery deep,
An object strange and new,

Before me rose : on the wide shore
Observant as I stood,
The gathering storms around me roar,
And heave the boiling flood.

Near, and more near the billows rise,
E'en now my steps they lave;
And death to my affrighted eyes
Approached in every wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat,
Each nerve at once unstrung :
Chill fear had fettered fast my feet,
And chained my speechless tongue.

I feel my heart within me die ;
When sudden to mine ear
A voice descending from on high
Reproved my erring fear.

“ What though the swelling surge thou see
Impatient to devour,
Rest, mortal, rest, on God's decree,
And thankful own his power.

“ Know when He bade the deep appear,
‘ Thus far,’ the Almighty said,
‘ Thus far, nor farther, rage, and here
Let thy proud waves be stayed.’ ”

I heard, and lo ! at once controlled,
The waves in wild retreat
Back on themselves reluctant rolled,
And murmuring left my feet.

Deeps to assembling deeps in vain
Once more the signal gave ;
The shores the rushing weight sustain,
And check th' usurping wave.

Convinced in nature's volume wise,
The imaged truth I read,
And sudden from my waking eyes
The instructive vision fled.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul !
Say, why distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill ?

Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude ;
Thy Maker's will has placed thee here,
A Maker wise and good.

He to thy every trial knows
Its just restraint to give,
Attentive to behold thy wocs,
And faithful to relieve.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul !
Say, why distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill ?

Though griefs unnumbered throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the headlong tide.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

CHRISTOPHER SMART was born at Shipbourne, in Kent, in 1722, and was educated at Cambridge. He was elected Fellow of Pembroke Hall in 1745, and took the degree of M. A. in 1747. Shortly after he removed to London, where he became acquainted with the most celebrated men of his day. He was subject to fits of insanity, which were at last attended with paroxysms so violent that he was obliged to be placed in a madhouse. He died, a prisoner for debt, in the King's Bench, on the 10th of May, 1770.

Smart seems to have had much respect and sympathy, notwithstanding his dissolute and unhappy life. "His piety," says Southey, "was so fervent, that when composing his religious poems he was frequently so impressed as to write upon his knees." His works possess considerable merit. They are recommended, as Mr. Wilmot observes, by an air of sincerity and enthusiasm; but they are generally wanting in finish.

INVOCATION.

ARISE, divine Urania, with new strains
To hymn thy God! and thou, immortal Fame,
Arise, and blow thy everlasting trump!
All glory to the Omniscient, and praise,
And power, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silvery, so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.
Thou, too, my heart, whom He, and He alone
Who all things knows, can know, with love replete,
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself
A living sacrifice before his throne!
And may the eternal high mysterious tree
That in the centre of the archéd heavens
Bears the rich fruit of knowledge, with some branch
Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil!

THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

A DAY shall come when all this earth shall perish,
Nor leave behind e'en chaos ; it shall come
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage,
To make perdition triumph ; it shall come
When the capacious atmosphere above
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan and die,
And vanish into void ; the earth beneath
Shall sever to the centre, and devour
The enormous blaze of the destructive flames.
Ye rocks that mock the raving of the floods,
And proudly frown upon the impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now ? Ye foaming waves,
That all along the immense Atlantic roar,
In vain ye swell ; will a few drops suffice
To quench the unextinguishable fire ?
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crowned tops the cedars
Are lessened into shrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual ; Athos, where ?
Where, Teneriffe, 's thy stateliness to-day ?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to these ? no more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.
Nor shall the verdant valleys then remain
Safe in their meek submission ; they the debt
Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rivals fair,
Arno and Andalusia ; but for thee,
More largely, and with filial tears must weep,
O Albion ! O my country ! thou must join,
In vain dissevered from the rest, must join
The terrors of the inevitable ruin.
Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day ;
Nor thou, fair queen of night ; nor you, ye stars,
Though million leagues, and million still, remote,
Shall yet survive that day : ye must submit,

Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.
 But though the earth shall to the centre perish,
 Nor leave behind e'en chaos ; though the air,
 With all the elements, must pass away,
 Vain as an idiot's dream ; though the huge rocks
 That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
 With humbler vales, must to perdition yield ;
 Though the gilt sun, and silver-tressed moon,
 With all her bright retinue, must be lost ;
 Yet Thou, Great Father of the world, survivest,
 Eternal as Thou wert : yet still survives,
 The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
 And candidate for unexpiring joys.
 He comes ! He comes ! the awful trump I hear :
 The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
 I see ! He comes, th' archangel from above.
 " Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
 Awake, ye incorruptible, arise ;
 From east to west, from the Antarctic pole
 To regions Hyperborean, all ye sons,
 Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of heaven—
 Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
 Awake, ye incorruptible, arise."
 'Tis then, not sooner, that the restless mind
 Shall find itself at home : and like the ark
 Fixed on the mountain-top, shall look aloft,
 O'er the vague passage of precarious life.

THE ANT AND THE BEE.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
 And by her wary ways reform thine own.
 But if thy deadened sense and listless thought
 More glaring evidence demand, behold
 Where yon pellucid populous hive presents
 A yet uncopied model to the world !
 There Machiavel in the reflecting glass
 May read himself a fool. The chemist there

May with astonishment invidious view
His toils outdone by each plebeian bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing
From various herbs and from discordant flowers
A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

IMMENSE Creator ! whose all-powerful hand
Framed universal being, and whose eye
Saw, like Thyself, all things were formed for good ;
Where shall the timorous bard thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song
And just thanksgiving ? The thought-kindling light,
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind ;
Its vivifying beams my heart illumines,
And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn
That paint the streaky east, and blithesome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest.
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fallen dew.
Without the aid of yonder golden globe,
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip and auricula's spotted pride ;
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
So pleasing in its pomp and glossy show.
O ! thrice illustrious, were it not for thee,
Those pansies, that reclining from the bank,
View through th' immaculate pellucid stream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast the while,
The purple and the gold that far outvie
The eastern monarch's garment, e'en with the dock,
E'en with the baleful hemlock's irksome green
Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams,
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite

The praise of Him, who ere He formed their lord,
Their voices tuned to transport, winged their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive :
And lo ! they call ; the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark and the redbreast, jointly call ;
He hears and feeds their feathered families ;
He feeds his sweet musicians, nor neglects
The invoking ravens in the greenwood wide ;
And though their throats' coarse rattling meet the ear,
They mean it all for music, thanks, and praise ;
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man.
But not to all !—for hark ! the organs blow
Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace the harmonious choir, celestial feast
To pious ears, and medicine of the mind !
The thrilling trebles, and the manly base,
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song.
While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies ; the solemn scene
The sun through storied panes surveys with awe,
And bashfully withholds each golden beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude ; behold her eyes !
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles ; the incense that her hands
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell ; to Him she sings,
To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made, and who preserves, whatever dwells
In air, in steadfast earth, or fickle sea.
Oh ! He is good, He is immensely good !
Who all things formed, and formed them all for man ;
Who marked the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
In order and in beauty ! Rise, attend,

Attest, and praise, ye quarters of the world !
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
To Him who made the mite. Though, Asia's pride,
Ye carry armies on your tower-crowned backs,
And grace the turbaned tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
In his less striking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault and seeks the assisting glass ;
Approach, and bring from Araby the Blest
The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,
And, meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
Lay all the tributary incense down.
Stoop, feeble Africa, with reverence stoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume ;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
To adorn his temples ; hasten with thy spear
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
While, unpursued, thy lions roam and roar,
And ruined towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide,
Remurmur to the glorious surly sound.
And thou, fair India, whose immense domain
To counterpoise the hemisphere, extends,
Haste from the west, and with thy fruits and flowers,
Thy mines and medicines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteousness so famed to flow,
By fabling bards, from Amalthea's horn,
Is thine ! thine, therefore, be a portion due
Of thanks and praise : come with thy brilliant crown
And vest of fur ; and from thy fragrant lap,
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of grace
And Christian excellence, his goodness own ;
Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise ;
Clad in the armor of the living God,
Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword ;
Faith's shield, salvation's glory-compassed helm,
With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
Fair truth's invulnerable breastplate spread ;

Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the sons of charity begin,
In strains seraphic and melodious prayer :
“ O All-sufficient, All-beneficent !
Thou God of goodness and of glory, hear !
Thou who to lowest minds dost condescend,
Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
Adopting jealousy to prove thy love !
Thou who resigned humility upholdest,
E'en as the florist props the drooping rose ;
But quellest tyrannic pride with peerless power,
E'en as the tempest rives the stubborn oak !
O All-sufficient, All-beneficent !
Thou God of goodness and of glory, hear !
Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end
To heaven, to immortality, and Thee !”

G O D I N M A N .

VAIN were the attempt, and impious, to trace
Through all his works th' Artificer Divine.
And though nor shining sun nor twinkling star
Bedecked the crimson curtains of the sky ;
Though neither vegetable, beast, nor bird,
Were extant on the surface of the ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath ; though the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker ;
Yet man, at home within himself, might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame,
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power.
I see and I adore ;—O God, most bounteous !
Oh ! infinite of goodness and of glory,
The knee that Thou hast shaped shall bend to Thee
The tongue which Thou hast tuned shall chant thy praise,
And thine own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to Thee forever.

DAVID.¹

SUBLIME invention, ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
 To God the eternal theme ;
Notes from your exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought,
 O'er meaner thoughts supreme.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
 For all the pangs that rage :
Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michal of his bloom,
 The Abishag of his age.

He sang of God, the mighty source
Of all things—that stupendous force
 On which all strength depends
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
 Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
 Dale, champaign, grove, and hill ;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
 And wisdom hides her skill.

“Tell them I am,” Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
 And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
 Replied, “O Lord ! Thou art.”

¹ This poem was composed during the author's confinement in a mad-house. Being deprived of pen and ink, he “was obliged to indent his lines with the end of a key upon the wainscot.”

WILLIAM COWPER,

ONE of the finest religious, meditative, and descriptive English poets, was born at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, in 1731. After being some time at Westminster, he was articled to an attorney, and at the end of three years, entered himself of the Middle Temple. His temperament quite unfitted him for the legal profession, and the interest of his friends secured for him the place of clerk to the House of Lords, but his nervousness compelled him to resign it, and he fell into a condition of mental debility which made it necessary to place him in a lunatic asylum. Recovering his powers, he retired to Huntingdon, where he became acquainted with the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, and after that gentleman's death, he removed with his widow to Olney, where he formed a lasting intimacy with the Rev. John Newton and with Lady Austen. Here, though afflicted with continual ill health, and a constitutional melancholy, he made his admirable translation of Homer, and wrote those noble original poems which have secured for him a rank among the great authors of his age and country. His principal work, "The Task," in six books, is so well known to the lovers of religious poetry, that any account of it is scarcely necessary; and his "Tirocinium," "Hymns," &c., are all in their kind of the first class in English literature. "He is, after Thomson," says Mr. Hazlitt, "the best of our descriptive poets,—but with less warmth of feeling and natural enthusiasm than the author of 'The Seasons.' He has also fine manly sense, a pensive and interesting turn of thought, tenderness, occasionally running into the most touching pathos, and a patriotic or religious zeal, mounting almost into sublimity. He had great simplicity with terseness of style: his occasional copies of verses have great elegance, and his 'John Gilpin' is one of the most humorous pieces in the language." The piety, genius, and learning of Cowper have of late years been fitly commemorated in the careful and beautiful editions of all his works by Dr. Southey, the Rev. T. Grimshawe, and the Rev. Thomas Dale.

THE REPENTANT SINNER.

If ever thou hast felt another's pain,
If ever, when he sighed, hast sighed again,
If ever on thy eyelid stood the tear
That pity had engendered, drop one here.

This man was happy—had the world's good word,
And with it every joy it can afford ;
Friendship and love seemed tenderly at strife,
Which most should sweeten his untroubled life ;
Politely learned, and of a gentle race,
Good breeding and good sense gave all a grace,
And whether at the toilet of the fair
He laughed and trifled, made him welcome there ;
Or if in masculine debate he shared,
Ensured him mute attention, and regard.
Alas, how changed ! expressive of his mind,
His eyes are sunk, arms folded, head reclined ;
Those awful syllables, hell, death, and sin,
Though whispered, plainly tell what works within ;
That conscience there performs her proper part,
And writes a doomsday sentence on his heart.
Forsaking and forsaken of all friends,
He now perceives where earthly pleasure ends ;
Hard task ! for one who lately knew no care,
And harder still, as learned beneath despair ;
His hours no longer pass unmarked away,
A dark importance saddens every day ;
He hears the notice of the clock perplexed,
And cries, " Perhaps eternity strikes next."
Sweet music is no longer music here,
And laughter sounds like madness in his ear ;
His grief the world of all her power disarms,
Wine has no taste, and beauty has no charms ;
God's holy word, once trivial in his view,
Now by the voice of his experience true,
Seems as it is, the fountain, whence alone
Must spring that hope he pants to make his own.
Now let the bright reverse be known abroad ;
Say man's a worm, and power belongs to God.
As when a felon, whom his country's laws
Have justly doomed for some atrocious cause,
Expects in darkness and heart-chilling fears
The shameful close of all his misspent years,

If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne,
A tempest usher in the dreadful morn,
Upon his dungeon walls the lightnings play,
The thunder seems to summon him away,
The warder at the door his key applies,
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies :
If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
When hope, long lingering, at last yields the ghost,
The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,
He drops at once his fetters, and his fear ;
A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,
And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks.
Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
The comfort of a few poor added days,
Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
Of him whom hope has with a touch made whole.
'Tis heaven, all heaven, descending on the wings
Of the glad regions of the King of kings ;
'Tis more :—'tis God diffused through every part,
'Tis God Himself triumphant in his heart ;
Oh ! welcome now, the sun's once hated light,
His noonday beams were never half so bright !
Not kindred minds alone are called to employ
Their hours, their days, in listening to his joy ;
Unconscious nature ! all that he surveys,
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his praise.

THE MILLENNIUM.

THE groans of nature in this nether world,
Which heaven has heard for ages, have an end ;
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
The time of rest, the promised Sabbath comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world ; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things

Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest :
For He whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath moved Him, and his wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend
Propitious in his chariot paved with love ;
And what his storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.
Sweet is the harp of prophecy ; too sweet
Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch :
Nor can the wonders it records be sung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
But when a poet, or when one like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last
On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels
To give it praise proportioned to its worth,
That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labor, were a task more arduous still.

Oh ! scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss, which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy ?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty ; the reproach
Of barrenness is passed. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance ; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repealed.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,
Graze with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade

Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now ; the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place ;
That creeping pestilence is driven away ;
The breath of heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not : the pure and uncontaminated blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations, and all cry,
" Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us !"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy ;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise filled ;
See Salem built, the labor of a God !
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ;
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light ! the glory of all lands
Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there ;
The looms of Ormuz, and the mines of Ind,
And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.
Praise is in all her gates : upon her walls,
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
Kneels with the native of the furthest west,
And Ethiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travelled forth

Into all lands. From every clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
O Sion! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as heaven stoops down to see.
Thus heavenward all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and all must be at length restored;
So God as greatly purposed! who would else
In his dishonored works Himself endure
Dishonor, and be wronged without redress.
Haste then, and wheel away a shattered world,
Ye slow revolving seasons! We would see
(A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)
A world that does not dread and hate his laws,
And suffer for its crime; would learn how fair
The creature is that God pronounces good;
How pleasant in itself what pleases Him.
Here every drop of honey hides a sting;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers,
And e'en the joy, that haply some poor heart
Derives from heaven, pure as the fountain is,
Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint
From touch of human lips, at best impure.
Oh! for a world in principle as chaste
As this is gross and selfish! over which
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,
That govern all things here, shouldering aside
The meek and modest Truth, and forcing her
To seek a refuge from the tongue of strife
In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men;
Where violence shall never lift the sword,
Nor cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears;
Where he that fills an office, shall esteem
Th' occasion it presents of doing good
More than the perquisite: where law shall speak
Seldom, and never but as wisdom prompts,
And equity; not jealous more to guard
A worthless form, than to decide aright:

Where fashion shall not sanctify abuse,
Nor smooth good-breeding (supplemental grace)
With lean performance ape the work of love.

ACQUAINT THYSELF WITH GOD.

ACQUAINT thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before ;
Thine eye shall be instructed ; and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them ; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it, and admires ; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its Author. Unconcerned who formed
The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And, such well-pleased to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind that has been touched from heaven,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was.
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more, who fashioned it, he gives it praise ;
Praise that from earth resulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledged Sovereign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.
The soul that sees Him or receives sublimed
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
More worthily the powers she owned before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlooked ;
A ray of heavenly light gilding all forms

Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute ;
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with heaven, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they
With which heaven rang, when every star, in haste
To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy. " Tell me, ye shining hosts
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reached this nether world, ye spy a race
Favored as ours, transgressors from the womb,
And hasting to a grave, yet doomed to rise,
And to possess a brighter heaven than yours ?
As one who, long detained on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleached and battered rocks
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land ;
So I, with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordained to guide th' embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infused from heaven, must thither tend."

THE HAPPY MAN.

He is the happy man whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ,

Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view ;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not ;
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer-birds,
Pursuing gilded flies ; and such he deems
Her honors, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows ; and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has raised,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer, None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent spirit labors. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never-withering wreaths, compared with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving, haughty world,
That, as she sweeps him with her whistling silks,
Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see,
Deems him a cipher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes

Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When, Isaac like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And thinks on her who thinks not for herself ;
Forgive him then, thou bustler in concerns
Of little worth, an idler in the best,
If, author of no mischief and some good,
He seeks his proper happiness by means
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.
Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
Account him an incumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits and rendering none.
His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere
Shine with his fair example, and though small
His influence, if that influence all be spent
In soothing sorrow and in quenching strife,
In aiding helpless indigence, in works
From which at least a grateful few derive
Some taste of comfort in a world of wo ;
Then let the supercilious great confess
He serves his country, recompenses well
The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
He sits secure, and in the scale of life
Holds no ignoble, though a slighted place.
The man whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise ;
But he may boast, what few that win it can,
That, if his country stand not by his skill,
At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
Polite refinement offers him in vain
Her golden tube, through which a sensual world
Draws gross impurity, and likes it well ;
The neat conveyance hiding all the offence.
Not that he peevishly rejects a mode,
Because that world adopts it. If it bear
The stamp and clear impression of good sense,

And be not costly, more than of true worth,
He puts it on, and for decorum sake
Can wear it e'en as gracefully as she.
She judges of refinement by the eye,
He by the test of conscience, and a heart
Not soon deceived ; aware that what is base
No polish can make sterling ; and that vice,
Though well perfumed and elegantly dressed,
Like an unburied carcass tricked with flowers,
Is but a garnished nuisance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance than for fair attire.
So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renowned in ancient song ; not vexed with care,
Or stained with guilt, beneficent, approved
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glide my life away ! and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfilled,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf that I have often trod.

H O P E .

Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all,
That men have deemed substantial since the fall,
Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe
From emptiness itself a real use ;
And while she takes, as at a father's hand,
What health and sober appetite demand,
From fading good derives, with chemic art,
That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.
Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
On steady wings sails through th' immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,

And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
Hope ! nothing else can nourish and secure
His newborn virtues and preserve him pure.
Hope ! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,
What treasures centre, what delights, in thee.
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land
That boasts the treasure, all at his command ;
The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine,
Were light, when viewed against one smile of thine.

ON A BILL OF MORTALITY.

COULD I, from heaven inspired, as sure presage
To whom the rising year shall prove his last,
As I can number in my punctual page,
And item down the victims of the past !
How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet,
On which the press might stamp him next to die ;
And, reading here his sentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, heavenward turn his eye !
Time then would seem more precious than the joys
In which he sports away the treasure now ;
And prayer more seasonable than the noise
Of drunkards, or the music-drawing bow.
Then doubtless many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,
Forced to a pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.
Ah ! self-deceived ! Could I prophetic say
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileged to play,
But, naming *none*, the voice now speaks to *All*.

Observe the dappled foresters, how light
They bound and airy o'er the sunny glade—
One falls—the rest, wide scattered with affright,
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we, often warned,
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,
A thousand awful admonitions scorned,
Die self-accused of life run all to waste ?

Sad waste ! for which no after thrift atones :
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin ;
Dew-drops may deck the turf that hides the bones,
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then, ye living ! by the mouths be taught
Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,
That, soon or late, death also is your lot,
And the next opening grave may yawn for you.

RELIGION NOT ADVERSE TO PLEASURE.

RELIGION does not censure or exclude
Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued ;
To study, culture, and with artful toil
To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil ;
To give dissimilar yet fruitful lands
The grain, or herb, or plant, that each demands ;
To cherish virtue in an humble state,
And share the joys your bounty may create ;
To mark the matchless workings of the power
That shuts within its seed the future flower ;
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In color these, and those delight the smell ;
Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes ;
To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet—
These, these are arts pursued without a crime,
That leave no stain upon the wing of time.

THE ENCHANTMENT DISSOLVED.

BLINDED in youth by Satan's arts,
The world to our unpractised hearts
 A flattering prospect shows ;
Our fancy forms a thousand schemes
Of gay delights, and golden dreams,
 And undisturbed repose.

So in the desert's dreary waste,
By magic power produced in haste,
 (As ancient fables say,)
Castles, and groves, and music sweet,
The senses of the traveller meet,
 And stop him in his way.

But while he listens with surprise,
The charm dissolves, the vision dies ;
 'Twas but enchanted ground :
Thus if the Lord our spirits touch,
The world, which promised us so much,
 A wilderness is found.

At first we start, and feel distressed,
Convinced we never can have rest
 In such a wretched place ;
But He whose mercy breaks the charm,
Reveals his own Almighty arm,
 And bids us seek his face.

Then we begin to live indeed,
When from our sin and bondage freed
 By this beloved Friend :
We follow Him from day to day,
Assured of grace through all the way,
 And glory at the end.

RETIREMENT.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one,)
My Saviour, Thou art mine !

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

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JOHN LOGAN.

JOHN LOGAN was born at Soutra, in Mid Lothian, in 1748. He was bred to the Scottish Church, and became one of the ministers of Leith. Disagreeing, however, with his congregation, he came to London, and supported himself by his pen. He died there in December, 1788. Logan contributed many of the finest paraphrases to the Collection used in the Scottish Church. His poetry discovers great taste, and delicacy of sentiment, and a fervent imagination, and is written with much elegance.

THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

JOB XIV.

Few are thy days and full of wo,
O man, of woman born !
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."

Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;
The numbered hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas ! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span ;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning ; flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends ;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light ;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

Behold ! sad emblems of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field ;
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of winter blows,
Away the summer flies ;
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipped by the year, the forest fades ;
And, shaking to the wind.
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

The winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain :
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again :

But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah ! never to return ;
No second spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

The inexorable gates of death,
What hand can e'er unfold ?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
Can raise the human mould ?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost, can ne'er recall
From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeemed
Back to the gates of light.

“ So man departs the living scene
To night's perpetual gloom ;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

“ Where are our fathers ? whither gone
The mighty men of old ?
The patriarchs, prophets, priests, and kings,
In sacred books enrolled ?

“ Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.”

Thus Nature poured the wail of wo,
And urged her earnest cry ;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

The Almighty heard : then from his throne
In majesty He rose ;
And from the heaven that opened wide,
His voice in mercy flows :

“ When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul, immortal, wings its flight
To never-setting day.

“ Prepared of old for wicked men,
The bed of torment lies ;
The just shall enter into bliss,
Immortal in the skies.”

THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

O God of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led ; ,

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh ! spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace !

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

NATHANIEL COTTON

Was a physician at St. Alban's, where he acquired great reputation in his profession, and died in 1798. The poetical compositions of Cotton are distinguished by a refined elegance of sentiment, and simplicity of expression. He writes flowingly, and sometimes with elevation and spirit. His thoughts are always just, and religiously pure.

L I F E .

Let not the young my precepts shun :
Who slight good counsels are undone.
Your poet sung of love's delights,
Of halcyon days and joyous nights ;
To the gay fancy lovely themes ;
And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams.
But, if you please, before we part,
I'd speak a language to your heart.
We'll talk of Life, though much I fear
Th' ungrateful tale would wound your ear.
You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,
And hardly know the reason why :
But say, life's tree bears golden fruit,
Some canker shall corrode the root ;
Some unexpected storm shall rise,
Or scorching suns, or chilling skies ;
And (if experienced truths prevail)
All your autumnal hopes shall fail.
" But, poet, whence such wide extremes ?
Well may you style your labors dreams.
A son of sorrow thou, I ween,
Whose visions are the brats of spleen.
Is bliss a vague unmeaning name ?
Speak then the passions' use or aim ?
Why rage desires without control,
And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul ?

Why hope erects her towering crest,
And laughs and riots in the breast ?
Think not my weaker brain turns round ;
Think not I tread on fairy ground ;
Think not your pulse alone beats true,—
Mine makes as healthful music too. '
Our joys, when life's soft spring we trace,
Put forth their early buds apace :
See, the bloom loads the tender shoot ;
The bloom conceals the future fruit.
Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun
Shall ripen what in spring begun.
Thus infant roses, ere they blow,
In germinating clusters grow ;
And only wait the summer's ray,
To burst and blossom to the day."
What said the gay unthinking boy ?
Methought Hilario talked of joy !
Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,
Or what those mighty joys you prize.
You'll find (and trust superior years)
The vale of life a vale of tears.
Could wisdom teach where joys abound,
Or riches purchase them when found,
Would sceptred Solomon complain
That all was fleeting, false, and vain ?
Yet sceptred Solomon could say,
Returning clouds obscured his day.
Those maxims which the preacher drew,
The royal sage experienced true.
He knew the various ills that wait
Our infant and meridian state ;
That toys our earlier thoughts engage,
And different toys maturer age ;
That grief at every stage appears,
But different griefs at different years ;
That vanity is seen, in part,
Inscribed on every human heart ;

In the child's breast the spark began,
Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
But when in life we journey late,
If follies die, do griefs abate ?
Ah ! what is life at fourscore years ?
One dark rough road of sighs, groans, pains, and tears.

Perhaps you'll think I act the same
As a sly sharper plays his game :
You triumph every deal that's past,
He's sure to triumph at the last !
Who often wins some thousands more
Than twice the sums you won before.
But I'm a loser with the rest,
For life is all a deal at best,
Where not the prize of wealth or fame
Repays the trouble of the game ;
(A truth no winner e'er denied
An hour before that winner died ;)
Nor that with me these prizes shine,
For neither fame nor wealth is mine.
My cards a weak plebeian band,
With scarce an honor in my hand !
And, since my trumps are very few,
What have I more to boast than you ?
Nor am I gainer by your fall,
That harlot, Fortune, bubbles all !
'Tis truth, (receive it ill or well,)
'Tis melancholy truth, I tell.
Why should the preacher take your pence,
And smother truth to flatter sense ?
I'm sure physicians have no merit,
Who kill through lenity of spirit !
That life's a game, divines confess ;
This says at cards, and that at chess :
But if our views be centred here,
'Tis all a losing game, I fear.

Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
And hostile vessels crowd the main,

If they discover from afar
A bark as distant as a star,
Hold the perspective to their eyes,
To learn its colors, strength, and size ;
And when this secret once they know,
Make ready to receive the foe ;
Let you and I from sailors learn
Important truths of like concern.

I closed the day as custom led,
With reading till the time of bed ;
Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,
Again displayed her magic power ;
(For know that Fancy, like a sprite,
Prefers the silent scenes of night,)
She lodged me in a neighboring wood,
No matter where the thicket stood ;
The Genius of the place was nigh,
And held two pictures to my eye ;
The curious painter had portrayed
Life in each just and genuine shade.
They who have only known its dawn
May think these lines too deeply drawn ;
But riper years, I fear, will show
The wiser artist paints too true.
One piece presents a rueful wild,
Where not a summer's sun had smiled ;
The road with thorns is covered wide,
And Grief sits weeping by the side ;
Here tears with constant tenor flow,
And form a mournful lake below ;
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,
Through all the gloomy valley creep.
Passions that flatter, or that slay,
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape ;
There Folly personates the ape :
Here Avarice gripes with harpy claws ;
There Malice grins with tiger's jaws ;

While sons of Mischief, Art, and Guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.

E'en Pleasure acts a treacherous part,
She charms the sense, but stings the heart;
And when she gulls us of our wealth,
Or that superior pearl, our health,
Restores us naught but pains and wo,
And drowns us in the lake below.

There a commissioned angel stands
With desolation in his hands;
He sends the all-devouring flame,
And cities hardly boast a name:
Or wings the pestilential blast,
And lo! ten thousand breathe their last.
He speaks—obedient tempests roar,
And guilty nations are no more:
He speaks—the Fury discord raves,
And sweeps whole armies to the graves;
Or Famine lifts her mildewed hand,
And Hunger howls through all the land.
“Oh! what a wretch is man!” I cried;
“Exposed to death on every side!
And sure as born to be undone,
By evils which he cannot shun!
Besides a thousand baits to sin,
A thousand traitors lodge within!
For, soon as vice assaults the heart,
The rebels take the demon's part.”

I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds;
When straight the milder plan succeeds.
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
The same as in the piece before;
But gleams of light are here displayed
To cheer the eye, and gild the shade;
Affliction speaks a softer style,
And Disappointment wears a smile:
A group of virtues blossom near;
Their roots improve by every tear.

Here Patience, gentle maid ! is nigh,
To calm the storm and wipe the eye ;
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart :
Religion nobler comfort brings,
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings ;
Points out the balance on the whole,
And heaven rewards the struggling soul.
But while these raptures I pursue,
The Genius suddenly withdrew.

JAMES GRAHAME.

JAMES GRAHAME, author of "The Sabbath," "The Birds of Scotland," "British Georgics," &c., was born at Glasgow, in 1765. He received a good education, and was by his friends articled to a lawyer ; but his own desire was to enter the ministry. Accordingly, after a few years spent without profit in his uncongenial profession, he sought and obtained orders of the Bishop of Norwich. He did not obtain a living, but officiated as a curate, first at Shipton, in Gloucestershire ; next at St. Margaret's, in Durham ; and last at Sedgefield ; performing all the duties of his office with Christian fidelity. He died in 1811. All the productions of Grahame display an amiability of mind rarely equalled, and never surpassed. The great charm of his poetry is manly simplicity, and unaffected piety. His touches of rural scenery and modes of life are graphic in the highest degree. His nephew, the late James Grahame, is well known as the historian of the United States.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

Six days the heavenly host, in circle vast
Like that untouching cincture which enzones
The globe of Saturn, compassed wide this orb,
And with the forming mass floated along
In rapid course, through yet untravelled space,

Beholding God's stupendous power,—a world
Bursting from Chaos at the omnific will,
And perfect ere the sixth day's evening star
On Paradise arose. Blessed that eve !
The Sabbath's harbinger, when, all complete
In freshest beauty from Jehovah's hand,
Creation bloomed ; when Eden's twilight face
Smiled like a sleeping babe : the voice divine
A holy calm breathed o'er the goodly work :
Mildly the sun upon the loftiest tree
Shed mellowly a sloping beam. Peace reigned,
And love, and gratitude ; the human pair
Their orisons poured forth ; love, concord reigned.
The falcon perched upon the blooming bough
With Philomela, listened to her lay ;
Among the antlered herd the tiger couched
Harmless ; the lion's mane no terror spread
Among the careless, ruminating flock. ●
Silence was o'er the deep ; the noiseless surge,
The last subsiding wave—of that dread tumult
Which raged when ocean at the mute command
Rushed furiously into his new-cleft bed,—
Was gently rippling on the pebbled shore ;
While on the swell the sea-bird, with her head
Wing-veiled, slept tranquilly. The host of heaven,
Entranced in new delight, speechless adored ;
Nor stopped their fleet career, nor changed their form
Encircular till on that hemisphere,—
In which the blissful garden sweet exhaled
Its incense, odorous clouds,—the Sabbath dawn
Arose ; then wide the flying circle sped,
And soared in semblance of a mighty rainbow.
Silent ascend the choirs of seraphim,
No harp resounds, mute each voice is : the burst
Of joy and praise reluctant they repress,—
For love and concord all things so attuned
To harmony, that earth must have received
The grand vibration, and to the centre shook :

But soon as to the starry altitudes
They reached, then what a storm of sound tremendous
Swelled through the realms of space. The morning stars
Together sang, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy ! Loud was the peal ; so loud
As would have quite o'erwhelmed human sense :
But to the earth it came a gentle strain,
Like softest fall breathed from Æolian lute,
When 'mid the chords the evening gale expires.
" Day of the Lord ! creation's hallowed close !
Day of the Lord ! (prophetical they sung)
Benignant mitigation of that doom
Which must ere long consign the fallen race,
Dwellers in yonder star, to toil and wo."

THE SABBATH AS A DAY OF REST.

●
But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day ;
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread lonely ; the ground
Both seat and board ; screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree :
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves ;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently
With covered face, and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day ;
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke,
While wandering slowly up the river's side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots ; and while he thus surveys

With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

A SPRING SABBATH WALK.

Most earnest was his voice! most mild his look,
As with raised hands he blessed his parting flock.
He is a faithful pastor of the poor;—
He thinks not of himself; his Master's words,
“Feed, feed my sheep,” are ever at his heart,
The cross of Christ is aye before his eyes.
Oh! how I love with melted soul to leave
The house of prayer, and wander in the fields
Alone! What though the opening spring be chill!
Although the lark, checked in his airy path,
Eke out his song, perched on the fallow clod
That still o’ertops the blade! although no branch
Have spread its foliage, save the willow wand
That dips its pale leaves in the swollen stream;
What though the clouds oft lower! their threats but end
In summer-showers, that scarcely fill the folds
Of moss-couched violets, or interrupt
The merle’s dulcet pipe,—melodious bird!
He, hid behind the milkwhite sloe-thorn spray,
(Whose early flowers anticipate the leaf,)
Welcomes the time of buds, the infant year.
Sweet is the sunny nook to which my steps
Have brought me, hardly conscious where I roamed,
Unheeding where,—so lovely all around
The works of God arrayed in vernal smile.

Oft at this season, musing, I prolong
My devious range, till sunk from view, the sun
Emblaze, with upward slanting ray, the breast
And wing unquivering of the wheeling lark
Descending, vocal, from her latest flight;
While disregarded of yon lowly star,

The harbinger of chill night's glittering host,—
Sweet redbreast, Scotia's Philomela, chants
In desultory strains his evening hymn.

A SUMMER SABBATH WALK

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness ! it calms
My heart : pleasant the cool beneath these elms
That throw across the stream a moveless shade !
Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks ;
How peaceful every sound !—the ringdove's plaint,
Moaned from the twilight centre of the grove,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-eaved nest.
And from the root-sprig trills her ditty clear,—
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp,—the buzz
Angrily shrill of moss-entangled bee,
That soon as loosed booms with full twang away,—
The sudden rushing of the minnow-shoal,
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread,
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring ; or, from above
Some feathered dam, purveying midst the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize :—sad emblem of man's lot !
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf,
(Where safe and happily he might have lurked,)
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and, worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.
Now let me trace the stream up to its source,
Among the hills ; its runnel by degrees

Diminishing, the murmur runs a trickle :
Closer and closer still the banks approach,
Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble-shoots,
With brier and hazel branch, and hawthorn spray,
That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount
Into the open air ; grateful the breeze
That fans my throbbing temples ! smiles the plain
Spread wide below ; how sweet the placid view !
But oh ! more sweet the thought, heart-soothing thought !
That thousands, and ten thousands of the sons
Of toil, partake this day the common joy
Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,
Of breathing in the silence of the woods,
And blessing Him who gave the Sabbath-day.
Yes, my heart flutters with a freer throb,
To think that now the townsman wanders forth
Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy
The coolness of the day's decline : to see
His children sport around, and simply pull
The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon
Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.
Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned ;
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
And thinly strewn with heath-bells up and down.
Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
The shepherd's shadow thrown across the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
How deep the hush ! the torrent's channel dry
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt :
But hark, a plaintive sound floating along !
'Tis from yon heath-roofed shielin : now it dies
Away, now rises full ; it is the song
Which He,—who listens to the halleluiahs
Of choiring seraphim,—delights to hear :
It is the music of the heart, the voice

Of venerable age,—of guileless youth,
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicket door : behold the man !
The grandsire and the saint ; his silvery locks
Beam in the parting ray ; before him lies,
Upon the smooth-cropped sward, the open book,
His comfort, stay, and ever-new delight !
While, heedless, at his side, the lisping boy
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

AN AUTUMN SABBATH WALK.

WHEN homeward bands their several ways disperse,
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest ; to wander round from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent sleep below.
Sad sighs the wind, that from those ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered grass :
The sere and yellow wreaths with eddying sweep
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked graves.
But list that moan ! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend, conjunction rare !
A man he was indeed of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep ; the lightning's flash
Had dimmed, not closed, his mild, but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range ;
(It was not wide,) no dog would bay at him :
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knees, and wonder at his oft-told tales ;
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship ;
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit ! that now looks on me
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on thy way.

But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile.
As yet the blue-bells linger on the sod
That copes the sheepfold ring ; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appears ;
Flowers faintly tinged and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath
That circle's autumn's brow : the ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leaved thorn ; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load ; the hazel hangs
With auburn branches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks : oft, statue-like, I gaze
In vacancy of thought upon that stream,
And chase with dreaming eye the eddying foam ;
Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest-sheaf
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

A WINTER SABBATH WALK.

How dazzling white the snowy scene ; deep, deep,
The stillness of the winter Sabbath-day,—
Not even a footfall heard. Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain :
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged the whirled drift has almost reached
The powdered keystone of the churchyard porch :
Mute hangs the hooded bell ; the tombs lie buried :
No step approaches to the house of prayer :
The flickering fall is o'er ; the clouds disperse,
And show the sun hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire ;
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretched far below . .

Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood !
But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold !
There silence dwells profound ; or if the cry
Of high-poised eagle break at times the calm,
The mantled echoes no response return.
But let me now explore the deep sunk dell :
No footprint, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long : the wintry day
Soon closes, and full oft a heavier fall,
Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen.
While gurgling deep below the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way. Oh ! then
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night-winds sweep the gathering drift away :
So the Great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimmed with showers ; then to the pastures green
He brings them where the quiet waters glide,
The streams of life, the Siloah of the soul.

JAMES BEATTIE,

THE author of the "Minstrel," and other poems, and of various works in prose, was born in Laurencekirk in 1735, and died in 1803.

THE HERMIT

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still.
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain afar,
A hermit his song of the night thus began,
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man.

"Ah! why thus abandoned to darkness and wo,
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
For spring shall return and a lover bestow,
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet if pity inspire thee, ah, cease not thy lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away—
Full quickly they pass, but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguished, her crescent displays;
But lately I marked, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again,
But man's faded glory no change shall renew,
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn, but ye woodlands I mourn not for you,
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

“ ’Twas thus by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
‘ O pity, great Father of Light,’ then I cried,
‘ Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee!
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride,
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.’

“ And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
So breaks on the traveller faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.’

FROM AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

AH, whither fled!—ye dear illusions stay!
Lo! pale and silent lies the lovely clay!
How are the roses on that lip decayed,
Which health in all the pride of bloom arrayed!
Health on her form each sprightly grace bestowed;
With active life each speaking feature glowed.
Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky;
Elate with hope we deemed no tempest nigh;
When, lo! a whirlwind’s instantaneous gust
Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

All cold the hand that soothed Wo’s weary head!
All quenched the eye the pitying tear that shed!

All mute the voice whose pleasing accents stole ;
Infusing balm into the rankled soul !—
O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
And spare the weed, yet lop the lovely flower ?
Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven !
Is virtue then no more the care of heaven ?—

But peace, bold thought ! be still, my bursting heart !
We, not Eliza, felt the fatal dart.
'Scaped the dark dungeon does the slave complain,
Nor bless the hand that broke the galling chain ?
Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
On this dark wild condemned to roam forlorn ?
Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw ;
Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye,
O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high.

Black billowy seas in storms perpetual tossed,
And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.
O happy stroke that bursts the bonds of clay,
Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar
Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.

ANNE STEELE.

MRS. ANNE STEELE, the daughter of a Baptist clergyman at Broughton, in Hampshire, was distinguished as a devotional lyricist, and many of her hymns are now in the collections of most of the churches. She died in 1799, and soon after her poems were collected and published in two volumes.

A MORNING HYMN.

LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours:

Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes ;
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.

When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard me till the day.

O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend ;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

RESIGNATION.

Why breathes my anxious heart the frequent sigh ?
Why from my weak eye drops the ready tear ?
Is it to mark how present blessings fly ?
Is it that griefs to come awake my fear ?

O may I still with thankful heart enjoy
The various gifts indulgent heaven bestows !
Nor let ungrateful diffidence destroy
The present good with fear of future woes.

Nor let me curious ask, if dark or fair
My future hours, but in the hand divine
With full affiance leave my every care ;
Be humble Hope and Resignation mine.

Celestial guests ! your smile can cheer the heart,
When melancholy spreads her deepening gloom ;
O come, your animating power impart,
And bid sweet flowers amid the desert bloom.

* * * * *

Be earth's quick changing scenes or dark or fair,
On God's kind arm, O let my soul recline ;
Be heaven-born Hope, (blest antidote of care !)
And humble, cheerful Resignation mine.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGU TOPLADY,

BEST known as an earnest advocate of the Calvinism of the Church of England, but a religious poet of considerable merit, was born at Farnham, in Surrey, in 1740 ; educated at Westminster School, and Trinity College, Dublin ; and died, vicar of Broad Henbury, in Devonshire, in 1778.

H Y M N .

INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign ;
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

Thy minist'ring spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep,
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep ;
Bright seraphs dispatched from the throne,
Repair to the stations assigned,
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervor is still on the wing :
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King :
I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join,
And love, and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

JOHN SCOTT.

JOHN SCOTT, of Amwell, was a Quaker, and was much respected by Dr. Johnson, Sir William Jones, and other eminent men, for his abilities and amiable character. His works entitled "The Garden," "Amwell," &c. were much read near the close of the last century.

THE SONG OF ZION.

THEN rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day ;
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh ! when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night :
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, the blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize :
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,

Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

THERE's grandeur in the sounding storm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along,
That on each other seem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form ;
While, bursting now and then between,
The moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blasts the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the shower of *foliage* flies,
The lake's black waves in tumult blend ;
Revolving o'er, and o'er, and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

The sight sublime enwraps my thought,
And swift along the past it strays,
And much of strange event surveys,
What History's faithful tongue has taught
Or Fancy formed, whose *plastic* skill
The page with fabled change can fill,
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy
That rends another's breast with pain ?
O helpless he who near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy.
Beholds the *foundering* bark descend,
Nor knows but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend.

HANNAH MORE.

THIS amiable writer was born in 1745, at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, where her father kept a school. Her first publication was a pastoral drama ; and she produced soon after two or three plays, which were acted in London with considerable success. She soon ceased to write for the theatre, and her occasional poems, and numerous important prose works, on religious subjects and on education, secured for her a great and enduring reputation. She died in 1833.

REFLECTIONS OF HEZEKIAH IN HIS SICKNESS.

"Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die."—Isaiah, chap. xxxviii.

WHAT! and no more? Is this, my soul, said I,
My whole of being? Must I surely die?
Be robbed at once of health, of strength, of time,
Of youth's fair promise, and of pleasure's prime?
Shall I no more behold the face of morn,
The cheerful daylight, and the spring's return?
Must I the festive bower, the banquet leave,
For the dull chambers of the darksome grave?
Have I considered what it is to die?
In native dust, with kindred worms to lie;
To sleep in cheerless, cold neglect! to rot!
My body loathed, my very name forgot!
Not one of all those parasites, who bend
The supple knee, their monarch to attend!
What, not one friend? No: not a hireling slave
Shall hail great Hezekiah in the grave.
Where's he who falsely claimed the name of Great,
Whose eye was terror, and whose frown was fate,
Who awed a hundred nations from the throne?
See where he lies, dumb, friendless, and alone!
Which grain of dust proclaims the noble birth?
Which is the royal particle of earth?

Where are the marks, the princely ensigns—where ?
Which is the slave, and which great David's heir ?
Alas ! the beggar's ashes are not known
From his who lately sat on Israel's throne !
How stands my great account ? My soul, survey
The debt Eternal Justice bids thee pay !
Should I frail memory's records strive to blot,
Will heaven's tremendous reckoning be forgot ?
Can I, alas ! the awful volume tear ?
Or rase one page of the dread register ?

“ Prepare thy house, thy house in order set :
Prepare the Judge of heaven and earth to meet.”
So spake the warning Prophet,—awful words !
Which fearfully my troubled soul records.
Am I prepared ? and can I meet my doom,
Nor shudder at the dreaded wrath to come ?
Is all in order set, my house, my heart ?
Does no besetting sin still claim a part ?
No cherished error, loath to quit its place,
Obstruct within my soul the work of grace ?
Did I each day for this great day prepare,
By righteous deeds, by sin-subduing prayer ?
Did I each night, each day's offence repent,
And each unholy thought and word lament ?
Still have these ready hands the afflicted fed,
And ministered to Want her daily bread ?
The cause I knew not did I well explore ?
Friend, advocate, and parent of the poor.
Did I, to gratify some sudden gust
Of thoughtless appetite, some impious lust
Of pleasure or of power, such sums employ
As would have flushed pale Penury with joy ?
Did I in groves forbidden altars raise,
Or molten gods adore, or idols praise ?
Did my firm faith to heaven still point the way ?
Did charity to man my actions sway ?
Did meek-eyed Patience all my steps attend ?
Did generous Candor mark me for her friend ?

Did I unjustly seek to build my name
On the piled ruins of another's fame?
Did I abhor, as hell, the insidious lie,
The low deceit, the unmanly calumny?
Did my fixed soul the impious wit detest?
Did my firm virtue scorn the unhallowed jest,
The sneer profane, and the poor ridicule
Of shallow Infidelity's dull school?
Did I still live as born one day to die,
And view the eternal world with constant eye?

If so I lived, if so I kept the word,
In mercy view, in mercy hear me, Lord!
For oh! how strict soe'er I kept thy law,
From mercy only all my hopes I draw;
My holiest deeds indulgence will require;
The best but to forgiveness will aspire;
If Thou my purest services regard,
'Twill be with pardon only, not reward.
How imperfection's stamped on all below!
How sin intrudes in all we say or do!
How late, in all the insolence of health,
I charmed the Assyrian by my boast of wealth!
How fondly with elaborate pomp displayed
My glittering treasures! with what triumph laid
My gold and gems before his dazzled eyes,
And found a rich reward in his surprise!
Oh, mean of soul! can wealth elate the heart,
Which of the man himself is not a part?
Oh, poverty of pride! oh, foul disgrace!
Disgusted Reason, blushing, hides her face.
Mortal and proud! strange contradicting terms!
Pride for death's victim, for the prey of worms
Of all the wonders which the eventful life
Of man presents; of all the mental strife
Of warring passions; all the raging fires
Of furious appetites and mad desires;
Not one so strange appears as this alone,
That man is proud of what is not his own.

How short is human life ! the very breath
Which frames my words accelerates my death.
Of this short life how large a portion's fled !
To what is gone I am already dead ;
As dead to all my years and minutes past,
As I to what remains shall be at last.
Can I past miseries so far forget,
To view my vanished years with fond regret ?
Can I again my worn-out fancy cheat ?
Indulge fresh hope ? solicit new deceit ?
Of all the vanities weak man admires,
Which greatness gives, youth hopes, or pride desires ;
Of these, my soul, which hast thou not enjoyed ?
With each, with all, thy sated powers are cloyed.
What can I then expect from length of days ?
More wealth, more wisdom, pleasure, health, or praise ?
More pleasure ! hope not that, deluded king !
For when did age increase of pleasure bring ?
Is health of years prolonged the common boast ?
And dear-earned fame, is it not cheaply lost ?
More wisdom ! that indeed were happiness ;
That were a wish a king might well confess :
But when did Wisdom covet length of days ?
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise ?
No :—Wisdom views with an indifferent eye
All finite joys, all blessings born to die.
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compelled to starve at an unreal feast :
A spark, which upward tends by nature's force ;
A stream, diverted from its parent source ;
A drop, dissevered from the boundless sea ;
A moment, parted from eternity ;
A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come ;
An exile, anxious for his native home.
Why should I ask my forfeit life to save ?
Is heaven unjust which dooms me to the grave ?
Was I with hope of endless days deceived ?
Or of loved life am I alone bereaved ?

Let all the great, the rich, the learned, the wise,
Let all the shades of Judah's monarchs rise,
And say, if genius, learning, empire, wealth,
Youth, beauty, virtue, strength, renown, or health,
Has once reversed the immutable decree
On Adam passed, of man's mortality?
What! have these eyes ne'er seen the felon-worm
The damask cheek devour, the finished form?
On the pale rose of blasted beauty feed,
And riot on the lip so lately red?
Where are our fathers? Where the illustrious line
Of holy prophets, and of seers divine?
Live they forever? Do they shun the grave?
Or when did wisdom its professor save?
When did the brave escape? When did the breath
Of Eloquence charm the dull ear of death?
When did the cunning argument avail,
The polished period, or the varnished tale;
The eye of lightning, or the soul of fire,
Which thronging thousands crowded to admire?
E'en while we praise the verse, the poet dies;
And silent as his lyre great David lies.
Thou, blessed Isaiah! who at God's command
Now speak'st repentance to a guilty land,
Must die! as wise and good thou hadst not been,
As Nebat's son, who taught the land to sin.

And shall I then be spared? oh, monstrous pride!
Shall I escape when Solomon has died?
If all the worth of all the saints were vain,—
Peace, peace, my troubled soul, nor dare complain.
Lord, I submit. Complete thy gracious will!
For if Thou slay me, I will trust Thee still.
Oh! be my will so swallowed up in thine,
That I may do thy will in doing mine.

FAITH IN HUMBLE LIFE.

THY triumphs, Faith, we need not take
Alone from the blest martyr's stake ;
In scenes obscure no less we see
That Faith is a reality ;
An evidence of things not seen,
A substance firm whereon to lean,
Go, search the cottager's low room,
The day scarce piercing through the gloom ;
The Christian on his dying bed,
Unknown, unlettered, hardly fed ;
No flattering witnesses attend,
To tell how glorious was his end ;
Save in the book of life, his name
Unheard ; he never dreamt of fame :
No human consolation near,
No voice to soothe, no friend to cheer ;
Of every earthly stay bereft,
And nothing—but his Saviour—left ;
Fast sinking to his kindred dust,
The word of life is still his trust ;
The joy God's promises impart
Lies like a cordial at his heart ;
Unshaken faith its strength supplies,
He loves, believes, adores, and dies !

MORNING HYMN.

SORT slumbers now mine eyes forsake,
My powers are all renewed ;
May my freed spirit too awake,
With heavenly strength endued.

Thou silent murderer, Sloth, no more
My mind imprisoned keep ;
Nor let me waste another hour
With thee, thou felon Sleep.

.

Think, O my soul, could dying men
One lavished hour retrieve,
Though spent in tears, and passed in pain,
What treasures would they give!

But seas of pearls, and mines of gold,
Were offered then in vain;
Their pearl of countless price is sold,
And where's the promised gain?

Lord, when thy day of dread account
For squandered hours shall come,
Oh! let not this increase th' amount,
And swell the former sum.

Teach me in health such good to prize,
I dying shall esteem;
And every pleasure to despise
I then shall worthless deem.

For all thy wondrous mercies past
My grateful voice I'll raise,
While thus I quit my bed of rest,
Creation's Lord to praise.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Miss Aikin, afterwards Mrs. Barbauld, was the only daughter of Dr. John Aikin, a Presbyterian minister. Early in life she married Rochemont Barbauld, who opened a seminary at Palgrave, at which place he had obtained the charge of a congregation. In his scholastic employment he was assisted by Mrs. Barbauld, who devoted all her talents to the instruction of the pupils; and it was for them that she composed her well-known "Early Lessons," and "Hymns in Prose." Of her devotional poems too much cannot be said in commendation; they entitle her to the esteem of every Christian. She died in 1825.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

God of my life, and Author of my days !
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise,
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallowed name, to harps of seraphs sung.
Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble and adore.
Worms, angels, men in every different sphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
All nature faints beneath the mighty name
Which nature's works through all her parts proclaim ;
I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness through my soul ;
As by a charm the waves of grief subside,
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide :
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes ;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.
But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;

With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But He our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame remembers man is dust.
His spirit ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined ;
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give,
Accept the vow and bid the suppliant live :
From each terrestrial bondage set me free !
Still every wish that centres not in Thee :
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.
If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters and through flowery meads,
Where all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
Oh ! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart,—Beware !
With caution let me hear the syren's voice,
And doubtful with a trembling heart rejoice.
If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound and thorns perplex my way—
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on Thee ;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resigned to die, or resolute to live ;
Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.
I read his awful name emblazoned high,
With golden letters on the illumined sky ;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree ;

In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees ;
With Thee in shady solitudes I walk ;
With Thee in busy crowded cities talk ;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
Thus shall I rest unmoved by all alarms.
Secure within the temple of thine arms ;
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in Thee.
Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate,
I stand and stretch my view to either state ;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene ;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having lived to Thee, in Thee to die.

H Y M N S .

JEHOVAH reigns : let every nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear ;
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide-peopled earth his praise proclaim.
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms, resounding
Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs sounding.

He rules with wide and absolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land :
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne :
He reigns alone ; let no inferior nature
Usurp or share the throne of the Creator.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light
Shoot through the massy gloom of ancient night ;

His spirit hushed the elemental strife,
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life :
Seasons and months began the long procession,
And measured o'er the year in bright succession.

The joyful sun sprung up th' ethereal way,
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay ;
And the pale moon diffused her shadowy light,
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night :
Ten thousand glittering lamps the skies adorning,
Numerous as dewdrops from the womb of morning.

Earth's blooming face with rising flowers He dressed,
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast ;
Then from the hollow of his hand He pours
The circling waters round her winding shores,
The new-born world in their cool arms embracing,
And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

At length she rose complete in finished pride,
All fair and spotless like a virgin bride ;
Fresh with untarnished lustre as she stood,
Her Maker blessed his work and called it good :
The morning stars, with joyful acclamation,
Exulting sang, and hailed the new creation.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Though built by God's right hand, must pass away,
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires and the pride of kings.
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The sun himself with weary clouds oppressed,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest ;
His golden urn shall broke and useless lie,
Amidst the common ruins of the sky ;
The stars rush headlong in their wild commotion,
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.

But fixed, O God ! forever stands thy throne ;
 Jehovah reigns, a universe alone ;
 The eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
 Collected or diffused is still the same ;
 He dwells within his own unfathomed essence,
 And fills all space with his unbounded presence,

But, oh ! our highest notes the theme debase,
 And silence is our least injurious praise.
 Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight control,
 Revere Him in the stillness of the soul ;
 With silent duty meekly bend before Him,
 And deep within your inmost hearts adore Him.

LOVE TO GOD.

“ Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls ; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.”—Habakkuk iii, 17, 18.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ ;

For the blessing of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

All that spring, with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores.

These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit ;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;

Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain ;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy ;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee—for Thyself alone.

FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

Oh ! what a night was that which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom ;
Oh ! what a Sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind
With strong compassion moved,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls He loved.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind his soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line ;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much divine.

And now his conquering chariot-wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
While broke, beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below ;
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man
A brother's pity flows ;
And still his bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.

To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give ;
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D., LL.D., was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 14th day of May, 1752. His father was a merchant, of excellent character and liberal education, and his mother, a daughter of the great Jonathan Edwards. When thirteen years old he entered Yale College. His previous unremitted attention to study had impaired his health, and he made little progress during the first two years of his residence at New Haven ; but his subsequent intense and uninterrupted application enabled him to graduate in 1769, the first scholar in his class. He was licensed to preach in the Congregational church, and entered the army as a chaplain. In 1778 he established an academy at Northampton, which was continued for five years. In 1783 he was ordained pastor of a church in Greenfield, Connecticut, where he resided until elected to succeed Dr. Styles, as president of Yale College, in 1795. He died in New Haven on the 11th of January, 1817, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

In 1771, Dwight commenced writing the "Conquest of Canaan," an "epic poem in eleven books," which he finished in 1774, before he was twenty-three years of age. It was followed by "Greenfield Hill," a descriptive, historical, and didactic poem, which was published in 1794. This work is divided into seven parts, entitled "The Prospect," "The Flourishing Village," "The Burning of Fairfield," "The Destruction of the Pequods," "The Clergyman's Advice to the Villagers," "The Farmer's Advice to the Villagers," and "The Vision, or Prospect of the Future Happiness of America." The "Triumph of Infidelity," a satire, was his next attempt in poetry ; and he subsequently wrote several hymns and other short pieces, of which there is no collected edition.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.

 AH ! knew he but his happiness, of men
Not the least happy he, who, free from broils
And base ambition, vain and bustling pomp,
Amid a friendly cure, and competence,
Tastes the pure pleasures of parochial life.
What though no crowd of clients, at his gate,

To falsehood and injustice bribe his tongue,
And flatter into guilt ?—what though no bright
And gilded prospects lure ambition on
To legislative pride, or chair of state ?
What though no golden dreams entice his mind
To hurrow, with the mole, in dirt and mire ?
What though no splendid villa, Edened round
With gardens of enchantment, walks of state,
And all the grandeur of superfluous wealth,
Invite the passenger to stay his steed,
And ask the liveried footboy, “ Who dwells here ? ”
What though no swarms, around his sumptuous board,
Of soothing flatterers, humming in the shine
Of opulence, and honey from its flowers
Devouring, till their time arrives to sting,
Inflate his mind ; his virtues round the year
Repeating, and his faults, with microscope
Inverted, lessen, till they steal from sight ?—
Yet from the dire temptations these present
His state is free ; temptations, few can stem ;
Temptations, by whose sweeping torrent hurled
Down the dire steep of guilt, unceasing fall
Sad victims, thousands of the brightest minds
That time’s dark reign adorn ; minds, to whose grasp
Heaven seems most freely offered ; to man’s eye,
Most hopeful candidates for angels’ joys.

His lot, that wealth, and power, and pride forbids,
Forbids him to become the tool of fraud,
Injustice, misery, ruin : saves his soul
From all the needless labors, griefs, and cares,
That avarice and ambition agonize ;
From those cold nerves of wealth, that, palsied, feel
No anguish but its own ; and ceaseless lead
To thousand meannesses, as gain allures.

Though oft compelled to meet the gross attack
Of shameless ridicule and towering pride,
Sufficient good is his ; good, real, pure,
With guilt unmingled. Rarely forced from home,

Around his board his wife and children smile ;
Communion sweetest, nature here can give,
Each fond endearment, office of delight,
With love and duty blending. Such the joy
My bosom oft has known. His, too, the task
To rear the infant plants that bud around ;
To ope their little minds to truth's pure light ;
To take them by the hand, and lead them on
In that straight, narrow road where virtue walks ;
To guard them from a vain, deceiving world,
And point their course to realms of promised life.
His, too, the esteem of those who weekly hear
His words of truth divine ; unnumbered acts
Of real love attesting to his eye
Their filial tenderness. Where'er he walks,
The friendly welcome and inviting smile
Wait on his steps, and breathe a kindred joy.

Oft too in friendliest association joined,
He greets his brethren, with a flowing heart,
Flowing with virtue ; all rejoiced to meet,
And all reluctant parting ; every aim,
Benevolent, aiding with purpose kind ;
While, seasoned with unblemished cheerfulness,
Far distant from the tainted mirth of vice,
Their hearts disclose each contemplation sweet
Of things divine ; and blend in friendship pure,
Friendship sublimed by piety and love.

All virtue's friends are his : the good, the just,
The pious, to his house their visits pay,
And converse high hold of the true, the fair,
The wonderful, the moral, the divine :
Of saints and prophets, patterns bright of truth,
Lent to a world of sin, to teach mankind
How virtue in that world can live and shine ;
Of learning's varied realms ; of Nature's works ;
And that blessed book which gilds man's darksome way
With light from heaven ; of blessed Messiah's throne
And kingdom ; prophecies divine fulfilled,

And prophecies more glorious yet to come
In renovated days ; of that bright world,
And all the happy trains which that bright world
Inhabit, whither virtue's sons are gone :
While God the whole inspires, adorns, exalts ;
The source, the end, the substance, and the soul.

His too the task, the blessed, the useful task,
To invigor order, justice, law, and rule ;
Peace to extend, and bid contention cease ;
To teach the words of life ; to lead mankind
Back from the wild of guilt and brink of wo
To virtue's house and family ; faith, hope,
And joy to inspire ; to warm the soul
With love to God and man ; to cheer the sad,
To fix the doubting, rouse the languid heart ;
The wandering to restore ; to spread with down
The thorny bed of death ; console the poor,
Departing mind, and aid its lingering wing.

To him her choicest pages Truth expands,
Unceasing, where the soul-entrancing scenes
Poetic fiction boasts are real all :
Where beauty, novelty, and grandeur wear
Superior charms, and moral worlds unfold
Sublimities transporting and divine.

Not all the scenes Philosophy can boast,
Though them with nobler truths he ceaseless blends,
Compare with these. They, as they found the mind,
Still leave it ; more informed, but not more wise :
These wiser, nobler, better, make the man.

Thus every happy mean of solid good
His life, his studies, and profession yield.
With motives hourly new, each rolling day
Allures, through wisdom's path and truth's fair field,
His feet to yonder skies. Before him heaven
Shines bright, the scope sublime of all his prayers,
The meed of every sorrow, pain, and toil.

PREDICTION TO JOSHUA RELATIVE TO AMERICA.

FAR o'er yon azure main thy view extend,
Where seas and skies in blue confusion blend :
Lo, there a mighty realm, by Heaven designed
The last retreat for poor, oppressed mankind ;
Formed with that pomp which marks the hand divine,
And clothes yon vault where worlds unnumbered shine.
Here spacious plains in solemn grandeur spread,
Here cloudy forests cast eternal shade ;
Rich valleys wind, the sky-tall mountains brave,
And inland seas for commerce spread the wave.
With nobler floods the sea-like rivers roll,
And fairer lustre purples round the pole.
Here, warmed by happy suns, gay mines unfold
The useful iron and the lasting gold ;
Pure, changing gems in silence learn to glow,
And mock the splendors of the covenant bow.
On countless hills, by savage footsteps trod,
That smile to see the future harvest nod,
In glad succession plants unnumbered bloom,
And flowers unnumbered breathe a rich perfume.
Hence life once more a length of days shall claim,
And health, reviving, light her purple flame.
Far from all realms this world imperial lies,
Seas roll between, and threat'ning tempests rise.
Alike removed beyond ambition's pale,
And the bold pinions of the venturous sail ;
Till circling years the destined period bring,
And a new Moses lift the daring wing,
Through trackless seas an unknown flight explores,
And hails a new Canaan's promised shores.
On yon far strand behold that little train
Ascending venturous o'er the unmeasured main ,
No dangers fright, no ills the course delay ;
'Tis virtue prompts, and God directs the way.
Speed—speed, ye sons of truth ! let Heaven befriend,
Let angels waft you, and let peace attend.

O ! smile, thou sky serene ; ye storms, retire ;
And airs of Eden every sail inspire,
Swift o'er the main behold the canvass fly,
And fade and fade beneath the farthest sky ;
See verdant fields the changing waste unfold ;
See sudden harvests dress the plains in gold ;
In lofty walls the moving rocks ascend,
And dancing woods to spires and temples bend. . . .
Here empire's last and brightest throne shall rise,
And Peace, and Right, and Freedom greet the skies ;
To morn's far realms her trading ships shall sail,
Or lift their canvass to the evening gale :
In wisdom's walks her sons ambitious soar,
Tread starry fields, and untried scenes explore.
And, hark ! what strange, what solemn breaking strain
Swells, wildly murmuring, o'er the far, far main !
Down Time's long, lessening vale the notes decay,
And, lost in distant ages, roll away.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

THE sixth president of the United States, and one of the most learned men of his time, was a poet of no mean rank, though his political relations prevented a just estimate of his literary abilities by his contemporaries. Among his poems are "Oberon, translated from the German of Wieland;" "Dermot McMorrogh, or the Conquest of Ireland;" and "Poems of Religion and Society," a posthumous collection of his hymns and other short pieces, with notices of his life and character. Some of the religious poems of Mr. Adams are of great excellence. He was born in Braintree, Massachusetts, in 1767, and died in the capitol, at Washington, in 1848.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

SURE, to the mansions of the blest
When *infant* innocence ascends,
Some angel brighter than the rest
The spotless spirit's flight attends.
On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where worlds material roll,
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.

That inextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam
The more it lingers upon earth.
Closed in this dark abode of clay,
The stream of glory faintly burns:—
Not unobserved, the lucid ray
To its own native fount returns.

But when the Lord of mortal breath
Decrees his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death
Which speeds an infant to the tomb—

No passion fierce, nor low desire,
Has quenched the radiance of the flame ;
Back to its God the living fire
Reverts, unclouded as it came.

Fond mourner ! be that solace thine !
Let hope her healing charm impart,
And soothe, with melodies divine,
The anguish of a mother's heart.
O, think ! the darlings of thy love,
Divested of this earthly clod,
Amid unnumbered saints above,
Bask in the bosom of their God.

Of their short pilgrimage on earth
Still tender images remain :
Still, still they bless thee for their birth,
Still filial gratitude retain.
Each anxious care, each rending sigh,
That wrung for them the parent's breast,
Dwells on remembrance in the sky,
Amid the raptures of the blest.

O'er thee, with looks of love, they bend ;
For thee the Lord of life implore ;
And oft, from sainted bliss descend,
Thy wounded quiet to restore.
Oft, in the stillness of the night
They smooth the pillow of thy bed ;
Oft, till the morn's returning light,
Still watchful hover o'er thy head.

Hark ! in such strains as saints employ,
They whisper to thy bosom peace ;
Calm the perturbed heart to joy,
And bid the streaming sorrow cease.
Then dry, henceforth, the bitter tear ;
Their part and thine inverted see :—
Thou wert their guardian angel here,
They guardian angels now to thee.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

ALAS ! how swift the moments fly !
How flash the years along !
Scarce here, yet gone already by,
The burden of a song.
See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
And age, with furrowed brow ;
Time was—Time shall be—drain the glass—
But where in Time is *now* ?

Time is the measure but of change ;
No present hour is found ;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of Time's unceasing round.
Where, then, is *now* ? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.

Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and tears
On Time no longer lean ;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean :
To God let votive accents rise ;
With truth, with virtue, live ;
So all the bliss that Time denies
Eternity shall give.

LORD OF ALL WORLDS.

LORD of all worlds, let thanks and praise
To thee forever fill my soul ;
With blessings thou hast crowned my days,
My heart, my head, my hand control :
O, let no vain presumptions rise,
No impious murmur in my heart,
To crave the boon thy will denies,
Or shrink from ill thy hands impart.

Thy child am I, and not an hour,
Revolving in the orbs above,
But brings some token of thy power,
But brings some token of thy love;
And shall this bosom dare repine,
In darkness dare deny the dawn,
Or spurn the treasures of the mine,
Because one diamond is withdrawn?

The fool denies, the fool alone,
Thy being, Lord, and boundless might;
Denies the firmament, thy throne,
Denies the sun's meridian light;
Denies the fashion of his frame,
The voice he hears, the breath he draws:
O idiot atheist! to proclaim
Effects unnumbered without cause!

Matter and mind, mysterious one,
Are man's for threescore years and ten;
Where, ere the thread of life was spun?
Where, when reduced to dust again?
All-seeing God, the doubt suppress;
The doubt thou only canst relieve
My soul thy Saviour-Son shall bless,
Fly to thy gospel, and believe.

WHY SHOULD I FEAR IN EVIL DAYS.

WHY should I fear in evil days,
With snares encompassed all around ?
What trust can transient treasures raise
For them in riches who abound ?
His brother who from death can save ?
What wealth can ransom him from God ?
What mine of gold defraud the grave ?
What hoards but vanish at his nod ?

To live forever is their dream ;
Their houses by their name they call ;
While, borne by time's relentless stream,
Around them wise and foolish fall ;
Their riches others must divide ;
They plant, but others reap the fruit :
In honor man cannot abide,
To death devoted, like the brute.

This is their folly, this their way ;
And yet in this their sons delight ;
Like sheep, of death the destined prey,
The future scorn of the upright ;
The grave their beauty shall consume,
Their dwellings never see them more ;
But God shall raise me from the tomb,
And life for endless time restore.

What though thy foe in wealth increase,
And fame and glory crown his head ?
Fear not, for all at death shall cease,
Nor fame, nor glory, crown the dead :
While prospering all around thee smiled,
Yet to the grave shalt thou descend ;
The senseless pride of fortune's child
Shall share the brute creation's end.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

ONE of the most celebrated poets of modern times, was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770 ; was educated at Cambridge, with his brother, the late Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D., and after a long career of the truest glory, is still living. A complete edition of his works has been published in Philadelphia, under the care of his friend Professor Henry Reed.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY, FROM RECOLLECTIONS
OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

“ The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.”

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and spring,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.
The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose ;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare :
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth,—
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.
Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief ;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong ;
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the world is gay :
 Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
 Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 Shepherd boy !
Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other made ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss—I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh, evil day ! if I were sullen,
 While earth herself is adorning
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,

Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—
 I hear, I hear—with joy I hear !
 But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home ;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy ;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy :
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,—
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand, he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learned art :
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral ;

And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part,—
Filling from time to time his “humorous stage”
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage ;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity ;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind ;—
Mighty prophet ! Seer blest !
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day,—a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by ;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !
O joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction : not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest ;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise,
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,
To perish never ;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither ;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds ! sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound !
We in thought will join your throng ;
 Ye that pipe, and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
 We will grieve not,—rather find
 Strength in what remains behind ;
 In the primal sympathy
 Which, having been, must ever be ;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering ;
 In the faith that looks through death,—
In years that bring the philosophic mind.
And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
I only have relinquished one delight,
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet ;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality :
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,—
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
Who do thy work and know it not ;
Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them
cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security ;
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet find thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ;
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds ;
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh
and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh ! let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live !

THE LABORER'S NOONDAY HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn ;
And He accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will He turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide ;
Then, here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night ;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this our hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God !

Why should we crave a hallowed spot ?
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven ! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run :
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord ! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide from thy love's abundant source
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with thy grace through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS.

FLATTERED with promise of escape
From every hurtful blast,
Spring takes, O sprightly May ! thy shape,
Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is Summer riding high
In fierce solstitial power,
Less fair than when a lenient sky
Brings on a parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves
The labors of the plough,
And ripening fruits, and forest leaves,
All brighten on the bough,

What pensive beauty Autumn shows,
Before she hears the sound
Of Winter rushing in to close
The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer such;
So may our Autumn blend
With hoary Winter, and life touch
With heaven-born hope her end!

APOSTROPHE TO THE DEITY.

— Thou, dread source,
Prime, self-existing cause and end of all
That in the scale of being fill their place;
Above our human region, or below,
Set and sustained;—Thou, who didst wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that Thyself,
Therein with our simplicity awhile
Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed;
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its deathlike void, with punctual care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restorest us, daily, to the powers of sense,
And reason's steadfast rule—Thou, Thou alone
Art everlasting, and the blessed spirits,
Which thou includest, as the sea her waves:
For adoration thou endurest; endure
For consciousness the motions of thy will;
For apprehension those transcendent truths
Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws
(Submission constituting strength and power)
Even to Thy Being's infinite majesty!
This universe shall pass away—a work

Glorious ! because the shadow of thy might,
A step, or link, for intercourse with thee.
Ah ! if the time must come, in which my feet
No more shall stray where meditation leads,
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
Loved haunts like these ; the unimprisoned mind
May yet have scope to range among her own,
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
Still, it may be allowed me to remember
What visionary powers of eye and soul
In youth were mine ; when, stationed on the top
Of some huge hill—expectant I beheld •
The sun rise up, from distant climes returned
Darkness to chase, and sleep ; and bring the day
His bounteous gift ! or saw him towards the deep
Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds
Attended ; then, my spirit was entranced
With joy exalted to beatitude ;
The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,
And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with light,
With pomp, with glory, with magnificence !

TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the Spirit give by which I pray :
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed ;
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where Thou sayest it may :
Unless Thou show to us thy own true way,
No man can find it : Father ! Thou must lead :
Do Thou then breathe these thoughts into my mind,
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee !
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

JEHOVAH THE PROVIDER.

AUTHOR of being ; life-sustaining King !
Lo ! Want's dependant eye from Thee implores
The seasons, which provide nutritious stores ;
Give to her prayers the renovating Spring,
And Summer-heats all perfecting that bring
The fruits which Autumn from a thousand stores
Selecteth provident ! when earth adores
Her God, and all her vales exulting sing.
Without thy blessing, the submissive steer
Bends to the ploughman's galling yoke in vain ;
Without thy blessing on the varied year,
Can the swarth reaper grasp the golden grain ?
Without thy blessing, all is black and drear ;
With it, the joys of Eden bloom again.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled !
See Latimer and Ridley, in the might
Of faith, stand coupled for a common flight !
One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)
Transfigured, from this kindling hath foretold
A torch of unextinguishable light :
The other gains a confidence as bold :
And thus they foil their enemy's despite.
The penal instruments, the shows of crime
Are glorified, while this once mitred pair
Of saintly friends " the murderer's chain partake,
Corded and burning at the social stake."
Earth never witnessed object more sublime
In constancy, in fellowship more fair.

EXILED REFORMERS.

SCATTERING, like birds escaped the fowler's net,
Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand,
Most happy reassembled in a land
By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget

Their country's woes. But scarcely have they met,
Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,
Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,
Ere hope declines ; their union is beset
With speculative notions rashly sown,
Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds ;
Their forms are broken staves ; their passions, steeds
That master them. How enviably blest
Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
The peace of God within his single breast !

NEW CHURCHES.

But liberty and triumphs on the main,
And laurelled armies not to be withstood,
What serve they ? if, on transitory good
Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
The state (oh ! surely not preserved in vain !)
Forbear to shape due channels which the flood
Of sacred truth may enter—till it brood
O'er the wide realm, as o'er th' Egyptian plain,
The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the time
Is conscious of her want ; through England's bounds
In rival haste the wise for temples rise !
I hear their sabbath-bells' harmonious chime
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all sounds
That hill or vale prolongs or multiplies.

THE KIRK OF ULPHA.

THE KIRK OF ULPHA to the Pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky :
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
O'er the parched waste, beside an Arab's tent ;
Or the Indian tree, whose branches downward bent,
Take root again, a boundless canopy.

How sweet were leisure ! could it yield no more
Than 'mid that wave-washed churchyard to recline,
From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine ;
Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar
Of distant moonlit mountains faintly shine,
Soothed by th' unseen river's gentle roar.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not. Great God ! I'd rather be
A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

THE author of "The World Before the Flood," "Greenland," "The Pelican Island," &c., is the son of a Moravian clergyman, and was born at Irvine, in Scotland, on the 4th of November, 1771. For many years he was editor of a newspaper in Sheffield, where he is still living, regarded by all who know him with respect and affection. He is perhaps the best of the religious poets of England who have written since the time of Cowper.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a rest for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild ;
I perish ;—O my mother earth !
Take home thy child !

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee ;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear,
My pulse—my brain runs wild,—I rave;
Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
“I am the grave!

“The grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
Oh, listen!—I will speak no more:
Be silent, Pride!

“Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

“Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast,
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

“Lashed by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee;
Ah! think not, hope not, fool! to find
A friend in me.

“By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell!
By the dread secrets of the womb,
By death and hell!

“I charge thee, live!—repent and pray:
In dust thine infamy deplore,
There yet is mercy;—go thy way
And sin no more.

“Art thou a mourner? Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights?
Endearing days forever flown,
And tranquil nights?

• “ Oh ! live ; and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past ;
Rely on heaven’s unchanging will
For peace at last.

“ Art thou a wanderer ? Hast thou seen
O’erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
A shipwrecked sufferer hast thou been—
Misfortune’s mark ?

“ Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Live ! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

“ To friendship didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow ?

“ Live ! and repine not o’er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told ;
Thou hast mistaken solid dross
For Friendship’s gold.

“ Go seek that treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom’s deepest wound,
With heavenly balm.

“ In woman hast thou placed thy bliss,
And did the fair one faithless prove ?
Hath she betrayed thee with a kiss,
And sold thy love ?

“ Live ! ’twas a false, bewildering fire :
Too often Love’s insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,
But kills the heart.

" A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter Maiden's virtuous charms !
Blessed shalt thou be, supremely blessed,
In Beauty's arms.

" Whate'er thou art, whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,
And, in thy chastening sorrows, see
The hand of God.

" A bruised reed He will not break ;
Afflictions all his children feel :
He wounds them for his mercy's sake ;—
He wounds to heal !

" Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore :
'Tis done ! Arise ! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

" Now, traveller in the vale of tears !
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

" There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

" The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A spark of day !

" The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor of the sky :
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die !"

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, "Nay."
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither He went, or whence He came ;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love,—I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered ;—not a word He spake ;—
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave Him all ; He blessed it, brake,
And ate ;—but gave me part again :
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied Him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone :
The heedless water mocked his thirst :
He heard it, saw it hurrying on :
I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night ; the floods were out,—it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid Him welcome to my roof ;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest ;
Laid Him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found Him by the highway side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; He was healed ;
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored Him midst shame and scorn :
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for Him would die ;
The flesh was weak, my blood run chill,
But the free spirit cried, " I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise,
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes :
He spake ; and my poor name He named,
" Of Me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

ON THE LOSS OF FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end !
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living, or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,—
Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath :

Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

CHRIST THE PURIFIER.

"He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."—*Mal. iii. 3.*

He that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,
When in the molten silver's virgin mass
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are his people tried;
Thrice happy they who to the end endure:
But who the fiery trial may abide?
Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
That He whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
May see his image perfect in the soul?

Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face;
But, stamped with heaven's broad signet, there be shown
Immanuel's features full of truth and grace:
And round that seal of love this motto be,
"Not for a moment, but—eternity!"

LIFE, DEATH, AND JUDGMENT.

Few, few, and evil are thy days,
Man of a woman born !
Peril and trouble haunt thy ways.
Forth, like a flower at morn,
Thy tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms to the breeze,
Age, withering age, is cropped ere night :
Man like a shadow flees.

And dost thou look on such an one ?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all ?
As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep,
His life is vanity.

Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.
Oh ! hide me till thy wrath be past,
Thou, who canst slay or save !
Hide me where hope may anchor fast,
In my Redeemer's grave !

WHAT IS PRAYER ?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind ;
While with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For mourners intercedes.

O Thou ! by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way !
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray.

THE DAY AFTER JUDGMENT.

THE days and years of time are fled,
Sun, moon, and stars have shone their last ;
The earth and sea gave up their dead,
Then vanished at th' archangel's blast.
All secret things have been revealed,
Judgment is passed, the sentence sealed ;

And man to all eternity
What he is now henceforth must be.

From Adam to his youngest heir,
Not one escaped that muster-roll ;
Each, as if he alone were there,
Stood up, and won or lost his soul.
These from the Judge's presence go,
Down into everlasting wo ;
Vengeance hath barred the gates of hell,—
The scenes within no tongue can tell.

But lo ! far off the righteous pass
To glory, from the King's right hand ;
In silence on the sea of glass
Heaven's numbers without number stand,
While He who bore the cross lays down
His priestly robe and victor crown ;
The mediatorial reign complete,
All things are put beneath his feet.

Then every eye in him shall see
(While thrones and powers before Him fall)
The fulness of the Deity,
Where God himself is all in all.
Oh ! how eternity shall ring
With the first note the ransomed sing ;
While in that strain all voices blend,
Which once begun shall never end.

In that unutterable song,
Shall I employ immortal breath ?
Or, with the wicked borne along,
Forever die the second death ?
Jesus ! my life, my light, Thou art ;
Thy word is in my mouth, my heart ;
Lord, I believe,—my spirit save
From sinking lower than the grave.

HALLELUJAH.

HARK ! the song of Jubilee ;
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
 When it breaks upon the shore :
Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign ;
Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound
 From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
See Jehovah's banners furled,
 Sheathed his sword : He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of the world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away ;
Then the end !—beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall :
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

JAMES HOGG,

THE "Ettrick Shepherd," was twenty years of age before he learned the alphabet, yet he rose to a very high rank among the literary men of his country. "He is altogether an extraordinary being," said Mr. Southey; "a character such as will not appear twice in five centuries, and differing most remarkably from Burns and all other self-taught writers." Hogg's religious enthusiasm was associated with the Covenanters and their trials, and the spirit of his best pieces is altogether in keeping with the character of these sternly devout people. He was born in 1772, and died in 1835.

THE COVENANTER'S SCAFFOLD SONG.

SING with me! sing with me!
Weeping brethren, sing with me!
For now an open heaven I see,
And a crown of glory laid for me.
How my soul this earth despises!
How my heart and spirit rises!
Bounding from the flesh I sever!
World of sin, adieu forever!

Sing with me! sing with me!
Friends in Jesus, sing with me!
All my sufferings, all my wo,
All my griefs I here forego.
Farewell terrors, sighing, grieving,
Praying, hearing, and believing,
Earthly trust and all its wrongings,
Earthly love and all its longings.

Sing with me! sing with me!
Blessed spirits, sing with me!
To the Lamb our song shall be,
Through a glad eternity!

Farewell earthly morn and even,
Sun and moon and stars of heaven ;
Heavenly portals ope before me,
Welcome, Christ, in all thy glory !

A HEBREW MELODY.

ON Carmel's brow the wreathy vine
Had all its honors shed,
And o'er the vales of Palestine
A sickly paleness spread ;
When the old seer by vision led,
And energy sublime,
Into that shadowy region sped,
To muse on distant time.

He saw the valleys far and wide,
But sight of joy was none ;
He looked o'er many a mountain side,
But silence reigned alone,
Save that a boding voice sang on,
By wave and waterfall,
As still, in harsh and heavy tone,
Deep unto deep did call.

ON Kison's strand and Ephratah
The hamlets thick did lie ;
No wayfarer between he saw,
No Asherite passed by ;
No maiden at her task did ply,
No sportive child was seen ;
The lonely dog barked wearily
Where dwellers once had been.

Oh ! beauteous were the palaces
On Jordan wont to be,
And still they glimmered to the breeze,
Like stars beneath the sea !

But vultures held their jubilee
Where harp and cymbal rung,
And there as if in mockery
The baleful satyr sung.

But who had seen that Prophet's eye
On Carmel that reclined !
It looked not on the times gone by,
But those that were behind ;
His gray hair streamed upon the wind,
His hands were raised on high,
As, mirrored, on his mystic mind
Arose futurity.

He saw the feast in Bozrah spread
Prepared in ancient day ;
Eastward, away the eagle sped,
And all the birds of prey.
" Who's this," he cried, " comes by the way
Of Edom, all divine,
Travelling in splendor, whose array
Is red, but not with wine ?"

Blessed be the herald of our King
That comes to set us free !
The dwellers of the rock shall sing,
And utter praise to thee !
Tabor and Hermon yet shall see
Their glories glow again,
And blossoms spring on field and tree,
That ever shall remain.

The happy child in dragon's way
Shall frolic with delight ;
The lamb shall round the leopard play,
And all in love unite ;
The dove on Zion's hill shall light,
That all the world must see.
Hail to the journeyer, in his might,
That comes to set us free !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THIS great genius, whose influence upon taste and opinion has perhaps been greater than that of any other author who has written in the nineteenth century, was born at Ottery St. Mary's, Devonshire, in 1773, and died at Highgate in July, 1834. His poetry exhibits a gorgeous and powerful imagination, a perfect command of language, and extraordinary knowledge of human nature.

FROM "RELIGIOUS MUSINGS."

BLEST are they,
Who in this fleshly world, the elect of Heaven,
Their strong eye darting through the deeds of men,
Adore with steadfast unpresuming gaze
Him, Nature's Essence, Mind, and Energy!
And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend,
Treading beneath their feet all visible things,
As steps, that upward to their Father's throne
Lead gradual—else nor glorified nor loved.
They nor contempt embosom nor revenge;
For they dare know of what may seem deform,
The Supreme Fair, sole Operant; in whose sight
All things are pure, his strong controlling love
Alike from all educing perfect good.

Their's too celestial courage, inly armed,
Dwarfing Earth's giant brood, what time they muse
On their great Father, great beyond compare!
And marching onwards view high o'er their heads
His waving banners of omnipotence.

They cannot dread created might, who love
God, the Creator!—fair and lofty thought!
It lifts and swells my heart! And as I muse,
Behold! a vision gathers in my soul,
Voices and shadowy shapes, in human guise.
I seem to see the phantom, near, pass by,

Hotly-pursued, and pale! From rock to rock
He bounds with bleeding feet, and through the swamp,
The quicksand, and the groaning wilderness,
Struggles with feebler and yet feebler flight.
But lo! an altar in the wilderness,
And eagerly yet feebly, lo! he grasps
The altar of the living God! and there,
With wan reverted face, the trembling wretch
All wildly listening to his hunter-fiends,
Stands, till the last faint echo of their yell
Dies in the distance. Soon refreshed from Heaven
He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
His countenance settles; a soft solemn bliss
Swims in his eyes: his swimming eyes upraised,
And Faith's whole armor girds his limbs! And thus,
Transfigured, with a meek and dreadless awe,
A solemn hush of spirit, he beholds
All things of terrible seeming: yea, unmoved
Views e'en the immitigable ministers,
That shower down vengeance on these latter days.
For even these on wings of healing come,
Yea, kindling with intenser Deity;
From the celestial mercy-seat they speed,
And at the renovating wells of love,
Have filled their vials with salutary wrath;
To sickly Nature more medicinal,
Than what sweet balm the weeping good man pours
Into the lone, despoiled, traveller's wounds!

Thus, from th' Elect, regenerate through faith,
Pass the dark passions, and what thirsty cares
Drink up the spirit, and the dim regards
Self-centre. Lo, they vanish! or acquire
New names, new features,—by supernal grace
Enrobed with light, and naturalized in Heaven.
As when a shepherd on a vernal morn,
Through some thick fog creeps timorous with slow foot,
Darkling with earnest eyes he traces out
Th' immediate road, all else of fairest kind

Hid or deformed. But lo! the burning sun!
Touched by th' enchantment of that sudden beam,
Straight the black vapor melteth, and in globes
Of dewy glitter gems each plant and tree;
On every leaf, on every blade it hangs;
Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays,
And wide around the landscape streams with glory!

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,
Omnific. His most holy name is Love.
Truth of subliming import! with the which
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
He from his small particular orbit flies,
With blessed outstarting! From himself he flies,
Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze
Views all creation; and he loves it all,
And blesses it, and calls it very good!
This is indeed to dwell with the Most High!
The cherubs, and the trembling seraphim
Can press no nearer to th' Almighty's throne.
But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
Unfeeling of our Universal Sire,
Haply for this, some younger angel now
Looks down on human nature: and, behold!
A sea of blood bestrewed with wrecks, where mad
Embattling interests on each other rush
With unhelmed rage!

'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!
This fraternizes man, this constitutes
Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
Diffused through all, that doth make all one whole;
This the worst superstition, him except
Aught to desire, Supreme reality!
The plenitude and permanence of bliss!
O fiends of superstition! not that oft
The erring priest hath stained with brother's blood
Your grisly idols, not for this may wrath

Thunder against you from the Holy One !
But o'er some plain that steameth to the sun,
Peopled with death ; or, where more hideous trade,
Loud laughing, packs his bales of human anguish ;
I will raise up a mourning, O ye fiends !
And curse your spells, that film the eye of faith ;
Hiding the present God, whose presence lost,
The moral world's cohesion, we become
An anarchy of spirits, toy-bewitched,
Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul,
No common centre man, no common sire
Knoweth ! A sordid solitary thing,
'Mid countless brethren, with a lonely heart,
Through courts and cities the smooth savage roams,
Feeling himself, his own low self the whole ;
When he by sacred sympathy might make
The whole one self ! self that no alien knows !
Self, far diffused as Fancy's wing can travel !
Self, spreading still oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing ! this is faith !
This the Messiah's destined victory !
But first offences needs must come ! Even now
(Black Hell laughs horrible—to hear the scoff !)
Thee to defend, meek Galilæan ! Thee
And thy mild laws of love unutterable,
Mistrust and Enmity have burst the bands
Of social peace ; and list'ning Treachery lurks,
With pious fraud to snare a brother's life ;
And childless widows o'er the groaning land
Wail numberless ; and orphans weep for bread ;
Thee to defend, dear Saviour of mankind !
Thee, Lamb of God ! Thee, blameless Prince of Peace !
From all sides rush the thirsty brood of war ;
Austria, and that foul woman of the North,
The lustful murd'ress of her wedded lord :
And he, connatural mind ! whom (in their songs
So bards of elder time had haply feigned)
Some fury fondled in her hate to man,

Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge
 Lick his young face, and at his mouth imbreath
 Horrible sympathy! and leagued with these
 Each petty German princeling, nursed in gore!
 Soul-hardened barterers of human blood!
 Death's prime slave merchants! scorpion whips of fate!
 Nor least in savagery of holy zeal,
 Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate,
 Whom Britain erst had blushed to call her sons!
 Thee to defend, the Moloch priest prefers
 The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd;
 That Deity, accomplice Deity,
 In the fierce jealousy of wakened wrath
 Will go forth with our armies and our fleets
 To scatter the red ruin on their foes!
 O blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds
 With blessedness!

Lord of unsleeping Love,
 From everlasting Thou! we shall not die.
 These, even these, in mercy didst thou form,
 Teachers of good through evil, by brief wrong
 Making truth lovely, and her future might
 Magnetic o'er the fixed untrembling heart.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE shepherds went their hasty way,
 And found the lowly stable-shed,
 Where the Virgin-Mother lay:
 And now they checked their eager tread,
 For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
 A mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,
 Streaming from a heavenly throng,
 Around them shone, suspending night;
 While sweeter than a mother's song,
 Blessed angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
 Glory to God on high! and peace on earth.

She listened to the tale divine,
And closer still the babe she pressed ;
And while she cried, The babe is mine !
The milk rushed faster to her breast ;
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn :
Peace, peace on earth ! the Prince of Peace is born.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple, and of low estate ;
That strife should vanish, battle cease,
Oh ! why should this thy soul elate ?
Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story,
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory ?

And is not war a youthful king,
A stately hero clad in mail ?
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring ;
Him earth's majestic monarchs hail !
Their friend, their playmate ! and his bold bright eye
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

" Tell this in some more courtly scene,
To maids and youths in robes of state !
I am a woman poor and mean,
And therefore is my soul elate.
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears his child !

" A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
He kills the sire and starves the son,
The husband kills, and from her board
Steals all his widow's toil had won ;
Plunders God's world of beauty ; rends away
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

" Then wisely is my soul elate,
That strife should vanish, battle cease ;
I'm poor, and of a low estate,
The Mother of the Prince of Peace !
Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn ;
Peace, peace on earth ! the Prince of Peace is born !"

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL. D., was born in Bristol on the 12th of August, 1774, and was educated at Baliol College, with the design of his entering the church. His career at Oxford was a brief one; his tendency towards Socinianism made the plan marked out for him disagreeable; and he returned to Bristol, where, in 1794, in conjunction with a friend, he published his first collection of poems. His heterodox notions in religion and politics disappeared in a few years, and applying his great abilities to literature, he gradually rose to the first rank of the authors of his country. He died at Keswick on the 21st of March, 1843, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. The best edition of the Poetical Works of Southey is that published in New York by Messrs. Appleton, in one very large octavo volume, with all his latest revisions, and his posthumous pieces.

L O V E .

THEY sin who tell us love can die ;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell :
Earthly these passions, as of earth,
They perish where they have their birth.
But love is indestructible ;
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest :
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.
Oh ! when a mother meets on high
The babe, the lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of wo, the anxious night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight ?

AFFLICTION.

METHINKS if ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown you here.
Look yonder at that cloud, which, through the sky
Sailing along, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon. I watched it as it came,
And deemed the deep opaque would blot her beams;
But melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own;
Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene.

REMEMBRANCE.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage,
As through the world he wends;
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.
To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms:
What then shall soothe his earliest woes?
What novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemned to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lightens, as she counts the hours
That hasten his return.
From hard control and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
The child's sad thoughts will roam,
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers, with a sigh,
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes : the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind ;
Where shall the tired and harassed heart
Its consolation find ?
Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy ?
Ah ! no ; for hopes too long delayed,
And feelings blasted or betrayed,
The fabled bliss destroy ;
And he remembers, with a sigh,
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on ;
But, with the baseless hopes of Youth,
Its generous warmth is gone ;
Cold, calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth ;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering, with an envious sigh,
The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our Mortal Pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow ;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old Experience learns too late,
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er ;
Yet Age remembers, with a sigh,
The days that are no more.

WILLIAM HERBERT.

THE Hon. and Rev. William Herbert, the late Dean of Manchester, was the third son of Henry Earl of Caernarvon, and father of Mr. Henry William Herbert, of Newark in New Jersey. He was one of the most thoroughly accomplished men of his time, and his numerous works illustrate large abilities, fine taste, and an honorable character. His most celebrated poem is "Attila," which with his other original and translated poems has recently been published in three volumes, octavo. Mr. Herbert was born in 1778, and died in 1846.

HYMN TO DEATH.

WHAT art thou, O relentless visitant,
Who with an earlier or later call,
Dost summon every spirit that abides
In this our fleshly tabernacle? Death!
The end of worldly sorrowing and joy,
That breakest short the fantasies of youth,
The proud man's glory, and the lingering chain
Of hopeless destitution! The dark gate
And entrance into that untrodden realm,
Where we must all hereafter pass! Art thou
An evil or a boon? that some shrink back
With shuddering horror from the dreaded range
Of thine unmeasured empire, others plunge
Unbidden, goaded by the sense of ill,
Or weariness of being, into the abyss!
And should we call those blest who journey on
Upon this motley theatre, through life
Successful, unto the allotted term
Of threescore years and ten, even so strong,
That they exceed it? or those, who are brought down
Before their prime, and like the winged tribes,
Ephemeral, children of the vernal beam,
Just flutter round the sweets of life and die?—
An awful term thou art; and still must be,
To all who journey to that bourne, from whence
Return is none, and from whose distant shore

No rumor has come back of good or ill,
Save to the faithful, and even they but view
Obscurely things unknown and unconceived,
And judge not even, by what sense the bliss,
Which they imagine, shall hereafter be
Enjoyed or apprehended. And shall man
Unbidden rush on that mysterious change,
Which, whether he believe or mock the creed
Of those who trust, awaits him, and must bring
Or good, or evil, or annihilate
The sense of being, and involve him quite
In darkness upon which no dawn shall break!—
Fearful and dreaded must thy bidding be
To such as have no light within, vouchsafed
From the Most High, no reason for their hope;
But go from this firm world, into the void
Where no material body may reside,
By fleshly cares polluted and unmeet
For spiritual joy; and ne'er have known,
Or knowing, have behind them cast the love
Of their Redeemer, who thine awful bonds,
Grim Potentate, has broken, and made smooth
The deathbed of the just through faith in Him.
How oft, at midnight, have I fixed my gaze
Upon the blue unclouded firmament,
With thousand spheres illumined, each perchance
The powerful centre of revolving worlds!
Until, by strange excitement stirred, the mind
Has longed for dissolution, so it might bring
Knowledge, for which the spirit is athirst,
Open the darkling stores of hidden time,
And show the marvel of eternal things,
Which, in the bosom of immensity,
Wheel round the God of Nature. Vain desire!
Illusive aspirations! daring hope!
Worm that I am, who told me I should know
More than is needful, or hereafter dive
Into the counsel of the God of worlds?

Or ever, in the cycle unconceived
Of wondrous eternity, arrive
Beyond the narrow sphere, by Him assigned
To be my dwelling wheresoe'er? Enough
To work in trembling my salvation here,
Waiting thy summons, stern, mysterious Power,
Who to thy silent realm hast called away
All those whom nature twined around my breast
In my fond infancy, and left me here
Denuded of their love! Where are ye gone,
And shall we wake from the long sleep of death,
To know each other, conscious of the ties
That linked our souls together, and draw down
The secret dewdrop on my cheek, whene'er
I turn unto the past? or will the change
That comes to all, renew the altered spirit
To other thoughts, making the strife or love
Of short mortality a shadow past,
Equal illusion? Father, whose strong mind
Was my support, whose kindness as the spring
Which never tarries! Mother, of all forms
That smiled upon my budding thoughts most dear!
Brothers! and thou, mine only sister! gone
To the still grave, making the memory
Of all my earliest time, a thing wiped out,
Save from the glowing spot, which lives as fresh
In my heart's core, as when we last in joy
Were gathered round the blithe paternal board!
Where are ye? Must your kindred spirits sleep
For many a thousand years, till by the trump
Roused to new being? Will affections then
Burn inwardly, or all our loves gone by
Seem but a speck upon the roll of time,
Unworthy our regard?—This is too hard
For mortals to unravel, nor has He
Vouchsafed a clue to man, who bade us trust
To Him our weakness, and we shall wake up
After his likeness, and be satisfied.

C. C. COLTON,

THE author of "Lacon," was educated at Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship. He entered the established church, and though he held the vicarage of Kew with Petersham, in Surrey, he was a well-known frequenter of the gaming-table ; and, suddenly disappearing from his usual haunts in the metropolis, about the time of a murder that attracted much attention, it was suspected he had fallen by the hand of an assassin. It was however afterwards ascertained that he had absconded, to avoid his creditors ; and, in 1828, a successor was appointed to his living. He then went to reside in America : but subsequently lived in Paris, a professed gamester. He committed suicide at Fontainebleau, in 1832. His principal poems are in three volumes, entitled "The Conflagration of Moscow," "Hypocrisy," and "Modern Antiquity, and other poems."

L I F E .

How long shall man's imprisoned spirit groan
'Twixt doubt of heaven and deep disgust of earth ?
Where all worth knowing never can be known,
And all that can be known, alas ! is nothing worth.

Untaught by saint, by cynic, or by sage,
And all the spoils of time that load their shelves,
We do not quit, but change our joys in age—
Joys framed to stifle thought, and lead us from ourselves.

The drug, the cord, the steel, the flood, the flame,
Turmoil of action, tedium of rest,
And lust of change, though for the worst, proclaim
How dull life's banquet is : how ill at ease the guest.

Known were the bill of fare before we taste,
Who would not spurn the banquet and the board—
Prefer th' eternal, but oblivious fast,
To life's frail-fretted thread, and death's suspended sword ?

He that the topmost stone of Babel planned,
And he that braved the crater's boiling bed—
Did these a clearer, closer view command
Of heaven or hell, we ask, than the blind herd they led ?

Or he that in Valdarno did prolong
The night, her rich star-studded page to read—
Could he point out, midst all that brilliant throng,
His fixed and final home, from fleshy thraldom freed ?

Minds that have scanned creation's vast domain,
And secrets solved, till then to sages sealed,
Whilst nature owned their intellectual reign
Extinct, have *nothing* known or nothing have revealed.

Devouring grave ! we might the less deplore
Th' extinguished lights that in thy darkness dwell,
Wouldst thou, from that last zodiac, *one* restore,
That might th' enigma solve, and doubt, man's tyrant, quell.

To live in darkness—in despair to die—
Is this indeed the boon to mortals given ?
Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh ?
There is—to those who fix their anchor-hope in heaven.

Turn then, O man ! and cast all else aside :
Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above—
Low at the cross bow down—in *that* confide,
Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss secured in love.

REGINALD HEBER.

THIS eminent person was born at Malpas, in Cheshire, on the 21st of April, 1783, and in the seventeenth year of his age, he entered Brazen Nose College, Oxford, where he obtained the chancellor's prize for a Latin poem, and greatly distinguished himself by an English poem, entitled "Palestine." Leaving the University, he travelled on the continent, and on his return was presented with a living in Shropshire, where for several years he devoted himself with much assiduity to his profession. It was here that he wrote most of his hymns and other poems, made his translations from Pindar, and prepared his edition of Jeremy Taylor. In 1822, he was appointed Bishop of Calcutta, and soon after his arrival in India, he died of apoplexy, at Trichinopoli. Heber was one of the sweetest of the poets who have sung of religion. His hymns are for the Christian what the unchaste songs of Moore are for the sensualist.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

FOR many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Mizraim's throne, were there ;
On either wing their fiery coursers check
The parched and sinewy sons of Amalek,
While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
Decked in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold,
Saw ye how swift the scythed chariots rolled ?
So these are they, whom lord of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes, has poured through all her hundred gates.
Mother of armies ! How the emerald glowed,
Where flushed with power and vengeance Pharaoh rode ;
And stoled in white, those blazing wheels before
Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore :
And still reponsive to the trumpet's cry,
The priestly sistrum murmured " Victory."
Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom,
Whom come ye forth to combat ? warrior, whom ?
These flocks and herds, this faint and weary train,

Red from the scourge, and weary from the chain ?
Friend of the poor ! the poor and friendless save—
Giver and Lord of freedom ! help the slave.
North, south, and west the sandy whirlwinds fly
The circling pall of Egypt's chivalry.

On earth's last margin throned the weeping train,
Their cloudy guide moves on—And must we sweep the main ?
Mid the light spray the snorting camels stood,
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood.
He comes—their leader comes—the man of God
O'er the wide water lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads ; the circling waves retreat
In hoarse deep murmurs from his holy feet :
And the chafed surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand and coral hills below.
With limbs that falter and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass a deep and slippery dell ;
Round them arise, in pristine chaos hurled,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world ;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calf's low-roofed haunts, are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread,
The seething waters storm above their head ;
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.
Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them or cheerless came the night ;
Still in the van along that dreadful road
Blazed broad and fierce the brandished torch of God,
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave ;
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek and dance in every eye—
To them alone :—for Mizraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster gods in vain :
Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods along their line ;
Yet on they go by reckless vengeance led,

And range unconscious through the ocean's bed.
Till midway now that strange and fiery form,
Showed his dread visage, lightening through the storm,
With withering splendor blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot wheels and marred their coursers' flight.
"Fly, Mizraim, fly," the ravenous floods they see,
And fiercer than the floods, the Deity !
"Fly, Mizraim, fly," from Edom's coral strand,
Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand :
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep :
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs passed,
As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast,
And strange and sad the whispering surges bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh ! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
In trustless wonder by the avenging flood !
Oh ! welcome came the cheerful morn to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below ;
The mingled limbs of men, the broken car,
A few sad relics of a nation's war :
Alas, how few ! Then soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell ;
And he whose hardened heart alike had borne
The hours of bondage and the oppressor's scorn,
The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobbed his gratitude.
Till, kindling into warmer zeal around,
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound ;
And in fierce joy no more by doubt suppressed,
The struggling spirit throbbed in Miriam's breast.
She—with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye—
Poured on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
"Where now," she sang, "the tall Egyptian spear,
Oris' sunlike shield and Zoan's chariot, where ?
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread ;
Shout Israel ! for the Lord hath triumphed !"

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

THOU art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side,
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Sinless has died.

THOU art gone to the grave—and its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long,
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

THOU art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide:
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

HYMN ON THE CREATION.

OH! blest were the accents of early creation,
When the words of Jehovah came down from above,
In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,
And wake their cold atoms to life and to love.

And mighty the tones which the firmament rended,
When on the wheels of the thunder, and wings of the wind,
By lightning and hail, and thick darkness attended,
He uttered on Sinai his laws to mankind.

And sweet was the voice of the first-born of heaven,
Though poor his apparel, though earthly his form;
Who said to the mourner, "Thy sins are forgiven,"
"Be whole" to the sick, and, "Be still" to the storm.

O Judge of the world ! when arrayed in thy glory,
 Thy summons again shall be heard from on high,
 When nature stands trembling and naked before Thee,
 And waits on thy sentence to live or to die—

When the heavens shall fly fast from the sound of thy thunder,
 And the sun in thy lightnings grow languid and pale,
 And the sea yield her dead, and the tomb cleave asunder,
 In the hour of thy terrors, let mercy prevail.

HYMN TO THE SEASONS.

WHEN Spring unlocks the flowers, to paint the laughing soil ;
 When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil ;
 When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade ;
 The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade ;
 The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
 The moon, and stars, their Maker's name in silent pomp display.

Shall man the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,—
 Shall man alone unthankful, his little praise deny ?
 No,—let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
 Thee, Master, must we always love ; and, Saviour, honor Thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither,—the hope of Summer fade,—
 The Autumn droop in Winter,—the birds forsake the shade,—
 The wind be lulled,—the sun and moon forget their old decree,—
 But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord ! will cling to Thee.

THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain :
 His blood-red banner streams afar :
 Who follows in his train ?

Who best can drink his cup of wo,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Maker in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong.
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel.
Who follows in their train?

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid—
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climb the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain!
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

WEEP not, O mother, sounds of lamentation;
Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly!
Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation!
Strong is the Word of God to succor thee!

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him ;
Hide his pale features with the sable pall ;
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping o'er him,
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

Why pause the mourners, who forbids our weeping ?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed ?
"Set down the bier—he is not dead, but sleeping !
Young man, arise !" He spake, and was obeyed !

Change then, O sad one, grief to exultation ;
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.
Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation !
Strong was the Word of God to succor thee.

EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean ;
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

MISSIONS.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high ;
Shall we, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole :
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

BERNARD BARTON.

A MEMBER of the Society of Friends, is the author of numerous poems, marked alike by sweetness of versification, and tender and Christian feeling. A collection of Bernard Barton's poems has recently been published, under the title of "Household Verses."

HUMAN LIFE.

"In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth."—Ps. xc. 6.

I WALKED the fields at morning's prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing;
The skylark sang his matin chime,
And all was brightly glowing.

"And thus," I cried, "the ardent boy,
His pulse with rapture beating,
Deems life's inheritance is joy—
The future proudly greeting."

I wandered forth at noon:—Alas!
On earth's maternal bosom
The scythe had left the withering grass,
And stretched the fading blossom.

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes we fondly cherish,
Like flowers which blossom but to die,
Seem only born to perish.

Once more, at eve, abroad I strayed,
Through lonely hay-fields musing,
While every breeze that round me played,
Rich fragrance was diffusing.

The perfumed air, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appealing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve
Scattered the balm of healing.

For thus "the actions of the just,"
When memory hath enshrined them,
E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their odor leave behind them.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

THOUGH glorious, O God! must thy temple have been,
On the day of its first dedication,
When the cherubim's wings widely waving were seen
On high, o'er the ark's holy station;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skilled
To minister standing before Thee,
Retired from the cloud which the temple then filled,
And thy glory made Israel adore Thee;

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then;
Yet the worship thy Gospel discloses,
Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual forever repealed
But by Him, unto whom it was given
To enter the Oracle, where is revealed,
Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven.

Who, having once entered, hath shown us the way,
O Lord! how to worship before Thee;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore Thee!

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
When she of Samaria found him
By the patriarch's well sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noontide around Him.

How sublime, yet how simple, the homage He taught,
To her who inquired by that fountain,
If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought,
Or adored on Samaria's mountain!

"Woman! believe me, the hour is near,
When He, if ye rightly would hail Him,
Will neither be worshipped *exclusively* here,
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

"For God is a spirit! and they who aright
Would perform the pure worship He loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
That spirit the Father approveth."

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience and with hope endued,
Were seen the gathered multitude.

Among them there was one whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirred;
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferred:
Beholding while he suffered on,
The healing virtue given,—and gone!

No power had he; no friendly aid
To him its timely succor brought;
But, while his coming he delayed,
Another won the boon he sought;—
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which healed him by a word alone!

Had they who watched and waited there
 Been conscious who was passing by,
With what unceasing, anxious care,
 Would they have sought his pitying eye,
And craved with fervency of soul,
His power divine to make them whole !

But habit and tradition swayed
 Their minds to trust to sense alone ;
They only hoped the angel's aid ;
 While in their presence stood unknown
A greater, mightier far than he,
With power from every pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power !
 No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower
 Which with its healing waters went,
But He, whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still Omnipotent to save.

And what that fountain once was found,
 Religion's outward forms remain—
With living virtue only crowned
 While their first freshness they retain ;
Only replete with power to cure
When, spirit-stirred, their source is pure !

Yet are there who this truth confess,
 Who know how little forms avail,
But whose protracted helplessness
 Confirms the impotent's sad tale ;
Who, day by day, and year by year,
As emblems of his lot appear.

They hear the sounds of life and love,
 Which tell the visitant is nigh ;
They see the troubled waters move,
 Whose touch alone might health supply ;

But weak of faith, infirm of will,
Are powerless, helpless, hopeless still.

Saviour! thy love is still the same
As when that healing word was spoke;
Still in thine all-redeeming name
Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke.
Oh! be that power, that love displayed!
Help those, whom Thou alone canst aid!

TIME'S TAKINGS AND LEAVINGS.

What does age take away?
Bloom from the cheek, and lustre from the eye;
The spirits light and gay,
Unclouded as the summer's bluest sky.

What do years steal away?
The fond heart's idol, Love, that gladdened life;
Friendship, whose calmer sway
We trusted to in hours of darker strife.

What must with Time decay?
Young Hope's wild dreams, and Fancy's visions bright;
Life's evening sky grows gray,
And darker clouds prelude Death's coming night.

But not for such we mourn!
We know them frail, and brief their date assigned;
Our spirits are forlorn,
Less from Time's thefts, than what he leaves behind.

What do years leave behind?
Unruly passions, impotent desires,
Distrusts and thoughts unkind,
Love of the world, and self—which last expires.

For these, for these we grieve;
What Time has robbed us of we know must go:
But what he deigns to leave,
Not only finds us poor, but keeps us so.

It ought not thus to be ;
Nor would it, knew we meek Religion's sway ;
Her votary's eye could see
How little Time can give, or take away.

Faith, in the heart enshrined,
Would make Time's gifts enjoyed and used, while lent ;
And all it left behind,
Of Love and Grace, a noble monument.

POWER AND BENEVOLENCE.

God is not great because omnipotent !
But because power in Him is understood
And felt, and proved to be benevolent,
And wise, and holy ;—thus it ever should !
For what He wills we know is pure and good,
And has in view the happiness of all :
Hence love and adoration :—never could
The contrite spirit at his footstool fall,
If power, and power *alone*, its feelings did appal !

If then divinest power be truly so,
Because its proper object is to bless ;
It follows, that all power which man can know,
The highest even monarchs can possess,
Displays alone their “ less than littleness,”
Unless it seek the happiness of man
And glory of the Highest ;—nothing less
Than such a use of power one moment can
Make its possessor great, on wisdom's Godlike plan.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THIS Christian poet was born at Nottingham, in 1785. He was apprenticed to a hosier, and afterwards articled to a lawyer. But neither of these callings was congenial to his feelings and talents; and, by the kindness of some friends, he was enabled to enter himself of St. John's College, Cambridge, to study for the Church. Here he obtained several prizes at the public examinations, but they were dearly purchased; incessant study brought him to the grave, in 1807, in the twenty-second year of his age. The writings of Kirke White show that he possessed in an eminent degree the poetical faculties, and his religious and social character endeared him to all his acquaintances. His works, with the interesting memoir of his life and genius by Dr. Southey, have passed through many editions in this country.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PROGRESS.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To see its kindred sky.

These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

H Y M N .

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
Retune thy strings for Jesu's sake ;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
Where, where, oh ! where, shall man retire,
T' escape the horrors of his ire ?

'Tis He, the Lamb, to Him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by ;
God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.

Thus, while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen ;
To Him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet, courage—days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside ;
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And washed in Jesu's cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed ;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

S O N N E T .

WHAT art Thou, mighty One ? and where thy seat ?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And Thou dost bear within thy awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet ;
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dread noon,
Or on the red wing of the fierce monsoon
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost Thou repose ? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood ?
Vain thought ! the confines of his throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

F A I T H .

Lo ! on the eastern summit, clad in gray,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes ;
And from his tower of mist
Night's watchman hurries down.
The pious man
In this bad world, where mists and couchant storms
Hide heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veiled
With intervening vapors ; and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea that hides
The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all ;
But on whose billowy back, from man concealed,
The glaring sunbeam plays.

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS.

YE many twinkling stars, who yet do tread
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions ! planets and central orbs
Of other systems, big as the burning sun
Which lights this nether globe, yet to our eye
Small as the glow-worm's lamp ! to you I raise
My lowly orisons, while, all bewildered,
My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts,
Too vast, too boundless for our narrow mind,
Warped with low prejudices, to unfold,
And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring,
Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to Him,
The mighty Founder of this wondrous maze,
The great Creator ; Him, who now sublime,
Wrapped in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres,
Sits on his silent throne and meditates.

Th' angelic hosts, in their inferior heaven,
Hymn to the golden harps his praise sublime,
Repeating loud, " The Lord our God is great,"
In varied harmonies : the glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene. Th' Æolian spheres,
Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note and cry, " The Lord is great !"
Responding to the seraphim. O'er all,
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne,
Till the whole universe is full of Him.

Oh ! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,
And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile
On the vain world and all its bustling cares,
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.
Oh ! what is man, when at ambition's height,

What e'en are kings, when balanced in the scale
Of these stupendous worlds ! Almighty God !
Thou, the dread Author of these wondrous works,
Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
One look of kind benevolence ? Thou canst ;
For Thou art full of universal love,
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
Thy beams as well to me as to the proud,
The pageant insects of a glittering hour !

Oh ! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant do all the joys,
The gauds, and honors of the world, appear !
How vain ambition ! Why has my wakeful lamp
Outwatched the slow-paced night ? Why on the page,
The schoolman's labored page, have I employed
The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature ?
Say, can the voice of narrow fame repay
The loss of health ? Or can the hope of glory
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,
Cool, even now, my feverish aching brow,
Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
Or paint new colors on this pallid cheek ?

Say, foolish one, can that unbodied fame,
For which thou barterest health and happiness,
Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave—
Give a new zest to bliss, or chase the pangs
Of everlasting punishment condign ?
Alas ! how vain are mortal man's desires !
How fruitless his pursuits ! Eternal God,
Guide thou my footsteps in the way of truth,
And, oh ! assist me so to live on earth,
That I may die in peace, and claim a place
In thy high dwelling. All but this is folly,
The vain illusions of deceitful life.

JOHN PIERPONT,

THE author of the "Airs of Palestine," is a native of Litchfield, Connecticut, and was born on the sixth of April, 1785. Having embarked in business which resulted disastrously, in 1816 he sought a solace in literary pursuits, and in the same year published "The Airs of Palestine." Soon afterwards he entered seriously upon the study of theology, first by himself, in Baltimore, and afterwards as a member of the theological school connected with Harvard College. He left that seminary in October, 1818, and in April, 1819, was ordained as minister of the Hollis-street Unitarian Church, in Boston, as successor to the Rev. Dr. Holley, who had recently been elected to the presidency of the Transylvania University, in Kentucky. In 1835 and 1836, in consequence of impaired health, he spent a year abroad, passing through the principal cities in England, France, and Italy, and extending his tour into the East, visiting Smyrna, the ruins of Ephesus, in Asia Minor, Constantinople, and Athens, Corinth, and some of the other cities of Greece; of his travels in which, traces will occasionally be found in some of the short poems which he has written since his return. Many of his hymns, odes, and other brief poems, are remarkably spirited and melodious. Several of them, distinguished alike for energy of thought and language, were educed by events connected with the moral and religious enterprises of the time. Mr. Pierpont—now sixty-three years of age—is settled in Troy, New York.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping towards the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street ;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair :
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there !

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid ;
Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead ;
My hand that marble felt ;
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !

I cannot *make* him dead !
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there !

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be *saying*,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there !

Not there !—Where, then, is he ?
The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked ;—*he* is not there !

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, “Thou shalt see me *there*!”

Yes, we all live to God!
FATHER, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
’Twill be our heaven to find that—he is *there*!

HER CHOSEN SPOT.

WHILE yet she lived, she walked alone
Among these shades. A voice divine
Whispered, “This spot shall be thine own;
Here shall thy wasting form recline,
Beneath the shadow of this pine.”

“Thy will be done!” the sufferer said.
This spot was hallowed from that hour;
And, in her eyes, the evening’s shade
And morning’s dew this green spot made
More lovely than her bridal bower.

By the pale moon—herself more pale
And spirit-like—these walks she trod;
And, while no voice, from swell or vale,
Was heard, she knelt upon this sod
And gave her spirit back to God.

That spirit, with an angel’s wings,
Went up from the young mother’s bed:
So, heavenward, soars the lark and sings.
She’s lost to earth and earthly things;
But “weep not, for she is not dead,

She sleepeth !” Yea, she sleepeth here,
The first that in these grounds hath slept.
This grave, first watered with the tear
That child or widowed man hath wept,
Shall be by heavenly watchmen kept.

The babe that lay on her cold breast—
A rosebud dropped on drifted snow—
Its young hand in its father’s pressed,
Shall learn that she, who first caressed
Its infant cheek, now sleeps below.

And often shall he come alone,
When not a sound but evening’s sigh
Is heard, and, bowing by the stone
That bears his mother’s name, with none
But God and guardian angels nigh,

Shall say, “ This was my mother’s choice
For her own grave: O, be it mine !
Even now, methinks, I hear her voice
Calling me hence, in the divine
And mournful whisper of this pine.”

J E R U S A L E M .

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem,
How glad should I have been,
Could I, in my lone wanderings,
Thine aged walls have seen !—
Could I have gazed upon the dome
Above thy towers that swells,
And heard, as evening’s sun went down,
Thy parting camels’ bells :—

Could I have stood on Olivet,
Where once the Saviour trod,
And, from its height, looked down upon
The city of our God ;

For is it not, Almighty God,
Thy holy city still,—
Though there thy prophets walk no more,—
That crowns Moriah's hill?

Thy prophets walk no more, indeed,
The streets of Salem now,
Nor are their voices lifted up
On Zion's saddened brow;
Nor are their garnished sepulchres
With pious sorrow kept,
Where once the same Jerusalem,
That killed them, came and wept.

But still the seed of Abraham
With joy upon it look,
And lay their ashes at its feet,
That Kedron's feeble brook
Still washes, as its waters creep
Along their rocky bed,
And Israel's God is worshipped yet
Where Zion lifts her head.

Yes; every morning, as the day
Breaks over Olivet,
The holy name of Allah comes
From every minaret;
At every eve the mellow call
Floats on the quiet air,
"Lo, God is God! Before him come,
Before him come, for prayer!"

I know, when at that solemn call
The city holds her breath,
That Omar's mosque hears not the name
Of Him of Nazareth;
But Abraham's God is worshipped there
Alike by age and youth,
And worshipped,—hopeth charity,—
"In spirit and in truth."

Yea, from that day when Salem knelt
And bent her queenly neck
To him who was, at once, her priest
And king,—Melchisedek,
To this, when Egypt's Abraham'
The sceptre and the sword
Shakes o'er her head, her holy men
Have bowed before the Lord.

Jerusalem, I would have seen
Thy precipices steep,
The trees of palm that overhang
Thy gorges dark and deep,
The goats that cling along thy cliffs,
And browse upon thy rocks,
Beneath whose shade lie down, alike,
Thy shepherds and their flocks.

I would have mused, while night hung out
Her silver lamp so pale,
Beneath those ancient olive-trees
That grow in Kedron's vale,
Whose foliage from the pilgrim hides
The city's wall sublime,
Whose twisted arms and gnarled trunks
Defy the scythe of time.

The garden of Gethsemane
Those aged olive-trees
Are shading yet, and in their shade
I would have sought the breeze,
That, like an angel, bathed the brow,
And bore to heaven the prayer
Of Jesus, when in agony,
He sought the Father there.

¹ This name is now generally written Ibrahim.

I would have gone to Calvary,
And, where the Marys stood,
Bewailing loud the Crucified,
As near him as they could,
I would have stood, till night o'er earth
Her heavy pall had thrown,
And thought upon my Saviour's cross,
And learned to bear my own.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Thy cross thou bearest now !
An iron yoke is on thy neck,
And blood is on thy brow ;
Thy golden crown, the crown of truth,
Thou didst reject as dross,
And now thy cross is on thee laid—
The crescent is thy cross !

It was not mine, nor will it be,
To see the bloody rod
That scourgeth thee, and long hath scourged,
Thou city of our God !
But round thy hill the spirits throng
Of all thy murdered seers,
And voices that went up from it
Are ringing in my ears,—

Went up that day, when darkness fell
From all thy firmament,
And shrouded thee at noon ; and when
Thy temple's vail was rent,
And graves of holy men, that touched
Thy feet, gave up their dead :—
Jerusalem, thy prayer is heard,
His blood is on thy head !

GEORGE CROLY.

THE Rev. George Croly, LL. D., eminent as a theologian and as a writer in various departments of literature, was born in Ireland, and educated at Trinity College in Dublin. He is now rector of St. Stephens, London. His collected "Poems" were published in two octavo volumes in 1830.

THE STARS.

YE stars ! bright legions that, before all time,—
 Camped on yon plain of sapphire, what shall tell
 Your burning myriads, but the eye of Him
 Who bade through heaven your golden chariots wheel?
 Yet who earthborn can see your hosts, nor feel
 Immortal impulses—Eternity ?
 What wonder if the o'erwrought soul should reel
 With its own weight of thought, and the wild eye
 See fate within your tracts of sleepless glory lie ?

For ye behold the mightiest. From that steep
 What ages have ye worshipped round your King ?
 Ye heard his trumpet sounded o'er the sleep
 Of earth ;—ye heard the morning angels sing.
 Upon that orb, now o'er me quivering,
 The gaze of Adam fixed from Paradise ;
 The wanderers of the deluge saw it spring
 Above the mountain surge, and hailed its rise
 Lightning their lonely track with hope's celestial dyes.

On Calvary shot down that purple eye,
 When, but the soldier and the sacrifice,
 All were departed.—Mount of Agony !
 But Time's broad pinion, ere the giant dies,
 Shall cloud your dome.—Ye fruitage of the skies,
 Your vineyard shall be shaken !—From your urn
 Censers of Heaven ! no more shall glory rise,
 Your incense to the Throne !—The heavens shall burn :
 For all your pomps are dust, and shall to dust return.

Yet look, ye living intellects.—The trine
Of waning planets, speaks it not decay ?
Does Schedir's staff of diamond wave no sign ?
Monarch of midnight, Sirius, shoots thy ray
Undimmed, when thrones sublunar pass away ?
Dreams !—yet if e'er was graved in vigil wan
Your spell on gem or imaged alchemy,
The sign when empire's hourglass downwards ran,
'Twas on that arch, graved on that brazen talisman.

JACOB'S DREAM.

FROM A PICTURE BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON, A. R. A.

THE sun was sinking on the mountain zone
That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine !
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,
Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
Up Padan-aram's height abrupt and bare
A pilgrim toiled, and oft on day's decline
Looked pale, then paused for eve's delicious air ;
The summit gained, he knelt, and breathed his evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumbered—darkness fell
Upon the twilight hills ; a sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seemed to swell ;
Clouds heavy with the tempest gathered round ;
Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound ;
Still deeper rolled the darkness from on high,
Gigantic volume upon volume wound ;
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky,
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose ;
Then chariot-wheels—the nearer rush of wings ;
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows,

It thunders—the resplendent gates unclose ;
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crowned brows,
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But, two beside the sleeping pilgrim stand,
Like cherub kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
Fixed, sunbright eyes, and looks of high command .
They tell the patriarch of his glorious doom ;
Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,
Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till He is given whom angels long to see,
And Israel's splendid line is crowned with Deity.

A D I R G E .

“ EARTH to earth, and dust to dust !”
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid :
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering ;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”

Age on age shall roll along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng :
Those that wept then, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep ;
Brothers, sisters of the worm :
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more ;
Death shall keep his solemn trust—
“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last ;
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder ;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil,
It shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones ;
Then, ambition, rue thy lust !
" Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

Then shall come the judgment sign ;
In the east the King shall shine ;
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round his state ;
Spirits with the crown and plume ;
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb !
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turned to living light,
Kingdoms of the ransomed just—
" Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem,
Shine thy mount, Jerusalem ;
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise ;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God ;
Till are dried the martyr's tears,
Through a glorious thousand years.
Now in hope of Him we trust—
" Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

ANDREWS NORTON.

MR. NORTON was born at Hingham, near Boston, in 1786. He entered Harvard College in 1800, and was graduated in 1804. He studied divinity, but never became a settled clergyman. He was for a time tutor at Bowdoin College, and afterwards tutor and librarian in Harvard University. In 1819, he became Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature in the latter institution. He resigned that office in 1830, and has since resided at Cambridge as a private gentleman.

Mr. Norton is author of "The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels," published, in three octavo volumes, in 1848; and of several other theological works, in which he has exhibited great abilities. His poetical writings are remarkable for elegance and a religious dignity and fervor.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES ELIOT.

FAREWELL! before we meet again,
Perhaps through scenes as yet unknown,
That lie in distant years of pain,
I have to journey on alone;

To meet with griefs thou wilt not feel,
Perchance with joys thou canst not share;
And when we both were wont to kneel,
To breathe alone the silent prayer;

But ne'er a deeper pang to know,
Than when I watched thy slow decay,
Saw on thy cheek the hectic glow,
And felt at last each hope give way.

But who the destined hour may tell,
That bids the loosened spirit fly?
E'en now this pulse's feverish swell
May warn me of mortality.

But chance what may, thou wilt no more
With sense and wit my hours beguile,
Inform with learning's various lore,
Or charm with friendship's kindest smile.

Each book I read, each walk I tread,
Whate'er I feel, whate'er I see,
All speak of hopes forever fled,
All have some tale to tell of thee.

I shall not, should misfortune lower,
Should friends desert, and life decline,
I shall not know thy soothing power,
Nor hear thee say, "My heart is thine."

If thou hadst lived, thy well-earned fame
Had bade my fading prospect bloom,
Had cast its lustre o'er my name,
And stood the guardian of my tomb.

Servant of God! thy ardent mind,
With lengthening years improving still.
Striving, untired, to serve mankind,
Had thus performed thy Father's will.

Another task to thee was given;
'Twas thine to drink of early wo,
To feel thy hopes, thy friendships riven,
And bend submissive to thy blow;

With patient smile and steady eye,
To meet each pang that sickness gave,
And see with lingering step draw nigh
The form that pointed to the grave.

Servant of God! thou art not there;
Thy race of virtue is not run;
What blooms on earth of good and fair,
Will ripen in another sun.

Dost thou, amid the rapturous glow
With which the soul her welcome hears,
Dost thou still think of us below,
Of earthly scenes, of human tears ?

Perhaps e'en now thy thoughts return
To when in summer's moonlight walk,
Of all that now is thine to learn,
We framed no light nor fruitless talk.

We spake of knowledge, such as soars
From world to world with ceaseless flight ;
And love, that follows and adores,
As nature spreads before her sight.

How vivid still past scenes appear !
I feel as though all were not o'er ;
As though 'twere strange I cannot hear
Thy voice of friendship yet once more.

But I shall hear it ; in that day
Whose setting sun I may not view,
When earthly voices die away,
Thine will at last be heard anew.

We meet again ; a little while,
And where thou art I too shall be.
And then, with what an angel smile
Of gladness, thou wilt welcome me !

H Y M N .

My God, I thank thee ! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will !

F O R T I T U D E .

F A I N T not, poor traveller, though thy way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod ;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God.

Nay, sink not ; though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain ;
Thou dost but share the lot of Him
With whom his followers are to reign.

Thy friends are gone, and thou, alone,
Must bear the sorrows that assail ;
Look upward to the eternal throne,
And know a Friend who cannot fail.

Bear firmly ; yet a few more days,
And thy hard trial will be past ;
Then, wrapped in glory's opening blaze,
Thy feet will rest on heaven at last.

Christian ! thy Friend, thy Master prayed,
When dread and anguish shook his frame ;
Then met his sufferings undismayed ;
Wilt thou not strive to do the same ?

O ! think'st thou that his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise ?

Go, sufferer ! calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear ;
Then, rising as thy Saviour rose,
Go ! his eternal victory share.

F U N E R A L H Y M N .

He has gone to his God ; he has gone to his home ;
No more amid peril and error to roam ;
His eyes are no longer dim ;
His feet will no more falter ;
No grief can follow him ;
No pang his cheek can alter.

There are paleness, and weeping, and sighs below ;
For our faith is faint, and our tears will flow ;
But the harps of heaven are ringing ;
Glad angels come to greet him,
And hymns of joy are singing,
While old friends press to meet him.

O ! honored, beloved, to earth unconfined,
Thou hast soared on high, thou hast left us behind.
But our parting is not forever,
We will follow thee by heaven's light,
Where the grave cannot dissever
The souls whom God will unite.

1

RICHARD H. DANA:

THIS great poet was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1787, and was educated at Harvard College. He studied law in Baltimore, and after practising a short time in the courts, turned his attention to literature. In 1833 appeared his "Poems and Prose Writings," in one volume; and he has since published a few pieces in the periodicals. Mr. Dana's works are of the first rank in literary art, and they are pervaded by a profoundly religious and philosophical spirit.

ISLAND OF THE BUCANIERS.

THE island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save, where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently;
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

THE OCEAN.

Now stretch your eye off shore, o'er waters made
To cleanse the air and bear the world's great trade,
To rise, and wet the mountains near the sun,
Then back into themselves in rivers run,
Fulfilling mighty uses far and wide,
Through earth, in air, or here, as ocean-tide.

Ho ! how the giant heaves himself, and strains
And flings to break his strong and viewless chains ;
Foams in his wrath ; and at his prison doors,
Hark ! hear him ! how he beats and tugs and roars,
As if he would break forth again, and sweep
Each living thing within his lowest deep.

Type of the Infinite ! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break ;
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think ; then rests, and then puts forth again.
Thou hold'st me by a spell ; and on thy beach
I feel all soul ; and thoughts unmeasured reach
Far back beyond all date. And, O ! how old
Thou art to me. For countless years thou hast rolled
Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn,
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn ;
Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
At last thou didst it well ! The dread command
Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing land ;
And then once more, unto the silent heaven
Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.

And though the land is thronged again, O Sea !
Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee.
The small bird's plaining note, the wild, sharp call,
Share thy own spirit : it is sadness all !
How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down
Yonder tall cliff—he with the iron crown !

And see ; those sable pines along the steep,
Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy deep !
Like stoled monks they stand and chant the dirge
Over the dead, with thy low beating surge.

DAYBREAK.

"The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising : the name of the chamber was Peace ; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang."—*The Pilgrim's Progress*.

Now, brighter than the host that all night long,
In fiery armor, far up in the sky
Stood watch, thou com'st to wait the morning's song,
Thou com'st to tell me day again is nigh,
Star of the dawning ! Cheerful is thine eye ;
And yet in the broad day it must grow dim.
Thou seem'st to look on me, as asking why
My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim ;
Thou bidd'st me turn to God, and seek my rest in Him.

Canst thou grow sad, thou say'st, as earth grows bright ?
And sigh, when little birds begin discourse
In quick, low voices, ere the streaming light
Pours on their nests, from out the day's fresh source ?
With creatures innocent thou must perforce
A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure.
And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse,
Of ills and pains of life must be the cure,
And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to endure.

I feel its calm. But there's a sombrous hue,
Edging that eastern cloud, of deep, dull red ;
Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew ♦
And all the woods and hilltops stand outspread
With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort shed.
Still—save the bird that scarcely lifts its song—
The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead—
The silent city emptied of its throng,
And ended, all alike, grief, mirth, love, hate, and wrong.

But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and mirth,
Will quicken soon ; and hard, hot toil, and strife,
With headlong purpose, shake this sleeping earth
With discord strange, and all that man calls life.
With thousand scattered beauties nature's rife ;
And airs and woods and streams breathe harmonies :
Man weds not these, but taketh art to wife ;
Nor binds his heart with soft and kindly ties :—
He, feverish, blinded, lives, and, feverish, sated, dies.

It is because man useth so amiss
Her dearest blessings, Nature seemeth sad ;
Else why should she in such fresh hour as this
Not lift the veil, in revelation glad,
From her fair face ?—It is that man is mad !
Then chide me not, clear star, that I repine
When nature grieves ; nor deem this heart is bad.
Thou look'st towards earth ; but yet the heavens are thine ;
While I to earth am bound :—When will the heavens be mine ?

If man would but his finer nature learn,
And not in life fantastic lose the sense
Of simpler things ; could nature's features stern
Teach him be thoughtful, then, with soul intense
I should not yearn for God to take me hence,
But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bowed,
Remembering humbly why it is, and whence :
But when I see cold man of reason proud,
My solitude is sad—I'm lonely in the crowd.

But not for this alone, the silent tear
Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,
Nor for this solemn hour : fresh life is near ;—
But all my joys !—they died when newly born.
Thousands will wake to joy ; while I, forlorn,
And like the stricken deer, with sickly eye
Shall see them pass. Breathe calm—my spirit's torn ;
Ye holy thoughts, lift up my soul on high !—
Ye hopes of things unseen, the far-off world bring nigh.

And when I grieve, O, rather let it be
That I—whom nature taught to sit with her
On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea—
Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir
Of woods and waters—feel the quickening spur
To my strong spirit ;—who, as my own child,
Do love the flower, and in the ragged bur
A beauty see—that I this mother mild
Should leave, and go with care, and passions fierce and wild !
How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
Shot 'thwart the earth ! In crown of living fire
Up comes the day ! As if they conscious quaffed—
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city spire
Laugh in the wakening light.—Go, vain desire !
The dusky lights are gone ; go thou thy way !
And pining discontent, like them, expire !
Be called my chamber, Peace, when ends the day ;
And let me with the dawn, like Pilgrim, sing and pray.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

O LISTEN, man !

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
“Man, thou shalt never die !” Celestial voices
Hymn it around our souls : according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality !
Thick, clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
—O, listen, ye, our spirits ! drink it in
From all the air ! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight ;
'Tis floating in day's setting glories ; night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears ;
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast, mystic instrument, are touched

By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee :
—The dying hear it ; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD.

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice ?
And with that boding cry
O'er the waves dost thou fly ?
O ! rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice !
Thy fitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea ;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us : Thy wail—
What does it bring to me ?
Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad : as if, in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.
Of thousands, thou both sepulchre and pall,
Old ocean, art ! A requiem o'er the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells
A tale of mourning tells—
Tells of man's wo and fall,
His sinless glory fled.
Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more.
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light
Where birds of summer sing.

WILLIAM KNOX.

WILLIAM KNOX, the author of "Songs of Israel," and "The Harp of Sion," was born in humble life in Roxburgshire, in 1789, and died in Edinburgh in 1825. Some of his pieces evince fancy and feeling, and a fine command of poetical language.

MORTALITY.

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud !
Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave—
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid ;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child whom a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by ;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king who the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest who the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen ;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would
shrink,
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling,
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold,
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold,
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come,
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died ! and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea ; hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain ;
And the smile, and the tear, and the song, and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud !

YOUTH AND AGE.

Oh ! Youth is like the springtide morn,
When roses bloom on Jordan's strand,
And far the turtle's voice is borne
Through all Judea's echoing land !
When the delighted wanderer roves
Through cedar woods and olive groves,
That spread their blossoms to the day ;
And climbs the hill, and fords the stream,
And basks him in the noontide beam,
" Oh ! I would live alway."

But Age is like the winter's night,
When Hermon wears his mantle cloud,
When moon and stars withdraw their light,
And Hinnom's blast is long and loud ;
When the dejected pilgrim strays
Along the desert's trackless maze,
Forsaken by each friendly ray ;
And feels no vigor in his limb,
And finds no home or earth for him,
And cries, amid the shadows dim,
" I would not live alway."

Oh ! Youth is firmly bound to earth,
When hope beams on each comrade's glance ;
His bosom chords are tuned to mirth,
Like harp-strings in the cheerful dance ;
But Age has felt those ties unbound,
Which fixed him to that spot of ground
Where all his household comforts lay ;
He feels his freezing heart grow cold,
He thinks of kindred in the mould,
And cries, amid his grief untold,
" I would not live alway."

THE ATHEIST.

THE fool hath said, "There is no God:"
No God!—Who lights the morning sun,
And sends him on his heavenly road,
A far and brilliant course to run?
Who, when the radiant day is done,
Hangs forth the moon's nocturnal lamp,
And bids the planets, one by one,
Steal o'er the night-vales, dark and damp?

No God!—Who gives the evening dew,
The fanning breeze, the fostering shower?
Who warms the spring-morn's budding bough,
And paints the summer's noontide flower?
Who spreads in the autumnal bower,
The fruit-tree's mellow stores around;
And sends the winter's icy power,
T' invigorate the exhausted ground?

No God!—Who makes the bird to wing
Its flight like arrow through the sky,
And gives the deer its power to spring
From rock to rock triumphantly?
Who formed Behemoth, huge and high,
That at a draught the river drains,
And great Leviathan to lie,
Like floating isle, on ocean plains?

No God!—Who warms the heart to heave
With thousand feelings soft and sweet,
And prompts the aspiring soul to leave
The earth we tread beneath our feet,
And soar away on pinions fleet,
Beyond the scene of mortal strife,
With fair ethereal forms to meet,
That tell us of an after life?

No God!—Who fixed the solid ground
On pillars strong, that alter not?
Who spread the curtained skies around?
Who doth the ocean bounds allot?
Who all things to perfection brought
On earth below, in heaven abroad?—
Go ask the fool of impious thought
That dares to say,—“There is no God!”

T O - M O R R O W .

To-morrow!—Mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day,
How earthly things may pass away!

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring,
The youth to beauty's lip may cling;
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press
Her husband in a fond caress;
To-morrow—and the hands that pressed,
May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain
The milk-stream from its mother's vein;
To-morrow—like a frozen rill,
That bosom-current may be still.

To-day—the merry heart may feast
On herb and fruit, and bird and beast;
To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,
The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow!—Mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day,
That e'en thyself may pass away.

JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

THIS poet was born of a family distinguished in the history of Connecticut, at New Haven, on the 26th of September, 1789. He graduated at Yale College, with a high reputation for abilities and scholarship, in 1808, and afterwards entered upon the business of a merchant. His principal works are "The Vision of Judgment," published in 1812; "Percy's Mosque," published originally while he was on a visit to England, in 1820; "Hadad," which appeared in 1825, and "Demetria," written in 1816, but not printed until it was included in the collection of his works which he gave to the world in 1840, a few months before his death. As a poet, Mr. Hillhouse possessed qualities seldom found united: a masculine strength of mind, and a most delicate perception of the beautiful. With an imagination of the loftiest order—with "the vision and the faculty divine" in its fullest exercise, the wanderings of his fancy were chastened and controlled by exquisite taste. The grand characteristic of his writings is their classical beauty. Every passage is polished to the utmost, yet there is no exuberance, no sacrifice to false and meretricious taste. He threw aside the gaudy and affected brilliancy with which too many set forth their poems, and left his to stand, like the doric column, charming by its simplicity.

CLOSE OF THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

As, when from some proud capital that crowns
Imperial Ganges, the reviving breeze
Sweeps the dank mist, or hoary river fog
Impervious mantled o'er her highest towers,
Bright on the eye rush Brahma's temples, capped
With spiry tops, gay-trellised minarets,
Pagods of gold, and mosques with burnished domes,
Gilded, and glistening in the morning sun;
So from the hill the cloudy curtains rolled,
And, in the lingering lustre of the eve,
Again the Saviour and his seraphs shone.
Emitted sudden in his rising, flashed

Intenser light, as towards the right-hand host
Mild turning, with a look ineffable,
The invitation he proclaimed in accents
Which on their ravished ears poured thrilling, like
The silver sound of many trumpets heard
Afar in sweetest jubilee ; then, swift
Stretching his dreadful sceptre to the left,
That shot forth horrid lightnings, in a voice
Clothed but in half its terrors, yet to them
Seemed like the crush of heaven, pronounced the doom.
The sentence uttered, as with life instinct,
The throne uprose majestically slow ;
Each angel spread his wings ; in one dread swell
Of triumph mingling as they mounted, trumpets,
And harps, and golden lyres, and timbrels sweet,
And many a strange and deep-toned instrument
Of heavenly minstrelsy unknown on earth,
And angels' voices, and the loud acclaim
Of all the ransomed, like a thunder-shout.
Far through the skies melodious echoes rolled,
And faint hosannas distant climes returned.

Down from the lessening multitude came faint
And fainter still the trumpet's dying peal,
All else in distance lost ; when, to receive
Their new inhabitants, the heavens unfolded.
Up gazing, then, with streaming eyes, a glimpse
The wicked caught of Paradise, whence streaks
Of splendor, golden quivering radiance shone,
As when the showery evening sun takes leave,
Breaking a moment o'er the illumined world.
Seen far within, fair forms moved graceful by,
Slow-turning to the light their snowy wings.
A deep-drawn, agonizing groan escaped
The hapless outcasts, when upon the Lord
The glowing portals closed. Undone, they stood
Wistfully gazing on the cold, gray heaven,
As if to catch, alas ! a hope not there.
But shades began to gather ; night approached

Murky and lowering : round with horror rolled
On one another, their despairing eyes
That glared with anguish : starless, hopeless gloom
Fell on their souls, never to know an end.
Though in the far horizon lingered yet
A lurid gleam, black clouds were mustering there ;
Red flashes, followed by low muttering sounds,
Announced the fiery tempest doomed to hurl
The fragments of the earth again to chaos.
Wild gusts swept by, upon whose hollow wing
Unearthly voices, yells, and ghastly peals
Of demon laughter came. Infernal shapes
Flitted along the sulphurous wreaths, or plunged
Their dark, impure abyss, as seafowl dive
Their watery element.—O'erwhelmed with sights
And sounds appalling, I awoke ; and found
For gathering storms, and signs of coming wo,
The midnight moon gleaming upon my bed
Serene and peaceful. Gladly I surveyed her
Walking in brightness through the stars of heaven,
And blessed the respite ere the day of doom.

HADAD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF JERUSALEM

'Tis so ;—the hoary harper sings aright ;
How beautiful is Zion !—Like a queen,
Armed with a helm, in virgin loveliness,
Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,
She sits aloft, begirt with battlements
And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard
The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,
Soft gleaming through the umbrage of the woods
Which tuft her summit, and, like raven tresses,
Waved their dark beauty round the tower of David.
Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers,
The embrasures of alabaster shine ;
Hailed by the pilgrims of the desert, bound
To Judah's mart with orient merchandise.

But not, for thou art fair and turret-crowned,
Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and blessed
With golden fruits, and gales of frankincense,
Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here,
Where saints and prophets teach, where the stern law
Still speaks in thunder, where chief angels watch,
And where the glory hovers, here I war.

EVENING MUSIC OF THE ANGELS.

Low warblings, now, and solitary harps,
Were heard among the angels, touched and tuned
As to an evening hymn, preluding soft
To cherub voices ; louder as they swelled,
Deep strings struck in, and hoarser instruments,
Mixed with clear, silver sounds, till concord rose
Full as the harmony of winds to heaven ;
Yet sweet as nature's springtide melodies
To some worn pilgrim, first with glistening eyes
Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds
Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating flocks,
The chirp of birds, blithe voices, lowing kine,
The dash of waters, reed, or rustic pipe,
Blent with the dulcet, distance-mellowed bell,
Come, like the echo of his early joys.
In every pause, from spirits in mid air,
Responsive still were golden viols heard,
And heavenly symphonies stole faintly down.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

HENRY HART MILMAN was born in London on the 10th of February, 1791, and was the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, physician to the king. In 1801 he was sent to Eton, and in 1810 he entered Brazen Nose College, Oxford, where he gained the first honors in examinations, and received many prizes for English and Latin poems and essays. In 1815 he became a fellow of his college, and two years afterwards entered into holy orders. The living of St. Mary's, in Reading, was bestowed upon him in 1817, and he devoted much of his attention to the duties of his profession, until he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, in 1821. Mr. Milman commenced his course as a poet with the "Judicium Regale," in which the people of the different nations of Europe pronounce their judgment against Napoleon. This was followed by the tragedy of "Fazio," and "The Fall of Jerusalem." His "Martyr of Antioch," published in 1822, is an attempt to present in contrast the simple faith of Jesus and the most gorgeous, yet most natural of pagan superstitions, the worship of the sun. Besides his dramatic works, Mr. Milman is the author of "Samor, the Lord of the Bright City," an epic in twelve books; and a volume of minor poems, none of which are equal to passages in his tragedies. He now resides in London, and is prebendary of St. Peter's, and minister of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

A FUNERAL ANTHEM.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown :
From the burden of the 'flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode ;

Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail :
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed :
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

For thou wert born of woman, Thou didst come,
O Holiest ! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array ;
And not by thunders strewed,
Was thy tempestuous road ;
Nor indignation burned before Thee on thy way.
But Thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother, undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest,
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air !

Nor stooped their lamps th' enthroned fires on high ;
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky ;
The Eastern Sages leading on,
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odors sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hushed to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere ;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub-choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres,
Poured through the host of heaven the charmed clouds
along ;
One angel-troop the strain began.
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when Thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear Thee hence in lambent radiance came ;
Nor visible angels mourned with drooping plumes ;
Nor didst Thou mount on high,
From fatal Calvary,
With all thine own redeemed out-bursting from their
tombs.
For Thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with Thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake ;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done ;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay,
Then basked in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun :

While Thou didst sleep within the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom,
Ere yet the white-robed angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when Thou didst arise, Thou didst not stand
With devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew ;
But Thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few :
Then calmly, slowly didst Thou rise
Into thy native skies ;
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is *He* ?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is *He* ?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembled at *His* doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at his side ;
Lord ! our suppliant knees we bow !
Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Sad and dying, who is *He*?
 By the last and bitter cry,
 The ghost given up in agony;
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chambers of the dead;
 By the mourners come to weep
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep:
 Crucified! we know Thee now;
 Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is *He*?
 By the prayer for them that slew,
 "Lord! they know not what they do!"
 By the spoiled and empty grave,
 By the souls He died to save,
 By the conquest He hath won,
 By the saints before *His* throne,
 By the rainbow round *His* brow,
 Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

THE JUDGMENT.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:
 Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
 And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

The glory! the glory! by myriads are poured
 The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord;
 And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
 And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear!

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
 So the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred:
 From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
 The vast generations of man are come forth.

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested Elders are met!
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word!

O Mercy! O Mercy! look down from above,
Creator! on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath, to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven!

THE MERRY HEART.

I would not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore;
• Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have wealth,
And I have spirits light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,—
A merry heart that laughs at care.

At once, 'tis true, two witching eyes
Surprised me in a luckless season,
Turned all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
And love you know's a reason fair,
And much improved, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laughed at care.

So now, from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare,
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
 Ye social feelings of the mind,
 Give, sometimes give your sunny gleam,
 And let the rest good-humor find.
 Yes, let me hail and welcome give
 To every joy my lot may share,
 And pleased and pleasing let me live
 With merry heart, that laughs at care.

BISHOP MANT.

DR. RICHARD MANT, one of the editors of a most valuable edition of the Holy Bible, is a living writer of great eminence. After filling for a time the office of Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he became rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, and in 1820 was appointed to the see of Killaloe, whence he was translated in 1823 to Down and Connor. Beside an admirable treatise on "The Happiness of the Blessed," some volumes of "Sermons," and a valuable "History of the Church of Ireland," Bishop Mant has published numerous small poems on sacred subjects which have a high degree of merit.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION ON THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

Oh! come it first, or come it last,
 The shadow o'er my passage cast,
 Grant it may find me on my guard,
 And at thy will, O God, prepared
 To welcome the approaching gloom,
 The deep dark stillness of the tomb!
 'Tis but a transitory night:
 The sun shall rise, and all be light!
 Sweet thought, and of sweet solace full,
 And apt the swelling grief to lull
 Of those, beside a parting friend
 Constrained in bitterness to bend;
 The form, so cherished once and dear,
 To follow on his funeral bier;
 And see the grave above it close,
 The last "long home" of man's repose.

It has been said, and I believe,
 Though tears of natural sorrow start,
'Tis mixed with pleasure when we grieve
 For those the dearest to the heart,
 From whom long-lived at length we part;
As by a Christian's feelings led
We lay them in their peaceful bed.

Yet speak I not of those who go
 The allotted pilgrimage on earth,
With earth-born passions grovelling low,
 Enslaved to honor, avarice, mirth,
 Unconscious of a nobler birth :
But such as tread with loftier scope
The Christian's path with Christian hope.

We grieve to think, that they again
 Shall ne'er in this world's pleasure share :
But sweet the thought, that this world's pain
 No more is theirs ; that this world's care
 It is no more their lot to bear.
And surely in this scene below
The joy is balanced by the wo !

We grieve to see the lifeless form,
 The livid cheek, the sunken eye :
But sweet to think, corruption's worm
 The living spirit can defy,
 And claim its kindred with the sky.
Lo ! where the earthen vessel lies !
Aloft the unbodied tenant flies.

We grieve to think, our eyes no more
 That form, those features loved, shall trace :
But sweet it is from memory's store
 To call each fondly-cherished grace,
 And fold them in the heart's embrace.
No bliss 'mid worldly crowds is bred,
Like musing on the sainted dead !

We grieve to see expired the race
They ran, intent on works of love :
But sweet to think, no mixture base,
Which with their better nature strove,
Shall mar their virtuous deeds above.
Sin o'er their soul has lost his hold,
And left them with their earthly mould !

We grieve to know, that we must roam
Apart from them each wonted spot :
But sweet to think, that they a home
Have gained, a fair and goodly lot,
Enduring, and that changeth not.
And who that home of freedom there
Will with this prison-house compare ?

'Tis grief to feel, that we behind,
Severed from those we love, remain :
'Tis joy to hope, that we shall find,
Exempt from sorrow, fear, and pain,
With them our dwelling-place again.
'Tis but like them to sink to rest,
With them to waken and be blessed.

O Thou, who form'st thy creature's mind
With thoughts that chasten and that cheer,
Grant me to fill my space assigned
For sojourning a stranger here
With holy hope and filial fear :
Fear to be banished far from Thee,
And hope thy face unveiled to see !

There, before Thee, the Great, the Good,
By angel myriads compassed round,
"Made perfect" by the Saviour's blood,
With virtue clothed, with honor crowned,
"The spirits of the just" are found :
There tears no more of sorrow start,
Pain flies the unmolested heart,
And life in bliss unites whom death no more shall part.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

WHAT is *true knowledge*?—Is it with keen eye
 Of lucre's sons to thread the mazy way?
 Is it of civic rights, and royal sway,
 And wealth political, the depths to try?
 Is it to delve the earth, or soar the sky;
 To marshal nature's tribes in just array;
 To mix, and analyze, and mete, and weigh
 Her elements, and all her powers descry?
 These things, who will may know them, if to know
 Breed not vain-glory: but o'er all to scan
 God, in his works and word shown forth below;
 Creation's wonders; and Redemption's plan;
 Whence came we; what to do; and whither go:
 This is *true knowledge*, and "the whole of man."

THE LORD'S DAY.

HAIL to the day, which He, who made the heaven,
 Earth, and their armies, sanctified and blessed,
 Perpetual memory of the Maker's rest!
 Hail to the day, when He, by whom was given
 New life to man, the tomb asunder riven,
 Arose! That day his Church hath still confessed,
 At once Creation's and Redemption's feast,
 Sign of a world called forth, a world forgiven.
 Welcome that day, the day of holy peace,
 The Lord's own day! to man's Creator owed,
 And man's Redeemer; for the soul's increase
 In sanctity, and sweet repose bestowed;
 Type of the rest when sin and care shall cease,
 The rest remaining for the loved of God!

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

It is the Sabbath bell, which calls to prayer,
 Even to the House of God, the hallowed dome,
 Where He who claims it bids his people come
 To bow before his throne, and serve Him there

With prayers, and thanks, and praises. Some there are
Who hold it meet to linger now at home,
And some o'er fields and the wide hills to roam,
And worship in the temple of the air !
For me, not heedless of the lone address,
Nor slack to greet my Maker on the height,
By wood, or living stream ; yet not the less
Seek I his presence in each social rite
Of his own temple : *that* He deigns to bless,
There still He dwells, and *there* is his delight.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

DEAR is the ancient village church, which rears
By the lone yew, on lime or elm-girt mound,
Its modest fabric : dear, 'mid pleasant sound
Of bells, the gray embattled tower, that wears,
Of changeful hue, the marks of bygone years ;
Buttress, and porch, and arch with mazy round
Of curious fret or shapes fantastic crowned ;
Tall pinnacles, and mingled window-tiers,
Norman, or misnamed Gothic. Fairer spot
Thou givest not, England, to the tasteful eye,
Nor to the heart more soothing. Blest their lot,
Knew they their bliss, who own, their dwelling nigh,
Such resting-place ; there, by the world forgot,
In life to worship, and, when dead, to lie !

THE CHURCH BELLS.

WHAT varying sounds from yon gray pinnacles
Sweep o'er the ear, and claim the heart's reply !
Now the blithe peal of home festivity,
Natal or nuptial, in full concert swells :
Now the brisk chime, or voice of altered bells,
Speaks the due hour of social worship nigh :
And now the last stage of mortality
The deep dull toll with lingering warning tells.

How much of human life those sounds comprise ;
Birth, wedded love, God's service, and the tomb !
Heard not in vain, if thence kind feelings rise,
Such as befit our being, free from gloom
Monastic,—prayer that communes with the skies,
And musings mindful of the final doom.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

THERE is a joy, which angels well may prize :
To see, and hear, and aid God's worship, when
Unnumbered tongues, a host of Christian men,
Youths, matrons, maidens, join. Their sounds arise,
"Like many waters ;" now glad symphonies
Of thanks and glory to our God ; and then,
Seal of the social prayer, the loud Amen,
Faith's common pledge, contrition's mingled cries.
Thus, when the Church of Christ was hale and young,
She called on God, one spirit and one voice ;
Thus from corruption cleansed, with health new strung,
Her sons she nurtured. Oh ! be theirs, by choice,
What duty bids, to worship, heart and tongue ;
At once to pray, at once in God rejoice !

PRAYER.

ERE the morning's busy ray
Call you to your work away ;
Ere the silent evening close
Your wearied eyes in sweet repose,
To lift your heart and voice in prayer
Be your *first* and *latest* care.

He, to whom the prayer is due,
From heaven his throne shall smile on you ;
Angels sent by Him shall tend,
Your daily labor to befriend,
And their nightly vigils keep
To guard you in the hour of sleep.

When through the peaceful parish swells
The music of the Sabbath-bells,
Duly tread the sacred road
Which leads you to the house of God ;
The blessing of the Lamb is there,
And " God is in the midst of her."

And oh ! where'er your days be passed,
And oh ! howe'er your lot be cast,
Still think on Him whose eye surveys,
Whose hand is over all your ways.

Abroad, at home, in weal, in wo,
That service which to Heaven you owe,
That bounden service duly pay,
And God shall be your strength alway.

He only to the heart can give
Peace and true pleasure while you live ;
He only, when you yield your breath,
Can guide you through the vale of death.

He can, He will, from out the dust
Raise the blest spirits of the just ;
Heal every wound, hush every fear ;
From every eye wipe every tear ;
And place them where distress is o'er,
And pleasures dwell for evermore.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Mrs. HEMANS was born in Liverpool on the 21st of September, 1793. Her history is well known. An unhappy marriage embittered the larger part of her life, and after an illness singularly protracted and painful, she died, in Dublin, on the 16th of May, 1835. The most remarkable characteristics of Mrs. Hemans's poetry are a religious purity and a womanly delicacy of feeling, never exaggerated, rarely forgotten. Writing less of love, in its more special acceptation, than most female poets, her poems are still unsurpassed in feminine tenderness. Devotion to God, and quenchless affection for kindred, for friends, for the suffering, glow through all her writings. Her sympathies were not universal. They appear often to be limited by country, creed, or condition; and she betrays a reverent admiration for rank, power, and historic renown. Yet as the poet of home, a painter of the affections, she was perhaps the most touching and beautiful writer of her age. The tone of her poetry is indeed monotonous; it is pervaded by the tender sadness which forever preyed upon her spirit, and made her an exile from society; but it is all informed with beauty, and rich with most apposite imagery and fine descriptions. Many editions of the works of Mrs. Hemans have appeared in this country, of which the best, indeed the only one that has any pretensions to completeness, is that of Lea and Blanchard, in seven volumes, with a preliminary notice by Mrs. Sigourney.

THE AGED PATRIARCH.

OF life's past woes, the fading trace
Hath given that aged patriarch's face
Expression, holy, deep, resigned,
The calm sublimity of mind.

Years o'er his snowy head have passed,
And left him of his race the last;
Alone on earth, but yet his mien
Is bright with majesty serene;

And those high hopes, whose guiding star
Shines from eternal worlds afar,
Have with that light illumed his eye,
Whose fount is immortality,

And o'er his features poured a ray
Of glory not to pass away :
He seems a being who hath known
Communion with his God alone ;

On earth by naught but pity's tie,
Detained a moment from on high ;
One to sublimer worlds allied,
One from all passions purified :

E'en now half-mingled with the sky,
And all prepared, oh ! not to die,
But, like the prophet, to aspire
To heaven's triumphal car of fire.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud ;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill ;
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, " Be still !"

And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky ;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast :
As when the righteous fall asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou, that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood,
Oh! send thy Spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood.

Thou, that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil,—
So speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak and say,—“Peace, be still!”

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

'Twas early day—and sunlight streamed
Soft through a quiet room
That hushed, but not forsaken, seemed—
Still, but with naught but gloom,
For there, secure in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright
On his gray holy hair,
And touched the book with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there ;
But oh ! that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirits own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm benignant eye ;
Some ancient promise breathing yet
Of immortality ;
Some heart's deep language, where the glow
Of quenchless faith survives ;
For every feature said, “I know
That my Redeemer lives.”

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death ;
Silent—yet did not each young breast,
With love and reverence melt ?
Oh ! blest be those fair girls—and blest
That home where God is felt.

THE BETTER LAND.

“ I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle-boughs ?”

“ Not there, not there, my child !”

“ Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or 'midst the green islands on glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?”

“ Not there, not there, my child !”

“ Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?”

“ Not there, not there, my child !

“ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy !

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—
It is there, it is there, my child !”

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer :
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears,—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain :
But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?

Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ?—
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest,—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

HYMN OF THE MOUNTAIN CHRISTIAN.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !
Thou hast made thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose lights must never die ;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky ;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod,—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee.
Our God, our fathers' God !

For the dark, resounding heavens,
 Where thy still small voice is heard,
For the strong pines of the forests,
 That by thy breath are stirred ;
For the storms on whose free pinions
 Thy spirit walks abroad,—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

The royal eagle darteth
 On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master
 Seeks there his wild delights ;
But we for *thy* communion
 Have sought the mountain sod,—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain
 Far, far below us waves ;
The war-horse of the spearman
 Cannot reach our lofty caves ;
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
 Of freedom's last abode ;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

For the shadow of thy presence
 Round our camp of rock outspread ;
For the stern defiles of battle,
 Bearing record of our dead ;
For the snows, and for the torrents,
 For the free heart's burial sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

MRS. SIGOURNEY, formerly Miss Lydia Huntley, was born in Norwich, Connecticut, about the year 1794, and in 1819 was married to Mr. Charles Sigourney, an opulent merchant of Hartford, in which city she now resides. She began to write verses at a very early age, and in 1815 gave to the press her first book, under the title of "Moral Pieces." She has since published six or seven volumes in verse, and about as many in prose. "The Aborigines," her longest poem, appeared anonymously, at Cambridge, and attracted but little attention. During a visit which she made to Europe in 1840-41, a selection from her poetical writings was printed in London, and soon after her return, in 1842, the most finished and sustained of her longer poems, "Pocahontas," was published in a volume with some minor pieces, in New York. Among her prose works are "Connecticut Forty Years Since," "Letters to Young Ladies," "Letters to Mothers," "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands," "Scenes in My Native Land," and "Myrtis, and other Sketchings," the last of which appeared in the fall of 1846. In a reviewal of the poems of Mrs. Sigourney, published by the late Hon. Alexander H. Everett, this accomplished critic remarks that "they commonly express, with great purity, and evident sincerity, the tender affections which are so natural to the female heart, and the lofty aspirations after a higher and better state of being, which constitute the truly ennobling and elevating principle in art, as well as in nature. Love and religion are the unvarying elements of her song. This is saying, in other words, that the substance of her poetry is of the very highest order. If her powers of expression were equal to the purity and elevation of her habits of thought and feeling, she would be a female Milton, or a Christian Pindar." A full and splendidly illustrated edition of the Poetical Works of Mrs. Sigourney, has just been published by Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia.

BARZILLAI THE GILEADITE.

"Let me be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother."—2 Sam. xix. 37

SON of Jesse!—let me go,
Why should princely honors stay me?—
Where the streams of Gilead flow,
Where the light first met mine eye,

Thither would I turn and die ;—
Where my parents' ashes lie,
King of Israel !—bid them lay me.

Bury me near my sire revered,
Whose feet in righteous paths so firmly trod,
Who early taught my soul with awe
To heed the prophets and the law,
And to my infant heart appeared
Majestic as a God :—
O ! when his sacred dust
The cerements of the tomb shall burst,
Might I be worthy at his feet to rise
To yonder blissful skies,
Where angel-hosts resplendent shine,
Jehovah !—Lord of hosts, the glory shall be thine.

Cold age upon my breast
Hath shed a frostlike death ;
The wine-cup hath no zest,
The rose no fragrant breath ;
Music from my ear hath fled,
Yet still the sweet tone lingereth there.
The blessing that my mother shed
Upon my evening prayer.
Dim is my wasted eye
To all that beauty brings,
The brow of grace—the form of symmetry
Are half-forgotten things ;—
Yet one bright hue is vivid still,
A mother's holy smile, that soothed my sharpest ill.

Memory, with traitor-tread
Methinks, doth steal away
Treasures that the mind hath laid
Up for a wintry day.
Images of sacred power,
Cherished deep in passion's hour,
Faintly now my bosom stir :

Good and evil like a dream
Half obscured and shadowy seem,
Yet with a changeless love my soul remembereth her,
Yea—it remembereth her :
Close by her blessed side, make ye my sepulchre.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that polished brow,
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
The seal of silence. But there beamed a smile,
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet-ring of heaven.

THE CHURCH BELL.

When glowing in the eastern sky,
The Sabbath morning meets the eye,
And o'er a weary, careworn scene,
Gleams like the ark-dove's leaf of green,
How welcome over hill and dale,
Thy hallowed summons loads the gale,
Sweet bell ! Church bell

When earthly joys and sorrows end,
And towards our long repose we tend,
How mournfully thy tone doth call
The weepers to the funeral,

And to the last abode of clay,
With solemn knell mark out the way,
Sad bell! Church bell!

If to the clime where pleasures reign,
We through a Saviour's love attain,
If freshly to an angel's thought,
Earth's unforgotten scenes are brought,
Will not thy voice, that warned to prayer,
Be gratefully remembered there,
Blessed bell! Church bell?

THE TREE OF LOVE.

BESIDE the dear domestic bower,
There sprang a tree of healing power;
Its leaflets, damp with gentle rain,
Could soothe or quell the pang of pain;
And 'neath its shade a maiden grew,
She shared its fruit, she drank its dew.

Oft at her side a youth was seen,
With glance of love and noble mien;
At twilight hour a favored guest,
Her trembling hand he warmly pressed;
At length with guileless heart and free,
She said, "I'll plant that tree for thee."

Her little brother climbed her knee:
"You must not go away from me;
The nightly prayer with me you say,
And soothe me when I'm tired of play:"
His sister's eye with tears was dim:
She said, "I'll plant that tree for him."

"Its roots are deep," the mother said;
"Beyond the darkling grave they spread;"
"Thy hand is weak," the father cried;
"Too young thou art to be a bride."

Serene she spake, "I look above
For strength to plant the tree of love."

Before the holy priest she stood,
Her fair cheek dyed with rushing blood ;
And as, with hands to heaven displayed,
Strong vows upon her soul he laid,
Her heaving breast, like fluttering bird,
Her snowy mantle wildly stirred.

But when the hallowed cirque of gold,
Of deathless love the promise told,
Mysterious power her spirit felt,
And at the altar's foot she knelt :
"My God, my God, I'll cling to thee,
And plant for him that blessed tree."

Around their home its branches spread,
Its buds she nursed, its root she fed ;
Though flaunting crowds, with giddy look,
Of toil so meek slight notice took,
Yet hovering angels marked with pride
The green tree of the blessed bride.

DEATH OF A FRIEND.

It is not when the good obey
The summons of their God,
And meekly take the narrow couch
Beneath the burial sod,
That keenest anguish pours its wail,
Despairing o'er their rest,
For praise should mingle with the pang
That wring's the mourner's breast.

It is not when the saint departs,
Whose wealth was hid on high,
That bitterest tears of grief should gush
From sad bereavement's eye ;

For in the consummation blest
Of every wish and prayer,
He to his Father's courts ascends,
And finds a mansion there.

But yet, oh friend, revered and blest,
Who from our arms this day
Hast risen to gain thy perfect rest
In realms of cloudless day,
Though faith reveals thee to our view
From every sorrow free,
How shall we check the bursting tear
That wildly flows for thee?

Self-sacrificing, upright, pure,
Of feeble hope the guide,
With judgment clear, a soul subdued,
And wealth without its pride,
The widow in her lowly cell
Must long thy loss deplore,
The orphans wait thy step in vain,
Thou comest to them no more.

The path of duty and of zeal,
Who now, like thee shalt tread?
And deeply for ourselves we mourn
That thou art of the dead.

"LORD, REMEMBER US."

BEHOLD the babe, with ceaseless cry,
Just entering on mortality.
Oh Saviour! thou for whom wert spread,
'Mid wondering brutes, the manger-bed,
With pity view its feeble strife,
And fan the trembling spark of life.

The boy, with giddy footsteps, strays
Through hidden Danger's devious maze;

Thou ! who in childhood's wayward hour,
Wert subject to thy mother's power,
Withdraw his heart from Folly's snare,
And in Thy wisdom let him share.

The man mature, 'mid noontide heat,
Temptation's countless forms must meet ;
Redeemer ! thou who scorn and care
With meek, unanswering love didst bear,
His burdens ease, his thoughts control,
And with thy patience arm his soul.

The lonely stranger sorrowing roves,
An exile from the land he loves ;
Thou, who but in one cottage glade
At Bethany wert welcome made,
Speak peace when deep despondence sighs,
And tell of mansions in the skies.

The mourner droops with heaving breast,
Low, where his buried idols rest ;
Remember, Thou, who once didst shed
The tear of grief o'er friendship's bed,
Remember ! let thy mercy flow,
And bless for heaven those pangs of wo.

The death-struck, on his couch of pain,
Feels every earthly solace vain ;
The eye is glazed, the spirit faint,
Redeemer ! cheer thy suffering saint ;
Infuse thy strength when nature dies,
And to thy presence bid him rise.

CARLOS WILCOX.

THE Rev. Carlos Wilcox was born in Newport, New Hampshire, on the 22d of October, 1794, and his youth was passed in Orwell, Vermont. After graduating at Middlebury College, in 1813, he studied divinity at Andover, and he was subsequently, as his precarious health permitted, a minister of the congregational churches in Hartford, Danbury, and other places, until his death, at Danbury, on the 27th of May, 1827. His principal poems are "The Age of Benevolence," and the "Religion of Taste," both of which are included in the collection of his works published soon after his death. Wilcox was pious, gentle-hearted, and unaffected and retiring in his manners. The general character of his poetry is religious and sincere. He was a lover of nature, and he described rural sights and sounds with singular clearness and fidelity. In the ethical and narrative parts of his poems, he was less successful than in the descriptive; but an earnestness and simplicity pervaded all that he wrote.

THE SABBATH.

Who scorn the hallowed day set heaven at naught.
Heaven would wear out whom one short sabbath tires.
Emblem and earnest of eternal rest.
A festival with fruits celestial crowned,
A jubilee releasing him from earth,
The day delights and animates the saint.
It gives new vigor to the languid pulse
Of life divine, restores the wandering feet,
Strengthens the weak, upholds the prone to slip,
Quickens the lingering, and the sinking lifts,
Establishing them all upon a rock.
Sabbaths, like way-marks, cheer the pilgrim's path,
His progress mark, and keep his rest in view.
In life's bleak winter, they are pleasant days,
Short foretastes of the long, long spring to come.
To every new-born soul, each hallowed morn
Seems like the first, when every thing was new.

Time seems an angel come afresh from heaven,
His pinions shedding fragrance as he flies,
And his bright hourglass running sands of gold.
In every thing a smiling God is seen.
On earth, his beauty blooms, and in the sun
His glory shines. In objects overlooked
On other days, he now arrests the eye.
Not in the deep recesses of his works,
But on their face, he now appears to dwell.
While silence reigns among the works of man,
The works of God have leave to speak his praise
With louder voice, in earth, and air, and sea.
His vital Spirit, like the light, pervades
All nature, breathing round the air of heaven,
And spreading o'er the troubled sea of life
A halcyon calm. Sight were not heeded now
To bring him near; for Faith performs the work;
In solemn thought surrounds herself with God,
With such transparent vividness, she feels
Struck with admiring awe, as if transformed
To sudden vision. Such is oft her power
In God's own house, which, in the absorbing act
Of adoration, or inspiring praise,
She with his glory fills, as once a cloud
Of radiance filled the temple's inner court.

G O D ' S O M N I P R E S E N T A G E N C Y .

How desolate were nature, and how void
Of every charm, how like a naked waste
Of Africa, were not a present God
Beheld employing, in its various scenes,
His active might to animate and adorn!
What life and beauty, when, in all that breathes,
Or moves, or grows, his hand is viewed at work!—
When it is viewed unfolding every bud,
Each blossom tinging, shaping every leaf,
Wafting each cloud that passes o'er the sky,

Rolling each billow, moving every wing
That fans the air, and every warbling throat
Heard in the tuneful woodlands! In the least,
As well as in the greatest of his works,
Is ever manifest his presence kind;
As well in swarms of glittering insects, seen
Quick to and fro, within a foot of air,
Dancing a merry hour, then seen no more,
As in the systems of resplendent worlds,
Through time revolving in unbounded space.
His eye, while comprehending in one view
The whole creation, fixes full on me;
As on me shines the sun with his full blaze,
While o'er the hemisphere he spreads the same.
His hand, while holding oceans in its palm,
And compassing the skies, surrounds my life,
Guards the poor rush-light from the blast of death.

ROUSSEAU AND COWPER.

ROUSSEAU could weep—yes, with a heart of stone
The impious sophist could recline beside
The pure and peaceful lake, and muse alone
On all its loveliness at eventide:
On its small running waves, in purple dyed
Beneath bright clouds, or all the glowing sky,
On the white sails that o'er its bosom glide,
And on surrounding mountains wild and high,
Till tears unbidden gushed from his enchanted eye.

But his were not the tears of feeling fine,
Of grief or love; at fancy's flash they flowed,
Like burning drops from some proud, lonely pine,
By lightning fired; his heart with passion glowed
Till it consumed his life, and yet he showed
A chilling coldness both to friend and foe;
As Etna, with its centre an abode
Of wasting fire, chills with the icy snow
Of all its desert brow the living world below.

Was he but justly wretched from his crimes ?
Then why was Cowper's anguish oft as keen,
With all the heaven-born virtue that sublimed
Genius and feeling, and to things unseen
Lifts the pure heart through clouds that roll between
The earth and skies, to darken human hope ?
Or wherefore did those clouds thus intervene
To render vain faith's lifted telescope,
And leave him in thick gloom his weary way to grope ?

He, too, could give himself to musing deep ;
By the calm lake at evening he could stand,
Lonely and sad, to see the moonlight sleep
On all its breast, by not an insect fanned,
And hear low voices on the far-off strand,
Or through the still and dewy atmosphere
The pipe's soft tones waked by some gentle hand,
From fronting shore and woody island near
In echoes quick returned more mellow and more clear.

And he could cherish wild and mournful dreams,
In the pine grove, when low the full moon fair
Shot under lofty tops her level beams,
Stretching the shades of trunks erect and bare,
In stripes drawn parallel with order rare,
As of some temple vast or colonnade,
While on green turf, made smooth without his care,
He wandered o'er its stripes of light and shade,
And heard the dying day-breeze all the boughs pervade.

'Twas thus in nature's bloom and solitude
He nursed his grief till nothing could assuage ;
'Twas thus his tender spirit was subdued,
Till in life's toils it could no more engage ;
And his had been a useless pilgrimage,
Had he been gifted with no sacred power,
To send his thoughts to every future age ;
But he is gone where grief will not devour,
Where beauty will not fade, and skies will never lower.

THE CURE OF MELANCHOLY.

AND thou, to whom long worshipped nature lends
No strength to fly from grief or bear its weight,
Stop not to rail at foes or fickle friends,
Nor set the world at naught, nor spurn at fate ;
None seek thy misery, none thy being hate ;
Break from thy former self, thy life begin ;
Do thou the good thy thoughts oft meditate,
And thou shalt feel the good man's peace within,
And at thy dying day his wreath of glory win.

With deeds of virtue to embalm his name,
He dies in triumph or serene delight ;
Weaker and weaker grows his mortal frame
At every breath, but in immortal might
His spirit grows, preparing for its flight :
The world recedes and fades like clouds of even,
But heaven comes nearer fast, and grows more bright,
All intervening mists far off are driven ;
The earth will vanish soon, and all will soon be heaven.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief ?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold ?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief ?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold :
'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty ; not when, all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight ;
Wake ere the earthborn charm unnerve thee quite,

And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed ;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might ;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself inactive were no longer blessed.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined ;
Pray Heaven with firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed and feelings purely kind,
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit
To light on man as from the passing air ;
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare ;
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
That, 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Has immortality of name been given
To them that idly worship hills and groves,
And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven ?
Did Newton learn from fancy, as it roves,
To measure worlds, and follow where each moves ?
Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,
By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves ?
Or did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace,
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece ?

Beware lest thou, from sloth, that would appear
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim
Thy want of worth ; a charge thou couldst not hear
From other lips, without a blush of shame,
Or pride indignant ; then be thine the blame,

And make thyself of worth; and thus enlist
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame;
'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

LIVE FOR ETERNITY.

A BRIGHT or dark eternity in view,
With all its fixed, unutterable things,
What madness in the living to pursue,
As their chief portion, with the speed of wings,
The joys that death-beds always turn to stings!
Infatuated man, on earth's smooth waste
To dance along the path that always brings
Quick to an end, from which with tenfold haste
Back would he gladly fly till all should be retraced!

Our life is like the hurrying on the eve
Before we start, on some long journey bound,
When fit preparing to the last we leave,
Then run to every room the dwelling round,
And sigh that nothing needed can be found,
Yet go we must, and soon as day shall break;
We snatch an hour's repose, when loud the sound
For our departure calls; we rise and take
A quick and sad farewell, and go ere well awake.

Reared in the sunshine, blasted by the storms
Of changing time, scarce asking why or whence,

Men come and go like vegetable forms,
 Though heaven appoints for them a work immense,
 Demanding constant thought and zeal intense,
 Awaked by hopes and fears that leave no room
 For rest to mortals in the dread suspense,
 While yet they know not if beyond the tomb
 A long, long life of bliss or wo shall be their doom.

What matter whether pain or pleasures fill
 The swelling heart one little moment here?
 From both alike how vain is every thrill,
 While an untried eternity is near!
 Think not of rest, fond man, in life's career,
 The joys and grief that meet thee, dash aside
 Like bubbles, and thy bark right onward steer
 Through calm and tempest, till it cross the tide,
 Shoot into port in triumph, or serenely glide.

JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN.

THE Rev. James Wallis Eastburn was born in New York in 1797, and after graduating at Columbia College, studied theology under Bishop Griswold. He was the most intimate friend of Robert C. Sands, and wrote with him "Yamoyden," which was first published in 1820. After receiving orders, Mr. Eastburn went to Virginia, but sickness compelled him to abandon his profession, and he died at sea, on a voyage in search of health, on the 2d of December, 1819. The Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, is a brother of the deceased poet.

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

MOUNTAINS of Israel, rear on high
 Your summits, crowned with verdure new,
 And spread your branches to the sky,
 Refulgent with celestial dew.
 O'er Jordan's stream, of gentle flow,
 And Judah's peaceful valleys, smile,
 And far reflect the lovely glow
 Where ocean's waves incessant toil.

See where the scattered tribes return ;
Their slavery is burst at length ;
And purer flames to Jesus burn,
And Zion girds on her new strength ;
New cities bloom along the plain,
New temples to Jehovah rise,
The kindling voice of praise again
Pours its sweet anthems to the skies.

The fruitful fields again are blest
And yellow harvests smile around ;
Sweet scenes of heavenly joy and rest,
Where peace and innocence are found.
The bloody sacrifice no more
Shall smoke upon the altars high,—
But ardent hearts, from hill to shore,
Send grateful incense to the sky !

The jubilee of man is near,
When earth, as heaven, shall own His reign ;
He comes to wipe the mourner's tear,
And cleanse the heart from sin and pain.
Praise him, ye tribes of Israel, praise
The king that ransomed you from wo :
Nations, the hymn of triumph raise,
And bid the song of rapture flow !

T O P N E U M A .

TEMPESTS their furious course may sweep
Swiftly o'er the troubled deep,
Darkness may lend her gloomy aid,
And wrap the groaning world in shade ;
But man can show a darker hour,
And bend beneath a stronger power ;—
There is a tempest of the soul,
A gloom where wilder billows roll !

The howling wilderness may spread
Its pathless deserts, parched and dread,
Where not a blade of herbage blooms,
Nor yields the breeze its soft perfumes ;
Where silence, death, and horror reign,
Unchecked, across the wide domain ;—
There is a desert of the mind
More hopeless, dreary, undefined !

There Sorrow, moody Discontent,
And gnawing Care, are wildly blent ;
There Horror hangs her darkest clouds,
And the whole scene in gloom enshrouds ;
A sickly ray is cast around,
Where naught but dreariness is found ;
A feeling that may not be told,
Dark, rending, lonely, drear, and cold.

The wildest ills that darken life
Are rapture to the bosom's strife ;
The tempest, in its blackest form,
Is beauty to the bosom's storm ;
The ocean, lashed to fury loud,
Its high wave mingling with the cloud,
Is peaceful, sweet serenity
To passion's dark and boundless sea.

There sleeps no calm, there smiles no rest,
When storms are warring in the breast ;
There is no moment of repose
In bosoms lashed by hidden woes ;
The scorpion sting, the fury rears,
And every trembling fibre tears ;
The vulture preys with bloody beak
Upon the heart that can but break !

PART OF THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

THE glittering heaven's refulgent glow,
And sparkling spheres of golden light,

Jehovah's work and glory show,
By burning day or gentle night.
In silence, through the vast profound,
They move their orbs of fire on high,
Nor speech, nor word, nor answering sound,
Is heard upon the tranquil sky ;
Yet to the earth's remotest bar
Their burning glory, all is known ;
Their living light has sparkled far,
And on the attentive silence shone.

God, 'mid their shining legions, rears
A tent where burns the radiant sun :
As, like a bridegroom bright, appears
The monarch, on his course begun,
From end to end of azure heaven
He holds his fiery path along ;
To all his circling heat is given,
His radiance flames the spheres among,
By sunny ray, and starry throne,
The wonders of our mighty Lord
To man's attentive heart are known,
Bright as the promise of his word.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

THE late Rev. William B. O. Peabody was born at Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1799. He was educated at Cambridge, where he graduated in 1816. In 1820 he was established as a minister in the village of Springfield, Massachusetts, and resided there until his death, in 1848, discharging his professional duties, and writing much for the North American Review, and other periodicals.

HYMN OF NATURE.

God of the earth's extended plains !
The dark, green fields contented lie ;
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky ;
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep !
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands ;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade !
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee ;

But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry,
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings !
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world ! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return ;
Her crumbling altars must decay ;
Her incense fires shall cease to burn ;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow ;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

D E A T H .

LIFT high the curtain's drooping fold,
And let the evening sunlight in ;
I would not that my heart grew cold
Before its better years begin.
'Tis well ; at such an early hour,
So calm and pure, a sinking ray
Should shine into the heart, with power
To drive its darker thoughts away.

The bright, young thoughts of early days
Shall gather in my memory now,
And not the later cares, whose trace
Is stamped so deeply on my brow.
What though those days return no more ?
The sweet remembrance is not vain,
For Heaven is waiting to restore
The childhood of my soul again.

Let no impatient mourner stand
In hollow sadness near my bed,
But let me rest upon the hand,
And let me hear that gentle tread
Of her, whose kindness long ago,
And still, unworn away by years,
Has made my weary eyelids flow
With grateful and admiring tears.

I go, but let no plaintive tone,
The moment's grief of friendship tell ;
And let no proud and graven stone
Say where the weary slumbers well.
A few short hours, and then for heaven !
Let sorrow all its tears dismiss ;
For who would mourn the warning given
Which calls us from a world like this ?

AUTUMN EVENING.

BEHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The wind breathes low ; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears ;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore ;
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

THE following stanzas are the production of a youth of only eighteen years of age, and are replete with originality and fancy, happily blended with Christian feeling. The author, whom disagreements with his family induced to enlist as a private soldier, died of consumption at a very early age, in 1817.

THE THREE TABERNACLES.

METHINKS it is good to be here,
If thou wilt let us build,—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah! no:
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below
To a small narrow cave; and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah! no: she forgets
The charms that she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside;
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain:
Who hid, in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

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To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah! no: they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto sorrow? The dead cannot grieve;
Nor a sob, nor a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve:
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, or fear;
Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah! no: for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the Great Sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

THE Rt. Rev. George Washington Doane, D. D., LL. D., was born in Trenton, New Jersey, in 1799. He was graduated at Union College, Schenectady, when nineteen years of age, and immediately after commenced the study of theology. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Hobart, in 1821, and priest by the same prelate in 1823. He officiated in Trinity Church, New York, three years, and, in 1824, was appointed Professor of Belles-Lettres and Oratory in Washington College, Connecticut. He resigned that office in 1828, and soon after was elected rector of Trinity Church, in Boston. He was consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of New Jersey, on the thirty-first of October, 1832. The church has few more active, efficient, or popular prelates. Bishop Doane's "Songs by the Way," a collection of poems, chiefly devotional, were published in 1824, and appear to have been mostly produced during his college-life. He has since, from time to time, written poetry for festival-days and other occasions, but has published no second volume.

THE VOICE OF RAMA.

"Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted."

HEARD ye, from Rama's ruined walls,
That voice of bitter weeping!—
Is it the moan of fettered slave,
His watch of sorrow keeping?
Heard ye, from Rama's wasted plains,
That cry of lamentation!—
Is it the wail of Israel's sons,
For Salem's devastation?

Ah, no—a sorer ill than chains
That bitter wail is waking,
And deeper wo than Salem's fall
That tortured heart is breaking:
'Tis Rachel, of her sons bereft,
Who lifts that voice of weeping;
And childless are the eyes that there
Their watch of grief are keeping.

O! who shall tell what fearful pangs
 That mother's heart are rending,
 As o'er her infant's little grave
 Her wasted form is bending!
 From many an eye that weeps to-day
 Delight may beam to-morrow;
 But she—her precious babe is not!
 And what remains but sorrow?

Bereaved one! I may not chide
 Thy tears and bitter sobbing—
 Weep on! 'twill cool that burning brow,
 And still that bosom's throbbing:
 But be not thine such grief as theirs
 To whom no hope is given—
 Snatched from the world, its sins and snares,
 Thy infant rests in heaven.

THE WATERS OF MARAH.

“And Moses cried unto the Lord, and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.”

By Marah's stream of bitterness
 When Moses stood and cried,
 Jehovah heard his fervent prayer,
 And instant help supplied:
 The prophet sought the precious tree
 With prompt, obedient feet;
 'Twas cast into the fount, and made
 The bitter waters sweet.

Whene'er affliction o'er thee sheds
 Its influence malign,
 Then, sufferer, be the prophet's prayer
 And prompt obedience, thine:
 'Tis but a Marah's fount, ordained
 Thy faith in God to prove,
 And prayer and resignation shall
 Its bitterness remove.

“WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?”

What is that, Mother?—The lark, my child!—
The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, Mother?—The dove, my son!—
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return:

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, Mother?—The eagle, boy!—
Proudly careering his course of joy;
Firm, on his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

What is that, Mother?—The swan, my love!—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down, by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

A C H E R U B .

"Dear Sir, I am in some little disorder by reason of the death of a little child of mine, a boy that lately made us very glad; but now he rejoices in his little orbe, while we thinke, and sigh, and long to be as safe as he is."—JEREMY TAYLOR to EVELYN, 1656.

BEAUTIFUL thing! with thine eye of light,
And thy brow of cloudless beauty bright,
Gazing for aye on the sapphire throne
Of Him who dwelleth in light alone—
Art thou hasting now, on that golden wing,
With the burning seraph choir to sing?
Or stooping to earth, in thy gentleness,
Our darkling path to cheer and bless?

Beautiful thing! thou art come in love,
With gentle gales from the world above,
Breathing of pureness, breathing of bliss,
Bearing our spirits away from this,
To the better thoughts, to the brighter skies,
Where heaven's eternal sunshine lies;
Winning our hearts by a blessed guile,
With that infant look and angel smile.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in joy,
With the look and the voice of our darling boy—
Him that was torn from the bleeding hearts
He had twined about with his infant arts,
To dwell, from sin and sorrow far,
In the golden orb of his little star:
There he rejoiceth in light, while we
Long to be happy and safe as he.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in peace,
Bidding our doubts and our fears to cease;
Wiping the tears which unbidden start
From that bitter fount in the broken heart,
Cheering us still on our lonely way,
Lest our spirits should faint, or our feet should stray,
Till, risen with Christ, we come to be,
Beautiful thing, with our boy and thee.

LINES BY THE LAKE SIDE.

THIS placid lake, my gentle girl,
Be emblem of thy life,
As full of peace and purity
As free from care and strife ;
No ripple on its tranquil breast
That dies not with the day,
No pebble in its darkest depths,
But quivers in its ray.

And see, how every glorious form
And pageant of the skies,
Reflected from its glassy face,
A mirrored image lies ;
So be thy spirit ever pure,
To God and virtue given,
And thought, and word, and action bear
The imagery of heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

LIFT not thou the wailing voice,
Weep not, 'tis a Christian dieth,—
Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
Ransomed now, the spirit flieth ;
High, in heaven's own light, she dwelleth,
Full the song of triumph swelleth ;
Freed from earth, and earthly failing,
Lift for her no voice of wailing !

Pour not thou the bitter tear ;
Heaven its book of comfort opeth ;
Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,
But, as one who alway hopeth,
Humbly here in faith relying,
Peacefully in Jesus dying,

Heavenly joy her eye is flushing,—
Why should thine with tears be gushing !
They who die in Christ are blessed,—
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving !
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving :
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth !

JOHN KEBLE.

MR. KEBLE was educated at Oxford, entered holy orders, and was for some time pastor of a rural congregation, to whose spiritual interests he devoted himself with untiring ardor and affection. He was subsequently elected Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and he has been distinguished as one of those eminent scholars and divines, among whom are Newman, Hook, and Pusey, who have since shaken the religious world with some of the most ingenious and able theological discussions of modern times, in the Oxford Tracts. Mr. Keble is known as a poet chiefly through "The Christian Year," which was first published in 1827. It has passed through more than thirty editions in England, and has been several times reprinted in this country. The American impressions contain a preface and other valuable additions by the author's friend, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Doane, Bishop of the Episcopal church in New Jersey. Besides this, he has written "The Child's Christian Year ;" some of the finest pieces in the "Lyra Apostolica," and a new translation of the Psalms of David.

M O R N I N G .

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible,
Around his path are taught to swell.

Thou rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing.

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay for soft rains, in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven ;

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight,
Who, day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake ?

Oh ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise ;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And keep us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

A U T U M N .

RED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crowned the eastern copse ; and chill and dun
Falls on the moon the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,
And echo bids good-night from every glade
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float,
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide
And yet no second spring have they in store ;
But where they fall, forgotten, to abide,
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold ;
The green buds glisten in the dews of spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious, they in waste oblivion lie ;—
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them ; in all the bounteous sky
No drop for them of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again,
Yet he complains ; while these, unmurmuring, part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain
As his, when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply half-unblamed, his murmuring voice
Might sound in heaven, were all his second life
Only the first renewed—the heathen's choice,
A round of listless joy and weary strife.

For dreary were this earth, if earth were all,
Though brightened oft by dear affection's kiss :
Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall ?
But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.

Heavy and dull this frame of limbs and heart :
Whether slow creeping on cold earth, or borne
On lofty steed, or loftier prow, we dart
O'er wave or field, yet breezes laugh to scorn
Our puny speed ; and birds, and clouds in heaven,
And fish, like living shafts that pierce the main,
And stars that shoot through freezing air at even,—
Who but would follow, might he break his chain ?
And thou shalt break it soon ; the grovelling worm
Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and free
As his transfigured Lord, with lightning form
And snowy vest—such grace He won for thee,
When from the grave He sprung at dawn of morn,
And led through boundless air thy conquering road,
Leaving a glorious track, where saints, new-born,
Might fearless follow to their blest abode.
But first, by many a stern and fiery blast,
The world's rude furnace must thy blood refine—
And many a gale of keenest wo be passed,
Till every pulse beat time to airs divine,—
Till every limb obey the mounting soul,
The mounting soul the call by Jesus given :
He whom the stormy heart can so control,
The laggard body soon will waft to heaven.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view ?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing ! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fallen all beside—the world of life,
How is it stained with fear and strife !
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare !

But cheerful and unchanged the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought ;—
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes :
For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys ;
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when He paused and owned you good ;
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Ye felt it all renewed.

What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!
"Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And heaven thy morn will bless."

ADDRESS TO POETS.

YE whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed, by Heaven's peculiar grace,
God's own work to do on earth,
(If the word be not too bold,)
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old—

Sovereign masters of all hearts!
Know ye who hath set your parts?
He, who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you to lead
His hosannas here below;—
Mount, and claim your glorious meed;
Linger not with sin and wo.

But if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease—
Angels round His glory-throne,
Stars, His guiding hand that own,

Flowers, that grow beneath our feet,
Stones, in earth's dark womb that rest,
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere His name shall be unblest.

Lord, by every minstrel tongue
Be thy praise so duly sung,
That thine angels' harps may ne'er
Fail to find fit echoing here!
We the while, of meaner birth,
Who in that divinest spell
Dare not hope to join on earth,
Give us grace to listen well.

But should thankless silence seal
Lips that might half-heaven reveal—
Should bards in idol-hymns profane
The sacred soul-enthraling strain,
(As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using,)
Then, thy power and mercy show,
In vile things noble breath infusing.

Then waken into sound divine
The very pavement of thy shrine,
Till we, like heaven's star-sprinkled floor,
Faintly give back what we adore.
Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts.

THE UNITED STATES.

TYRE of the farther west! be thou too warned,
Whose eagle wings thine own green world o'erspread,
Touching two oceans: wherefore hast thou scorned
Thy fathers' God, O proud and full of bread?

Why lies the cross unhonored on thy ground,
While in mid-air thy stars and arrows flaunt?
That sheaf of darts, will it not fall unbound,
Except, disrobed of thy vain earthly vaunt,
Thou bring it to be blessed where saints and angels
haunt?

The holy seed, by Heaven's peculiar grace,
Is rooted here and there in thy dark woods;
But many a rank weed round it grows apace,
And Mammon builds beside thy mighty floods,
O'ertopping nature, braving nature's God;
Oh, while thou yet hast room, fair, fruitful land,
Ere war and want have stained thy virgin sod,
Mark thee a place on high, a glorious stand,
Whence truth her sign may make o'er forest, lake,
and strand.

Eastward, this hour, perchance thou turn'st thine ear,
Listening if haply with the surging sea,
Blend sounds of ruin from a land once dear
To thee and Heaven. O trying hour for thee!
Tyre mocked when Salem fell; where now is Tyre?
Heaven was against her. Nations thick as waves
Burst o'er her walls, to ocean doomed and fire;
And now the tideless water idly laves
Her towers, and lone sands heap her crowned mer-
chants' graves.

ROBERT POLLOK.

THIS poet was born of parents in humble circumstances at Eaglesham, in Ayrshire, in 1799. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and in 1827 took orders in the Scottish Secession Church. In the same year he published "The Course of Time," and, on account of impaired health, left Scotland with an intention to proceed to Italy, but died, on his way, at Southampton, on the fifteenth of September. The "Course of Time" was written during his student-life, and when, unfriended and unknown, he offered it to the publishers of Edinburgh, none of them were willing to bring it out. The manuscript was fortunately seen by Professor Wilson, who quickly perceived its merits, and effected an arrangement between the poet and Messrs. Blackwood, which resulted in its publication. The plot of the poem is very simple: The events of Time are finished, and a being from some remote world arrives in Paradise, where he inquires the meaning of the hell he has seen on his way heavenward; a bard, once of our earth, sings the story of humanity, from the beginning until time is finished,

—the righteous saved, the wicked damned,
And God's eternal government approved.

The subject is a noble one, and in the poem there are graphic conceptions and passages of beauty and tenderness; but it is disfigured by amplifications and a redundancy of moral pictures; it has no continuous interest, and in parts of it which should have been and which the author endeavored to make the most impressive, particularly those in which he subjects himself to a comparison with Dante and Milton, he utterly failed.

BYRON.

ADMIRE the goodness of Almighty God!
He riches gave, he intellectual strength,
To few, and therefore none commands to be
Or rich, or learned; nor promises reward
Of peace to these. On all, He moral worth
Bestowed, and moral tribute asked from all.
And who that could not pay? who born so poor,
Of intellect so mean, as not to know
What seemed the best; and, knowing, might not do?

As not to know what God and conscience bade,
And what they bade not able to obey?
And he, who acted thus, fulfilled the law
Eternal, and its promise reaped of peace;
Found peace this way alone: who sought it else,
Sought mellow grapes beneath the icy pole,
Sought blooming roses on the cheek of death,
Sought substance in a world of fleeting shades.

Take one example, to our purpose quite,
A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had and fame, beyond desire,
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life;
Yet, not content with ancestral name,
Or to be known because his fathers were,
He on this height hereditary stood,
And, gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step. Above him seemed,
Alone, the mount of song, the lofty seat
Of canonized bards; and thitherward,
By nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read;
What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see,
He saw. And first in rambling schoolboy days
Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
And maids, as dewdrops pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.
Then travel came, and took him where he wished.
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp;
And mused alone on ancient mountain brows;
And mused on battle-fields, where valor fought
In other days; and mused on ruins gray
With years; and drank from old and fabulous wells,
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked,
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste;

The heavens and earth of every country saw.
Where'er the old inspiring genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced ;
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart.
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument, seemed struggling whiles ;
He from above descending stooped to touch
The loftiest thought ; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon " the ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks ;
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend ;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed ;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were ;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas and winds and storms
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe ;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane ;
All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity ;
All that was hated, and all that was dear ;
All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man ;
He tossed about, as tempest, withered leaves,

Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness ;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself ;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
So ocean from the plains his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence, as it passed,
So he through learning and through fancy took
His flight sublime, and on the loftiest top
Of fame's dread mountain sat ; not soiled and worn,
As if he from the earth had labored up ;
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.
The nations gazed, and wondered much, and praised.
Critics before him fell in humble plight,
Confounded fell, and made debasing signs
To catch his eye, and stretched, and swelled themselves
To bursting nigh, to utter bulky words
Of admiration vast : and many, too,
Many that aimed to imitate his flight,
With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,
And gave abundant sport to after days.

Great man ! the nations gazed, and wondered much,
And praised ; and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness,
And kings to do him honor took delight.
Thus, full of titles, flattery, honor, fame,
Beyond desire, beyond ambition, full,
He died. He died of what ? Of wretchedness ;—
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame, drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts

That common millions might have quenched ; then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms, abhorred ; his passions died,
Died, all but dreary, solitary pride ;
And all his sympathies in being died.
As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,
Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,
And then, retiring, left it there to rot
And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven ;
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge,
A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,
Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul,
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,—
Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth.
His groanings filled the land his numbers filled ;
And yet he seemed ashamed to groan : Poor man !—
Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.

Proof this, beyond all lingering of doubt,
That not with natural or mental wealth
Was God delighted, or his peace secured ;
That not in natural or mental wealth
Was human happiness or grandeur found.
Attempt, how monstrous, and how surely vain !
With things of earthly sort, with aught but God,
With aught but moral excellence, truth, and love
To satisfy and fill the immortal soul !
Attempt, vain inconceivably ! attempt,
To satisfy the ocean with a drop,
To marry immortality to death,
And with the unsubstantial shade of time,
To fill the embrace of all eternity !

P R A I S E .

HARPS of eternity ! begin the song :
Redeemed, and angel harps ! begin to God,
Begin the anthem ever sweet and new,

While I extol Him, holy, just, and good,
Life, beauty, light, intelligence, and love!
Eternal, uncreated, infinite!
Unsearchable Jehovah! God of truth!
Maker, Upholder, Governor of all:
Thyself unmade, ungoverned, unupheld.
Mysterious more the more displayed, where still
Upon thy glorious throne thou sitt'st alone:
Hast sat alone, and shalt forever sit
Alone; invisible, immortal One!
Behind essential brightness unbeheld;
Incomprehensible! what weight shall weigh,
What measure measure Thee? What know we more
Of Thee, what need to know, than Thou hast taught,
And bidd'st us still repeat at morn and even.
God! Everlasting Father! Holy One!
Our God, our Father, our Eternal all!
Source whence we came, and whither we return;
Who made the heaven, who made the flowery land;
Thy works all praise Thee: all thy angels praise;
Thy saints adore, and on thy altars burn
The fragrant incense of perpetual love.
They praise Thee now: their hearts, their voices praise,
And swell the rapture of the glorious song.
Harp, lift thy voice on high! shout, angels, shout!
And loudest, ye redeemed! "Glory to God!"
And to the Lamb who bought us with his blood,
From every kindred, nation, people, tongue;
And washed, and sanctified, and saved our souls;
And gave us robes of linen pure, and crowns
Of life, and made us kings and priests to God.
Shout back to ancient Time! Sing loud, and wave
Your palms of triumph! sing, "Where is thy sting,
O Death? where is thy victory, O Grave?"
Thanks be to God! eternal thanks, who gave
Us victory through Jesus Christ, our Lord.
Harp, lift thy voice on high! shout, angels, shout!
And loudest, ye redeemed! "Glory to God!"

P R I D E.

PRIDE, self-adoring pride, was primal cause
Of all sin past, all pain, all wo to come.
Unconquerable pride! first, eldest sin,
Great fountain-head of evil! highest source,
Whence flowed rebellion 'gainst the Omnipotent,—
Whence hate of man to man, and all else ill.
Pride at the bottom of the human heart
Lay, and gave root and nourishment to all
That grew above. Great ancestor of vice!
Hate, unbelief, and blasphemy of God;
Envy and slander; malice and revenge;
And murder, and deceit, and every birth
Of hateful sort, was progeny of pride.
It was the ever-moving, acting force,
The constant aim, and the most thirsty wish
Of every sinner unrenewed, to be
A god; in purple or in rags, to have
Himself adored. Whatever shape or form
His actions took, whatever phrase he threw
About his thoughts, or mantle o'er his life,
To be the highest was the inward cause
Of all; the purpose of the heart to be
Set up, admired, obeyed. But who would bow
The knee to one who served, and was dependent?
Hence man's perpetual struggle, night and day,
To prove he was his own proprietor,
And independent of his God; that what
He had might be esteemed his own, and praised
As such. He labored still, and tried to stand
Alone, unpropped, to be obliged to none;
And, in the madness of his pride, he bade
His God farewell, and turned away to be
A god himself; resolving to rely,
Whatever came, upon his own right hand.

JOHN MOULTRIE.

JOHN MOULTRIE is a clergyman of the established church, and was born in the winter of 1799. He was educated at Eton, where he was distinguished for his fine scholarship and excellent taste, and enjoyed the friendship of the late Winthrop M. Praed, Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay, Dr. Chalmers, and many others who have since gained distinction in the world of letters. One of his earliest poetic efforts was entitled "My Brother's Grave." It was published when he was nineteen years old.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish
years.

I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air :
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency :
But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills
his mind,

The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk ;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about
the next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words which
he will say.

Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like
me,

A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be :

And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three ;

I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,

How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my
knee :

I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,

Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been ;

But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,

And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love re-
vealing.

When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the
street,

Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and
sweet.

A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,

Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.

His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,

To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.

Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may
prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love :

And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,

God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot tell,

For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to
dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,

And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth
feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy forever
fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest
things.

I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear and I,)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never cease ;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may
sever,

But, if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours forever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must
be,—

When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this* world's
misery,—

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and
pain,—

Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again.

TO THE REV. DR. CHALMERS.

WELL hast thou reasoned, Chalmers, on the deep
And awful mystery of redeeming love ;
With argument profound intent to prove
How the Omniscient Mind doth ever keep
Protective watch on heaven's empyreal steep,
O'er suns and systems through all space that move ;
While yet its sleepless eyes minutely rove
Through lowliest dwellings in which mortals sleep.
Methinks, great Teacher, of that Mind thine own
Yields a faint emblem, who hast power to soar
On wing seraphic towards the Eternal Throne,
And heaven and hell's mysterious depths explore ;
Yet on the meanest cot where poor men groan
Deignest thy wisdom's healing light to pour.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

THE Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D., is a native of New York, and is widely known as one of the finest scholars and most eloquent preachers in the American churches. He is author of several volumes of literary and religious discourses, which are as much distinguished as his poems by a genial, loving spirit, and a classical elegance of diction. A collection of his poems was published in Philadelphia in 1847. Dr. Bethune has been for several years a minister of the Reformed Dutch Church in Philadelphia, where he now resides.

TO MY MOTHER.

My mother!—Manhood's anxious brow
 And sterner cares have long been mine;
 Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
 As when upon thy bosom's shrine
 My infant griefs were gently hushed to rest,
 And thy low-whispered prayers my slumber blessed.
 I never call that gentle name,
 My mother! but I am again
 E'en as a child; the very same
 That prattled at thy knee; and fain
 Would I forget, in momentary joy,
 That I no more can be thy happy boy;—
 The artless boy, to whom thy smile
 Was sunshine, and thy frown, sad night,
 (Though rare that frown, and brief the while
 It veiled from me thy loving light;)
 For well-conned task, ambition's highest bliss,
 To win from thine approving lips a kiss.
 I've loved through foreign lands to roam,
 And gazed o'er many a classic scene;
 Yet would the thought of that dear home,
 Which once was ours, oft intervene,
 And bid me close again my weary eye
 To think of thee, and those sweet days gone by.

That pleasant home of fruits and flowers,
Where, by the Hudson's verdant side
My sisters wove their jasmine bowers,
And he, we loved, at eventide
Would hastening come from distant toil to bless
Thine, and his children's radiant happiness.

Alas, the change ! the rattling car
On flint-paved streets profanes the spot,
Where o'er the sod, we sowed the Star
Of Bethlehem, and Forget-me-not.
Oh, wo to Mammon's desolating reign !
We ne'er shall find on earth a home again !

I've pored o'er many a yellow page
Of ancient wisdom, and have won,
Perchance, a scholar's name—but sage
Or bard have never taught thy son
Lessons so dear, so fraught with holy truth,
As those his mother's faith shed on his youth.

If, by the Saviour's grace made meet,
My God will own my life and love,
Methinks, when singing at His feet,
Amid the ransomed throng above,
Thy name upon my glowing lips shall be,
And I will bless that grace for heaven and thee.

For thee and heaven ; for thou didst tread
The way that leads me heavenward, and
My often wayward footsteps led
In the same path with patient hand ;
And when I wandered far, thy earnest call
Restored my soul from sin's deceitful thrall.

I have been blessed with other ties,
Fond ties and true, yet never deem
That I the less thy fondness prize ;
No, mother ! in my warmest dream
Of answered passion, through this heart of mine
One chord will vibrate to no name but thine.

Mother ! thy name is widow—well
 I know no love of mine can fill
 The waste-place of thy heart, or dwell
 Within one sacred recess : still
 Lean on the faithful bosom of thy son,
 My parent, thou art mine, my *only* one !

NIGHT STUDY.

I AM alone ; and yet
 In the still solitude there is a rush
 Around me, as were met
 A crowd of viewless wings ; I hear a gush
 Of uttered harmonies—heaven meeting earth,
 Making it to rejoice with holy mirth.

Ye winged Mysteries,
 Sweeping before my spirit's conscious eye,
 Beckoning me to arise,
 And go forth from my very self, and fly
 With you far in the unknown, unseen immense
 Of worlds beyond our sphere—What are ye ? Whence ?

Ye eloquent voices,
 Now soft as breathings of a distant flute,
 Now strong as when rejoices
 The trumpet in the victory and pursuit ;
 Strange are ye, yet familiar, as ye call
 My soul to wake from earth's sense and its thrall.

I know you now—I see
 With more than natural light—ye are the good,
 The wise *departed*—ye
 Are come from heaven to claim your brotherhood
 With mortal brother, struggling in the strife
 And chains, which once were yours in this sad life.

Ye hover o'er the page
 Ye traced in ancient days with glorious thought
 For many a distant age ;
 Ye love to watch the inspiration caught

From your sublime examples, and so cheer
The fainting student to your high career.

Ye come to nerve the soul
Like him who near the Atoner stood, when He,
Trembling, saw around him roll
The wrathful potents of Gethsemane,
With courage strong: the promise ye have known
And proved, rapt for me from the Eternal throne.

Still keep! O, keep me near you,
Compass me round with your immortal wings:
Still let my glad soul hear you
Striking your triumphs from your golden strings
Until with you I mount, and join the song,
An angel, like you, 'mid the white-robed throng.

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON SEEING THORWALDSEN'S BAS-RELIEF REPRESENTING NIGHT.

Yes! bear them to their rest;
The rosy babe, tired with the glare of day,
The prattler fallen asleep e'en in his play,
Clasp them to thy soft breast,
O Night,
Bless them in dreams with a deep hushed delight.

Yet must they wake again,
Wake soon to all the bitterness of life,
The pang of sorrow, the temptation strife,
Ay, to the conscience-pain—
O Night,
Canst thou not take with them a longer flight?

Canst thou not bear them far—
E'en now all innocent—before they know
The taint of sin, its consequence of wo,
The world's distracting jar,
O Night,
To some ethereal, holier, happier height?

Canst thou not bear them up
Through starlit skies, far from this planet dim
And sorrowful, e'en while they sleep, to Him
Who drank for us the cup,

O Night,
The cup of wrath for hearts in faith contrite ?

To Him, for them who slept
A babe all lowly on His mother's knee,
And from that hour to cross-crowned Calvary,
In all our sorrows wept,
O Night,
That on our souls might dawn Heaven's cheering light.

So, lay their little heads
Close to that human breast, with love divine
Deep beating, while his arms immortal twine
Around them as he sheds,
O Night,
On them a brother's grace of God's own boundless might.

Let them immortal wake
Among the breathless flowers of Paradise,
Where angel-songs of welcome with surprise
This their last sleep may break,
O Night,
And to celestial joy their kindred souls invite.

There can come no sorrow,
The brow shall know no shade, the eye no tears,
Forever young through heaven's eternal years,
In one unfading morrow,
O Night,
Nor sin, nor age, nor pain their cherub-beauty blight.

Would we could sleep as they,
So stainless and so calm, at rest with thee,
And only wake in immortality !
Bear us with them away,
O Night,
To that ethereal, holier, happier height.

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

THE Rev. William Croswell, D. D., is a son of the Rev. Dr. Croswell, of New Haven, and was educated at Yale College, where he was graduated in the summer of 1824. He was subsequently, for two years, associated with Dr. Doane, now Bishop of New Jersey, in the editorship of the "Episcopal Watchman," at Hartford, after which he removed to Boston, and then to Auburn, in the western part of the state of New York. He is now rector of ——— church in New Haven. Bishop Doane, in a note to his edition of Keble's "Christian Year," remarks that "he has more unwritten poetry in him" than any man he knows. His published poems are characterized by an elegant fancy and a fine vein of religious sentiment.

THE SYNAGOGUE.

"But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart. Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away."—ST. PAUL.

I SAW them in their synagogue,
As in their ancient day,
And never from my memory
The scene will fade away,
For, dazzling on my vision, still
The latticed galleries shine
With Israel's loveliest daughters,
In their beauty half-divine!

It is the holy Sabbath eve,—
The solitary light
Sheds, mingled with the hues of day,
A lustre nothing bright;
On swarthy brow and piercing glance
It falls with saddening tinge,
And dimly gilds the Pharisee's
Phylacteries and fringe.

The two-leaved doors slide slow apart
Before the eastern screen,
As rise the Hebrew harmonies,
With chanted prayers between,

And mid the tissued vails disclosed,
Of many a gorgeous dye,
Enveloped in their jewelled scarfs,
The sacred records lie.

Robed in his sacerdotal vest,
A silvery-headed man
With voice of solemn cadence o'er
The backward letters ran ;
And often yet methinks I see
The glow and power that sate
Upon his face, as forth he spread
The roll immaculate.

And fervently that hour I prayed,
That from the mighty scroll
Its light, in burning characters,
Might break on every soul,
That on their hardened hearts the veil
Might be no longer dark,
But be forever rent in twain
Like that before the ark.

For yet the tenfold film shall fall,
O, Judah ! from thy sight,
And every eye be purged to read
Thy testimonies right,
When thou, with all Messiah's signs
In Christ distinctly seen,
Shall, by Jehovah's nameless name,
Invoke the Nazarene.

THE CLOUDS.

"Cloud land ! Gorgeous land !"—COLERIDGE.

I CANNOT look above and see
Yon high-piled, pillowy mass
Of evening clouds, so swimmingly
In gold and purple pass,

And think not, Lord, how thou wast seen
On Israel's desert way,
Before them, in thy shadowy screen,
Pavilioned all the day!

Or, of those robes of gorgeous hue
Which the Redeemer wore,
When, ravished from his followers' view,
Aloft his flight he bore,
When lifted, as on mighty wing,
He curtained his ascent,
And, wrapt in clouds, went triumphing
Above the firmament.

Is it a trail of that same pall
Of many colored dyes,
That high above, o'ermantling all,
Hangs midway down the skies—
Or borders of those sweeping folds
Which shall be all unfurled
About the Saviour, when he holds
His judgment on the world?

For in like manner as he went,—
My soul, hast thou forgot?—
Shall be his terrible descent,
When man expecteth not!
Strength, Son of man, against that hour,
Be to our spirits given,
When thou shalt come again with power,
Upon the clouds of heaven!

THE ORDINAL.

ALAS for me if I forget
The memory of that day
Which fills my waking thoughts, nor yet
E'en sleep can take away!

In dreams I still renew the rites
Whose strong but mystic chain
The spirit to its God unites,
And none can part again.

How oft the bishop's form I see,
And hear that thrilling tone
Demanding with authority
The heart for God alone !
Again I kneel as then I knelt,
While he above me stands,
And seem to feel, as then I felt,
The pressure of his hands.

Again the priests in meet array,
As my weak spirit fails,
Beside me bend them down to pray
Before the chancel-rails ;
As then, the sacramental host
Of God's elect are by,
When many a voice its utterance lost,
And tears dimmed many an eye.

As then they on my vision rose,
The vaulted aisles I see,
And desk and cushioned book repose
In solemn sanctity,—
The mitre o'er the marble niche,
The broken crook and key,
That from a bishop's tomb shone rich
With polished tracery ;

The hangings, the baptismal font,
All, all, save me unchanged,
The holy table, as was wont,
With decency arranged ;
The linen cloth, the plate, the cup,
Beneath their covering shine,
Ere priestly hands are lifted up
To bless the bread and wine.

The solemn ceremonial past,
And I am set apart
To serve the Lord, from first to last,
With undivided heart ;
And I have sworn, with pledges dire,
Which God and man have heard,
To speak the holy truth entire,
In action and in word.

O Thou, who in thy holy place
Hast set thine orders three,
Grant me, thy meanest servant, grace
To win a good degree ;
That so, replenished from above,
And in my office tried,
Thou mayst be honored, and in love
Thy church be edified !

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE thickly-woven boughs they wreath
Through every hallowed fane
A soft, reviving odor breathe
Of summer's gentle reign ;
And rich the ray of mild green light
Which, like an emerald's glow,
Comes struggling through the latticed height
Upon the crowds below.

O, let the streams of solemn thought
Which in those temples rise,
From deeper sources spring than aught
Dependent on the skies :
Then, though the summer's pride departs.
And winter's withering chill
Rests on the cheerless woods, our hearts
Shall be unchanging still.

THE DEATH OF STEPHEN.

With awful dread his murderers shook,
As, radiant and serene,
The lustre of his dying look
Was like an angel's seen ;
Or Moses' face of paly light,
When down the mount he trod,
All glowing from the glorious sight
And presence of his God.

To us, with all his constancy,
Be his rapt vision given,
To look above by faith, and see
Revealments bright of heaven.
And power to speak our triumphs out,
As our last hour draws near,
While neither clouds of fear nor doubt
Before our view appear.

THE CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

We come not with a costly store,
O Lord, like them of old,
The masters of the starry lore,
From Ophir's shore of gold :
No weepings of the incense tree
Are with the gifts we bring,
No odorous myrrh of Araby
Blends with our offering.

But still our love would bring its best,
A spirit keenly tried
By fierce affliction's fiery test,
And seven times purified :
The fragrant graces of the mind,
The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
Acceptance in thy sight.

JOHN G. WHITTIER,

A MEMBER of the Society of Friends, and one of the most brilliant poets of the age, was born in 1808, at Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he now resides. A complete collection of his works has just been published in one large octavo volume, with illustrative engravings, by B. B. Mussey & Co. of Boston.

P A L E S T I N E .

BLEST land of Judea ! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng ;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills !—in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear ;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of His sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene ;
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee !

Hark, a sound in the valley ! where, swollen and strong,
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along ;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,
And Naphtali's stag ; with his eyeballs of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son !

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around and the valleys between ;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below ;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet ?

I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod :
I stand where they stood with the chosen of God—
Where His blessings were heard and his lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

O, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came—
These hills He toiled over in grief, are the same—
The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his brow

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet ;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God ?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him !

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,
In love and in meekness, He moved among men ;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me !

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
 Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
 Nor my eyes see the cross which he bowed him to bear,
 Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer:
 Yet, Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
 To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
 And the voice of thy love is the same even now,
 As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.
 O, the outward hath gone!—but, in glory and power,
 The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
 Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
 On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

THE FEMALE MARTYR.

MARY G——, aged 18, a "Sister of Charity," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian Cholera, while in voluntary attendance on the sick.

"BRING out your dead!" the midnight street
 Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call;
 Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet;
 Glanced through the dark the coarse white sheet,
 Her coffin and her pall.
 "What! only one!" the brutal hackman said,
 As, with an oath, he spurned away the dead.
 How sunk the inmost hearts of all,
 As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,
 With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall!
 The dying turned him to the wall,
 To hear it and to die!
 Onward it rolled; while oft the driver stayed,
 And hoarsely clamored, "Ho! bring out your dead."
 It paused beside the burial-place:
 "Toss in your load!" and it was done.
 With quick hand and averted face,
 Hastily to the grave's embrace
 They cast them, one by one—
 Stranger and friend—the evil and the just,
 Together trodden in the churchyard dust.

And thou, young martyr! thou wast there:
No white-robed sisters round thee trod,
Nor holy hymn; nor funeral prayer
Rose through the damp and noisome air,
Giving thee to thy God;
Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed taper gave
Grace to the dead; and beauty to the grave!

Yet, gentle sufferer, there shall be,
In every heart of kindly feeling,
A rite as holy paid to thee
As if beneath the convent-tree
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping
Their tearful watch around thy place of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well,
Enduring, with a martyr's might,
Through weary day and wakeful night,
Far more than words may tell:
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown,
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

Where manly hearts were failing, where
The throngful-street grew foul with death,
O, high-souled martyr! thou wast there,
Inhaling from the loathsome air
Poison with every breath;
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread
From the wrung dying and the unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,
Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread,
A new Electra by the bed
Of suffering humankind!
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,
To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high
And holy mysteries of Heaven!
How turned to thee each glazing eye,
In mute and awful sympathy,
As thy low prayers were given;
And the o'erhovering spoiler wore, the while,
An angel's features, a deliverer's smile!

A blessed task! and worthy one
Who, turning from the world, as thou,
Ere being's pathway had begun
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,
Had sealed her early vow.
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,
Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here
Could be for thee a meet reward;
Thine is a treasure far more dear:
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear
Of living mortal heard
The joys prepared, the promised bliss above,
The holy presence of Eternal Love!

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not
A nobler name than thine shall be.
The deeds by martial manhood wrought,
The lofty energies of thought,
The fire of poesy—
These have but frail and fading honors; thine
Shall time unto eternity consign.

Yea: and when thrones shall crumble down,
And human pride and grandeur fall—
The herald's pride of long renown,
The mitre and the kingly crown—
Perishing glories all!
The pure devotion of thy generous heart
Shall live in heaven, of which it was a part!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

THE Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Grant, late governor of Bombay, was of one of the most ancient families of Scotland, and was a brother of the present Lord Glenelg. He died in 1838, and a collection of his "Sacred Poems" was published soon after in London.

LINES.

O SAVIOUR, whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow; I caught at the toy,
And still in displeasure, thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of wo;
And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path; it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rocks, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial reward and renown;
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe and the crown;
I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length, to thy will,
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
O give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from wo,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod ;
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below ;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

TRUST IN THE SAVIOUR.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few ;
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray,
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do ;
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Despised by those I prized too well ;
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer wo ;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;
Yet, He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

PRAYER.

SAVIOUR ! when in dust to thee,
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—

O, by all thy pains and wo,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of wants and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,—
By the dread permitted hour,
Of the insulting tempter's power,—
Turn, O turn a pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept,
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,—
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,—
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold,—
From thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany!

By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,—
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MR. BRYANT was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794. He was educated for the bar, but after passing ten years in the courts he abandoned an uncongenial profession and removed to New York, where, in 1826, he assumed the editorship of the *Evening Post*, with which he has ever since been connected. He wrote the poem entitled "Thanatopsis" in his eighteenth year, and the annals of literary composition furnish nothing equal to it produced at the same age. Mr. Bryant is unquestionably the greatest poet who now writes in the English language. In 1832 a collection of all the poems Mr. Bryant had then written was published in New York; it was soon after reprinted in Boston, and a copy of it reaching Washington Irving, who was then in England, he caused it to be published in London, where it has since passed through several editions. In 1842 he published "*The Fountain, and other Poems*;" in 1844, "*The White-footed Deer, and other Poems*;" and in 1846, a splendid edition of his complete *Poetical Works*, illustrated with engravings from pictures by Leutze, was published in Philadelphia by Carey and Hart.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

OH, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of wo and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

“NO MAN KNOWETH HIS SEPULCHRE.”

WHEN he, who, from the scourge of wrong,
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,
Saw the fair region, promised long,
And bowed him on the hills to die ;

God made his grave, to men unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale infold,
And laid the aged seer alone
To slumber while the world grows old.

Thus still, whene'er the good and just
Close the dim eye on life and pain,
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust
Till the pure spirit comes again.

Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,
His servant's humble ashes lie,
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread ?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not ;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there ?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given ?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven ?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here ?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more ?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there ; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll ;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same ?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss ?

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

THE Rev. A. C. Coxe is a son of the Rev. Samuel H. Coxe, D.D., of Brooklyn, and was born at Mendham, in New Jersey, on the 10th of May, 1818. He was educated at a gymnasium in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the University of New York, and the Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Chelsea. He was admitted to deacon's orders on the 28th of June, 1841, and has for several years been rector of St. Paul's Church in Hartford, Connecticut. His poetical works are included principally in volumes entitled "Athanasion, and other Poems," "Christian Ballads," "Saul, a Mystery," and "Halloween, a Romaunt, with Lays meditative and devotional."

HYMN TO THE REDEEMER.

WHEN o'er Judea's vales and hills,
Or by her olive-shaded rills,
Thy weary footsteps went of old,
Or walked the lulling waters bold,
How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God!

Oh! who like thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou Holy child, Thou Light of Light,
Oh! who like thee, did ever go
So patient, through a world of wo!
Oh! who like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before,
So meek, so lovely—yet so high,
So glorious in humility!

The morning saw thee, like the day,
Forth on thy light-bestowing way;
And evening in her holy hues,
Shed down her sweet baptismal dews,

Where bending angels stooped to see,
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon thy mild Divinity !

The hours when princes sought their rest
Beheld thee, still, no chamber's guest ;
But when the chilly night hung round,
And man from thee sweet slumber found,
Thy wearied footsteps sought, alone,
The mountain to thy sorrows known,
And darkness heard thy patient prayer.
Or hid thee, in the prowler's lair.

And all thy life's unchanging years,
A man of sorrows, and of tears,
The cross, where all our sins were laid,
Upon thy bending shoulders weighed ;
And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee ;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

O wondrous Lord ! my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to thee,
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
That burns these fevered veins within,
And learn of Thee, the lowly One,
And like thee, all my journey run,
Above the world, and all its mirth,
Yet weeping still with weeping earth.

Oh ! in thy light, be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of wo ;
And give me ever, on the road,
To trace thy footsteps, O my God !
My passions lull, my spirit calm,
And make this lion-heart a lamb ;
And give me, all my life, to be
A sacrifice to love and thee !

AMERICAN MISSIONS.

LORD, when thou didst come from Heaven,
Edom sought thee, from afar,
With her gold and incense given,
By the leading of a star ;
Westward then, from Eden guiding,
Was the light of Bethlehem shed ;
Like the pillared blaze abiding
O'er the wandering Hebrew's head.

Westward still, the world alluring,
Hath the risen Day-Star beamed,
And, the sinking soul assuring,
O'er the world's wide ocean streamed.
Westward still, the midnight breaking,
Westward still, its light be poured !
Heathen thy possession making,
Utmost lands thy dwelling, Lord !

Westward, where from giant fountains,
Oregon comes down in flood,
Westward to Missouri's mountains,
Or to wild Iowa's wood :
Where the broad Arkansas goeth,
Winding o'er savannahs wide ;
Where, beyond old Huron, floweth
Many a strong eternal tide.

Westward, where the wavy prairie
Dark as slumbering ocean lies,
Let thy starlight, Son of Mary,
O'er the shadowed billows rise !
There, be heard ye herald voices
Till the Lord his glory shows,
And the lonely place rejoices,
With the bloom of Sharon's rose.

Where the wilderness is lying,
And the trees of ages nod,
Westward, in the desert crying,
Make a highway for our God :
Westward—till the Church be kneeling
In the forest aisles so dim,
And the wildwood's arches pealing,
With the people's holy hymn !

Westward, still, oh Lord, in glory
Be thy bannered cross unfurled,
Till from vale to mountain hoary,
Rolls the anthem round the world ;
Reign, oh reign o'er every nation,
Reign, Redeemer, Father, King,
And with songs of thy salvation,
Let the wide creation ring !

RIGHT GLAD WAS I.

RIGHT glad was I when unto me,
They said with one accord,
Oh let us up to Zion-hill,
The city of our Lord !
Our feet shall stand within thy gates,
Jerusalem, our home,
And to thy temples beauty-built,
Our wearied steps shall come.

Oh thither all the tribes go up,
The people of our God !
And there the golden censers smoke,
And music sounds abroad !
There incense-wreaths forever rise,
And there the Lord is known,
And there is set his judgment-seat,
His glory, and his throne !

Oh pray ye for Jerusalem,
Who blesseth her is blest;
Peace be within thy palaces,
And in thy temples rest!
And on her golden shrines be light,
And sunshine ever fair,
For there my father's children dwell;
Our fathers' God is there.

BERKELEY.

Ort when the eve-star, sinking into day,
Seems empire's planet on its westward way,
Comes, in soft light from antique window's groin,
The pure ideal, mitred saint of Cloyne!
Taught, from sweet childhood, to revere in thee
Earth's every virtue, writ in poesie,
Nigh did I leap, on Clio's calmer line,
To see thy story with our own entwine.
On Yale's full walls, no pictured shape to me
Like Berkeley's seemed, in priestly dignity,
Such as he stood, fatiguing, year by year,
In our behoof, dull prince and cavalier;
And dauntless still, as erst the Genoese;
Such as he wandered o'er the Indy seas
To vexed Bermoothes, witless that he went
Mid isles that beckoned to a continent.
Such there he seemed, the pure, the undefiled!
And meet the record! Though, perchance, I smiled
That those, in him, themselves will glorify,
Who reap his fields, but let his doctrine die,
Yet, let him stand: the world will note it well,
And Time shall thank them for the chronicle
By such confessed, Columbus of new homes
For song, and Science with her thousand tomes.
Yes—pure apostle of our western lore,
Spoke the full heart, that now may breathe it more,

Still in those halls, where none without a sneer
Name the dear title of thy ghostly fear,
Stand up, bold bishop—in thy priestly vest ;
Proof that the Church bore letters to the West !

OLD CHURCHES.

HAST been where the full blossomed bay-tree is blowing
With odors like Eden's around ?
Hast seen where the broad-leaved palmetto is growing,
And wild vines are fringing the ground ?
Hast sat in the shade of catalpas, at noon,
And ate the cool gourds of their clime ;
Or slept where magnolias were screening the moon,
And the mocking-bird sung her sweet rhyme ?

And didst mark, in thy journey, at dew-dropping eve,
Some ruin peer high o'er thy way,
With rooks wheeling round it, and bushes to weave
A mantle for turrets so gray ?
Did ye ask if some lord of the cavalier kind
Lived there, when the country was young ?
And burned not the blood of a Christian, to find
How there the old prayer-bell had rung ?

And did ye not glow, when they told ye—the Lord
Had dwelt in that thistle-grown pile ;
And that bones of old Christians were under its sward,
That once had knelt down in its aisle ?
And had ye no tear-drops your blushes to steep
When ye thought—o'er your country so broad,
The bard seeks in vain for a mouldering heap,
Save only these churches of God ?

O ye that shall pass by those ruins again,
Go kneel in their alleys and pray,
And not till their arches have echoed amen,
Rise up, and fare on in your way ;

Pray God that those aisles may be crowded once more,
Those altars surrounded and spread,
While anthems and prayers are upsent as of yore,
As they take of the wine-cup and bread.

Ay, pray on thy knees, that each old rural fane
They have left to the bat and the mole,
May sound with the loud-pealing organ again,
And the full-swelling voice of the soul.
Peradventure, when next thou shalt journey thereby
Even-bells shall ring out on the air,
And the dim-lighted windows reveal to thine eye
The snowy-robed pastor at prayer.

THE HEART'S SONG.

In the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom-door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating;
'Tis thy heart of sin:
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth
Rise, and let me in!

Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut:
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth;
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth:
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand—entreating
Christ to let thee in:
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.

Nay, alas ! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he knows thee not !

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
Of England green and old,
That out from fane and ivied tower
A thousand years have tolled ;
How glorious must their music be
As breaks the hallowed day,
And calleth with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray !

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden time !
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper, and at prime ;
At bridal, and at burial,
For cottager and king—
Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes
How blessedly they ring !

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,
Upon a Christmas morn,
Outbreaking, as the angels did,
For a Redeemer born ;
How merrily they call afar,
To cot and baron's hall,
With holly decked and mistletoe,
To keep the festival !

The chimes of England, how they peal
From tower and gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisle ;

Where windows bathe the holy light
On priestly heads that falls,
And stain the florid tracery
And banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in spring!
Those glorious Easter chimes;
How loyally they hail thee round,
Old queen of holy times!
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord,
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye—chimes of Motherland,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old English line!
And like a son I sing the lay
That England's glory tells;
For she is lovely to the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her ancestral fame,
And happy in my birth,
Thee, too, I love, my forest-land,
The joy of all the earth;
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
And here—where God is king,
With English chimes, from Christian spires,
The wilderness shall ring

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

THE Rev. Isaac Williams, of the University of Oxford, is the author of "The Cathedral," "Thoughts in Past Years," and some of the "Oxford Tracts." He was an unsuccessful candidate for the Professorship of Poetry in the University upon the retirement of Mr. Keble. His poems have been reprinted in this country by Messrs. Appleton, and have been much less read than for their merit they deserve to be.

TRANSLATION OF THE ANCIENT HYMN, "DIES IRÆ,
DIES ILLA."*

DAY of wrath!—that awful day
Shall the bannered cross display,
Earth in ashes melt away!

The trembling, the agony,
When His coming shall be nigh,
Who shall all things judge and try!

* In the admirable work entitled "The Conservative Principle in our Literature," by the Rev. William R. Williams, D. D., of New York, this profoundly learned and eloquent author alludes to the statement that Dr. Johnson, stern and rugged as was his nature, could not repeat, without bursting into a flood of tears, this verse from the old monkish hymn of "Dies Iræ, Dies Illa,"

"Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus!"

And in a note he gives the following curious and interesting account of this celebrated composition:—

"It is to Mrs. Piozzi that we owe this anecdote of Johnson. 'When he would try to repeat the celebrated *Prosa Ecclesiastica pro Mortuis*, as it is called, beginning *Dies Ira, dies illa*, he could never pass the stanza ending thus *Tantus labor non sit cassus*, without bursting into a flood of tears: which sensibility I used to quote against him when he would inveigh against devotional poetry, and protest that all religious verses were cold and feeble, and unworthy the subject.'—*Croker's Boswell*, London, 1839, vol. ix., p. 73.

"A small volume, not without interest, might be compiled from the literary history of the *Dies Iræ*, and the versions it has received into various European languages, and from examples of the powerful influence it has exercised upon the feelings and course of individuals. It can scarce be regarded as a waste of time to observe and analyze the power this hymn, from the awfulness of its theme, and its own quaint, antique, and massive grandeur of structure, has acquired over the hearts of men. Unlike the *Stabat Mater*, another hymn of the Romish service, with which by mere critics it is ordinarily classed, it is free from idolatry. A devout Protestant cannot unite in the *Stabat Mater*. It degrades the Redeemer by idol-

When the trumpet's thrilling tone,
Through the tombs of ages gone,
Summons all before the throne.

Death and Time shall stand aghast,
And Creation, at the blast,
Rise to answer for the past.

Then the volume shall be spread,
And the writing shall be read
Which shall judge the quick and dead !

izing his earthly parent. But in the *Dies Iræ*, salvation is represented as being of Christ alone, and as being of mere grace : '*Qui salvandos salvas gratis.*' Combining somewhat of the rhythm of classical Latin, with the rhymes of the Mediæval Latin, treating of a theme full of awful sublimity, and grouping together the most startling imagery of scripture, as to the last judgment, and throwing this into yet stronger relief by the barbaric simplicity of the style in which it is set, and adding to all these its full and trumpet-like cadences, and uniting with the impassioned feelings of the South, whence it emanated, the gravity of the North, whose severer style it adopted, it is well fitted to arouse the hearer. It forms a part of the Romish service for the dead. Albert Knapp, one of the living sacred poets of Protestant Germany, and the compiler of a large body of hymns, the *Liederschatz*, has inserted a German version of it in his voluminous collection. (*Evangel. Liederschatz*, Stuttgart, 1837, vol. ii., p. 786, hymn 3475.) He compares the original to a blast from the trump of the resurrection, and while himself attempting a version of it, declares its original power inimitable in any translation. (*Ibid.* p. 870.) This is the judgment of a man not to be contemned as a critic or a translator, for Knapp himself is called by a recent German critic, who seems far removed from any sympathy with the religious school to which Knapp belongs, ' unquestionably the most distinguished religious poet of the day.' (*Thinn's Literature of Germany*, Lond., 1844 ; p. 260.) He refers to other versions of it made by the distinguished scholar, Aug. Wm. Schlegel, by Claus Harms, one of the most eminent of the living evangelical preachers of Germany, as well as by J. G. Fichte, by A. L. Follen, J. G. Von Meyer, and the Chevalier Bunsen. The translation of Bunsen, with some slight variations, is appended by Tholuck to his sermon on the Feast-day of the Dead. (*Tholuck, Predigten*. Hamburg, 1838, vol. i., pp. 28-149.) Professors Edwards and Park, in their '*Selections from German Literature*,' (Andover, 1839,) quote the remark of Tholuck, as to the deep sensation produced by the singing of this hymn in the University church : ' The impression, especially that which was made by the last words, as sung by the University choir alone, will be forgotten by no one.' They introduce also the words of an American clergyman, present on the occasion, who says, ' It was impossible to refrain from tears, when at the seventh stanza, all the trumpets ceased, and the choir, accompanied by a softened tone of the organ, sung those touching lines, *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,*' &c. Like Knapp, they unite in the judgment, that no translation has equalled, or can equal the original Latin. (*German Selections*, p. 185.) Dr. H. A. Daniel, another German scholar, in his '*Blüthenstrauss alt-latein, Kirchenpoesie*, Halle, 1840,' has inserted, besides the original Latin, and the German version of Bunsen, (pp. 78 and 116,) another version of his own, (p. 110.) Goethe has introduced snatches of the original Latin into the first part of his *Faust*.

" The admiration which Sir Walter Scott felt for it is well known. He has in-

Then the Judge shall sit!—oh! then,
All that's hid shall be made plain,
Unrequited naught remain.

What shall wretched I then plead?
Who for me shall intercede,
When the righteous scarce is freed?

King of dreadful Majesty,
Saving souls in mercy free,
Fount of Pity, save Thou me!

roduced an English version of a few of its opening stanzas into the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' whence Bishop Heber adopted it into his 'Hymns for the Church Service.' They are too few to give any just idea of the original, and the measure of the old hymn is not as well retained as in the best German versions. Knapp, Daniel, and Bunsen, all preserve the double rhymes of the Latin original; Scott and the earlier English translators have given but a single rhymed ending to their verses. In this respect the English version of the London Christian Observer, (vol. xxvi., p. 26,) copied by Edwards and Park, (*German Selections*, p. 15,) also comes short of its model, as does that of the Rev. Isaac Williams, one of the writers of the Oxford Tracts, and who contested unsuccessfully with the Rev. Mr. Garbett, the election to the Professorship of Poetry in Oxford, on the retirement of Keble. Williams' version may be found in his 'Thoughts in Past Years,' (Am. ed., p. 308.) A writer in the New York Evangelist (October, 1841) has judiciously retained the double rhyme, but the reader misses the antique simplicity and rugged strength of the original. Sir Walter Scott in his letter to a brother poet, Crabbe, remarks: 'To my Gothic ear, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Iræ*, and some of the other hymns of the Catholic church, are more solemn and affecting than the fine classical poetry of Buchanan; the one has the gloomy dignity of a Gothic church, and reminds us constantly of the worship to which it is dedicated; the other is more like a pagan temple recalling to our memory the classical and fabulous deities.' (*Lockhart's Life of Scott*, Philad., 1838, vol. i. p. 430.) In his last days of life and reason, he was overheard quoting it with fragments of the Bible, and the old Scotch Psalms. 'We very often,' says his kinsman and biographer, 'heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Iræ*.' (Ib., vol. ii., p. 734.) Its lines haunted in like manner the dying hours of an earlier and inferior poet, the Earl of Roscommon. He was the author of an English version of the hymn, and, as we learn from Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' he uttered, in the moment when he expired, with great energy and devotion, two lines of his own translation of the 'Dies Iræ':

'My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.'

Milman, another distinguished name in English poetry, has, in his 'History of Christianity,' rated this hymn as superior to any of the poetry of the Christian church in the early ages. 'As to the hymns, (setting aside the "Te Deum,") paradoxical as it may sound, I cannot but think the latter and more barbarous the best. There is nothing, in my judgment, to be compared with the monkish "*Dies Iræ* dies illa," or even the "*Stabat Mater*." (*Milman*, Galignani's ed. ii., p. 336, note; Roscommon's translation, already the subject of reference, is said by Warton to be largely indebted to the earlier version of Crashaw, a sacred poet of true genius, whose rendering of the 'Dies Iræ' was, in the judgment of Pope, the best of his

Bear me, Lord, in heart I pray,
Object of Thy saving way,
Lest Thou lose me on that day.

Weary, seeking me, wast Thou,
And for me in death didst bow—
Be Thy toils availing now !

Judge of Justice, Thee, I pray,
Grant me pardon while I may,
Ere that awful reckoning day.

compositions. (*Willmott's Lives of Sacred Poets*, Lond. 1839, vol. i., p. 317.) This work of Crashaw may be found in 'Anderson's British Poets,' (vol. iv., p. 745.) Crashaw was one of the clergymen of the English church, who during, or soon after the days of Laud, and probably from the influence of that school, whose leader and martyr Laud was, went over, as by a natural progression, into the Romish communion. Drummond of Hawthornden has also imitated the 'Dies Iræ.' (*Anderson*, vol. iv., p. 682.) Evelyn, the author of the 'Sylva,' and the friend of Jeremy Taylor, seems also to have tested his strength upon the same task. In their correspondence, Taylor asks a copy of his friend's version. (*Memoirs of Evelyn*, vol. iv., p. 26.)

"Upon the 'Dies Iræ,' Mozart has founded his celebrated 'Requiem,' the latest, and not the least celebrated of his works. The excitement of his feelings whilst employed on this musical composition, is supposed to have hastened his end, which occurred, indeed, before he could fully complete the task.

"What has wrought so strongly on the graver temperament of the North, was not, although Gothic in its structure, likely to remain without any effect on the quicker feelings of the South. Ancina, at that time a Professor of Medicine in the University of Turin, was one day hearing mass, when the 'Dies Iræ,' as chanted in the service for the dead, so strongly affected him, that he determined to abandon the world. He afterwards became Bishop of Saluzzo. (*Biogr. Dict. of Soc. Diff. Usef. Kn.*, 'Ancina.')

"The authorship of the hymn is generally ascribed to one of the Franciscan order, or the Minorites as they are also called. Thomas de Celano, the friend and biographer of Francis of Assisi, the founder of this order, and who lived in the thirteenth century, is generally supposed to have written it about the year 1250. (*Gieseler's Ch. Hist.*, Am. ed. II., 288 ; *Knapp Liederschatz*, II., 870 ; *Tholuck and Daniel ut supra*.) Celano, it may be observed by the way, is one of those on whose authority is made to rest the legend that Francis received the stigmata or miraculous impressions of Christ's wounds. (*Alban Butler, Lives of Saints*.) It has also been attributed to others of the same order. Matthew of Aquasparta, a general of the Minorites, who died with the rank of Cardinal, in 1302, and Frangipani, a Minorite, and a Cardinal, who died in 1294. (*Knapp*.) Churton, the author of the 'Early English Church,' would give it, however, a much earlier origin, or he has fallen into a gross anachronism ; for he places it in the lips of the dying Thurstan, the Archbishop of York, who ended his course in the year 1140, a full century before the time generally fixed for its composition by T. de Celano. (*Churton*, Am. ed., p. 272.)

"Issuing, as it certainly did, from an age of great superstition and corruption, it is remarkable that it should be so little incrustated with the prevalent errors of the time. The lines, '*Quem patronum rogaturus Cum vis justus sit securus*?' seem almost

O'er my crimes I guilty groan,
Blush to think what I have done,
Spare Thy suppliant, Holy One.

Thou didst set th' adulteress free,—
Heard'st the thief upon the tree,—
Hope vouchsafing e'en to me.

Naught of thee my prayers can claim,
Save in Thy free mercy's name,
Save me from the deathless flame!

a renunciation of the Romish doctrine of the advocacy of saints. Like the 'Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas à Kempis, it remains as a monument of the truth, that in ages of general declension, God had his own hidden ones, and that beneath the drifting and accumulating mass of heresies, and human inventions, and traditions, there was an under-current of simple faith in Christ, that kept alive and verdant some less noticed portions of the blighted vineyard of the church. If really the work of the historian of the stigmata of the fanatical Francis of Assisi, it affords another of the many examples that show how much excellence and how much error may exist together.

"A composition that has, with no effort at elaboration or poetic art, so long attracted the admiration of poets like Goethe and Scott, distinguished for their skill in the mere art; and yet met also the wants and won the sympathies of men, who, disregarding poetry, looked mainly to piety of sentiment—a poem that has thus united the suffrages of religion and taste, deserves some study, as a model, in that walk of such difficulty and dignity, the walk of sacred poetry.

"The Latin original has, within a few years, become accessible to American readers in Edwards and Park's German selections, p. 185; in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, (art. *Dies Iræ*;) and in Isaac Williams' 'Thoughts in Past Years,' Am. ed., p. 309. The readings of the first stanza at Rome and Paris differ. The former has as the second line, '*Crucis expandens vexilla*,' in allusion to the old Romish tradition that the 'Sign of the Son of Man,' to be seen in the heavens on his coming to judgment is the cross. The latter, omitting this line, has for its third line, '*Teste David cum Sibylla*,' a reference to the Sybilline oracles, whose genuineness as Christian prophecies seems never in the Mediæval times to have been questioned, and whose authority Bishop Horsley has sought to revive. (*Journées du Chrétien*, Paris, 1810, pp. 82, 84.) This seems the more ancient, and to Protestants, is perhaps the less objectionable reading. The closing sentence, '*Pie Jesu Domine, Dona eis requiem, Amen*,' is a prayer for the dead; but not having the rhymes of the rest, we should suppose the words rather a part of the burial service into which the hymn is inlaid, than a portion originally of the hymn itself.

"Since the first edition of this address was issued, the writer has received a copy of a work on the 'Stabat Mater,' by a German Protestant clergyman, Dr. Frederick G. Lisco, preacher at the church of St. Gertrude, in Berlin, already advantageously known to British and American Christians, from his work on the 'Parables of our Lord,' translated and issued in the Edinburgh Biblical Cabinet. Besides a history of the Hymn, the pamphlet contains fifty-three several versions, mostly German, of the 'Stabat Mater.' From the appendix to this work the present writer discovered, of which he was before ignorant, that Lisco had in an earlier year issued a similar collection of the translations into German of the 'Dies Iræ.' This the present writer has been unable to obtain. But in the appendix to the 'Stabat

With Thy sheep my place assign,
 Separate from th' accursed line,
 Set me on Thy right with Thine.
 When the lost, to silence driven,
 To devouring flames are given,
 Call me with the blest to Heaven!
 Suppliant, fallen, low I bend,
 My bruised heart to ashes rend,
 Oare Thou, Lord, for my last end!

Mater,' Lisco subjoins seventeen additional versions of the 'Judgment Hymn.' One of these is a translation of it into modern Greek, by the Rev. Mr. Hildner, a Missionary of the (English) Church Missionary Society at Syra, and was sent by its author to the *Litt. Anzeiger* of the distinguished Prof. Tholuck. As double rhymes in Greek may be a curiosity to some readers, we subjoin the verse already quoted, in the modern Greek garb given it by Mr. Hildner:—

Ἦσουν (ἦς) κεκοιρασμένος
 Δι' ἐμῆ, κ' ἐξαιρωμένος.
 Κόπος μὴ ματαιωμένος!

Lisco refers to one German, Lecke, who wrote and published twelve several versions of the 'Dies Iræ.'

"The Franciscan order, in its earlier history, would seem to have cultivated sacred poetry. Francis, its founder, was the writer of some Italian verses, 'two of the earliest poetical flights in the language,' (*Eustace, Classical Tour*, II., 148;) to Thomas de Celano, the authorship of the 'Dies Iræ' is generally attributed; and to another Franciscan, Jacopone, is ascribed by the chief authorities the composition of the 'Stabat Mater.'

"The closest of the English versions of the 'Dies Iræ,' that have fallen under the eye of the present writer, is that of the Rev. Richard C. Trench, a clergyman of the Established Church in England or Ireland. His rendering does not reach, however, the flowing freedom or full cadences of the original. It is subjoined.

DIES IRÆ.

O that day, that day of ire,
 Told of Prophet, when in fire,
 Shall a world dissolved expire!

O what terror shall be then,
 When the Judge shall come again,
 Strictly searching deeds of men:

When a trump of awful tone,
 Thro' the caves sepulchral blown,
 Summons all before the throne.

What amazement shall o'ertake
 Nature, when the dead shall wake,
 Answer to the Judge to make!

Open then the book shall lie
 All o'erwrit for every eye,
 With a world's iniquity.

When the Judge his place has ta'en,
 All things hid shall be made plain,
 Nothing unavenged remain.

What then, wretched! shall I speak,
 Or what intercession seek,
 When the just man's cause is weak!

Jesus, Lord, remember, pray,
 I the cause was of thy way;
 Do not lose me on that day.

King of awful majesty,
 Who the saved dost freely free;
 Fount of mercy, pity me!

Tired thou satest, seeking me—
 Crucified, to set me free;
 Let such pain not fruitless be.

Full of tears the day shall prove,
When, from ashes rising, move

To the judgment guilty men,—
Spare, Thou God of mercy, then!

Lord, all pitying, Jesu blest!
Grant them Thine eternal rest.

Amen.

Terrible Avenger, make
Of thy mercy me partake,
E'er that day of vengeance wake.

As a criminal I groan,
Blushing deep my faults I own;
Grace be to a suppliant shown.

Thou who Mary didst forgive,
And who bad'st the robber live,
Hope to me dost also give.

Though my prayer unworthy be,
Yet, O set me graciously
From the fire eternal free.

Mid thy sheep my place command,
From the goats far off to stand;
Set me, Lord, at thy right hand.

And when them who scorned thee here
Thou hast judged to doom severe,
Bid me with thy saved draw near.

Lying low before thy throne,
Crushed my heart in dust, I groan,
Grace be to a suppliant shown.

THE END.

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